

October

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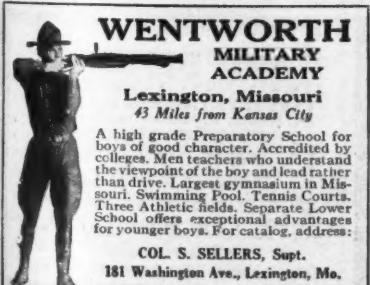
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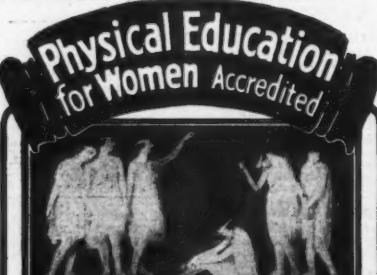
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A Life Job—But Who Wants It?

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When the lad arrives at the age of twenty and declines to wear a whipcord uniform and touch his cap to some large pink lady in tulle, then it seems that the trials of the rich are quite beyond endurance.

Probably no good butler ever was born in the U. S. A. No Boy Scout ever grew up to wear side-whiskers and arrange the flowers for a dinner-party.

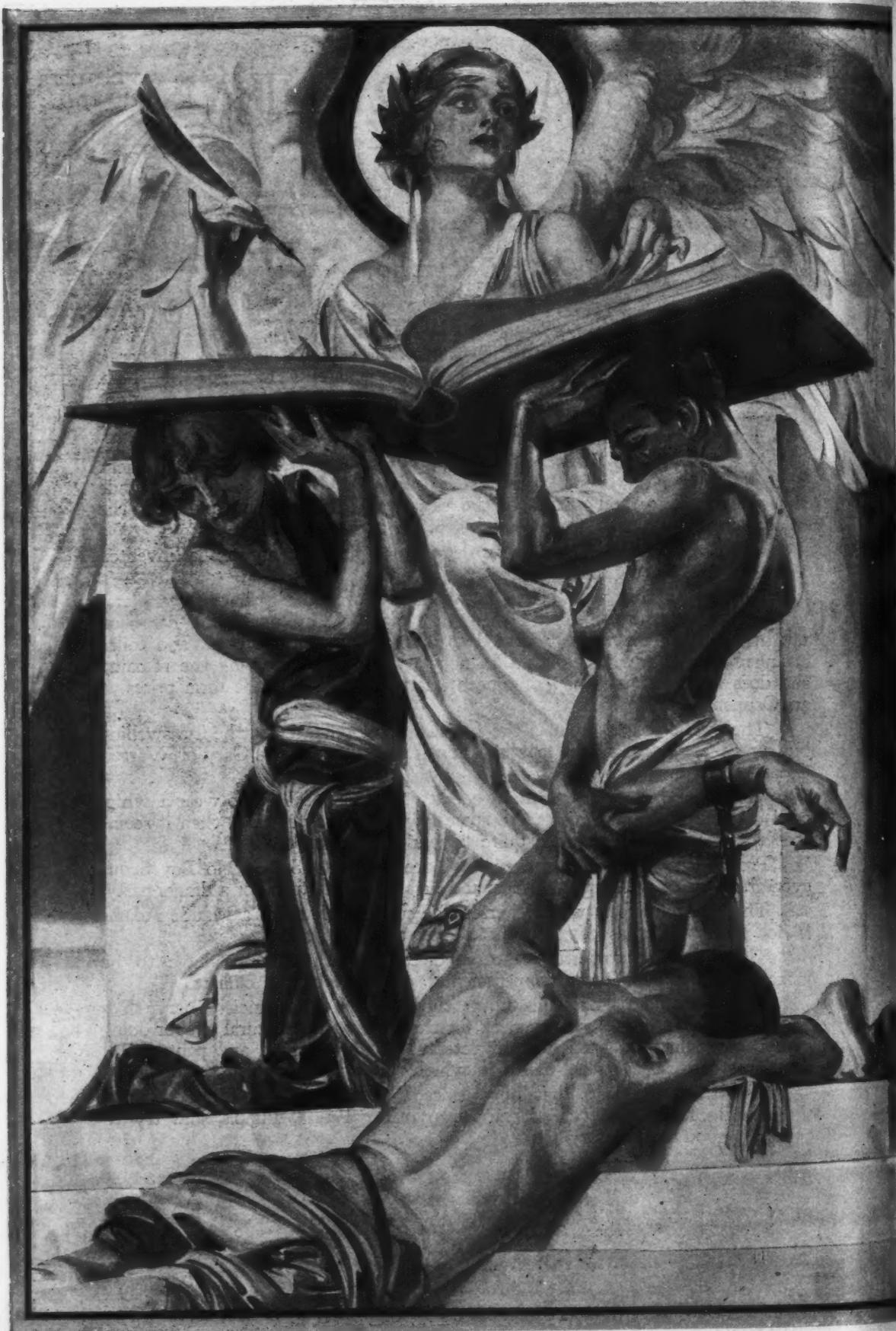
The girl who feels within herself the surging talents of a Maude Adams is not going to act as day watchman over a strange baby.

They say that domestics captured direct from the steerage have to be locked up or they become temperamental. It must be the climate.

The same old regulars line up at the employment agencies—nervous-shattered millionairesses looking for meek females with a supernatural gift for doing everything right, and battle-scarred veterans of the kitchen and pantry, still searching for that imaginary haven in which "interference" will be unknown.

When any one says that now, since the war, we produce everything the same as in Europe, tell him to drop off at Peoria, Illinois, and try to engage a good valet.





ALL THAT MATTERS

By Edgar A. Guest

Decoration by Frank X. Leyendecker

WHEN all that matters shall be written down
And the long record of our years is told,
Where sham, like flesh, must perish and grow cold;
When the tomb closes on our fair renown
And priest and layman, sage and motlied clown
Must quit the places which they dearly hold,
What to our credit shall we find encrolled?
And what shall be the jewels of our crown?
I fancy we shall hear to our surprise
Some little deeds of kindness, long forgot,
Telling our glory, and the brave and wise
Deeds which we boasted often, mentioned not.
God gave us life not just to buy and sell,
And all that matters is to live it well.

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DECEMBER LOVE

by Robert Hichens

ALICK CRAVEN, who was something in the Foreign Office, had been living in London off and on for several years, and had plenty of interesting friends and acquaintances, when one day in a club Francis Braybrooke, who knew everybody, sat down beside him and began, as his way was, talking of people.

Braybrooke talked well and was an exceedingly agreeable man, but he seldom discussed ideas. His main interest lay in the doings of the human race, the human animal, to use a favorite phrase of his; in what the human race was up to.

People were his delight.

Craven's comparative indifference about society, his laziness in social matters, was a perpetual cause of surprise to Braybrooke. Braybrooke was much older than most people; though he seldom looked it, and enormously older than Craven; and he had a genial way of taking those younger than himself in charge, always with a view to their social advancement. Perhaps he slightly re-

sembled “the world’s governess,” as a witty woman had once called him.

On the occasion in question, after chatting for about half an hour, he happened to mention Lady Sellingworth—Adela Sellingworth, as he called her. Craven did not know her and said so in the simplest way.

“I don’t know Lady Sellingworth.”

Braybrooke sat for a moment in silence, looking at Craven over his carefully trimmed gray and brown beard.

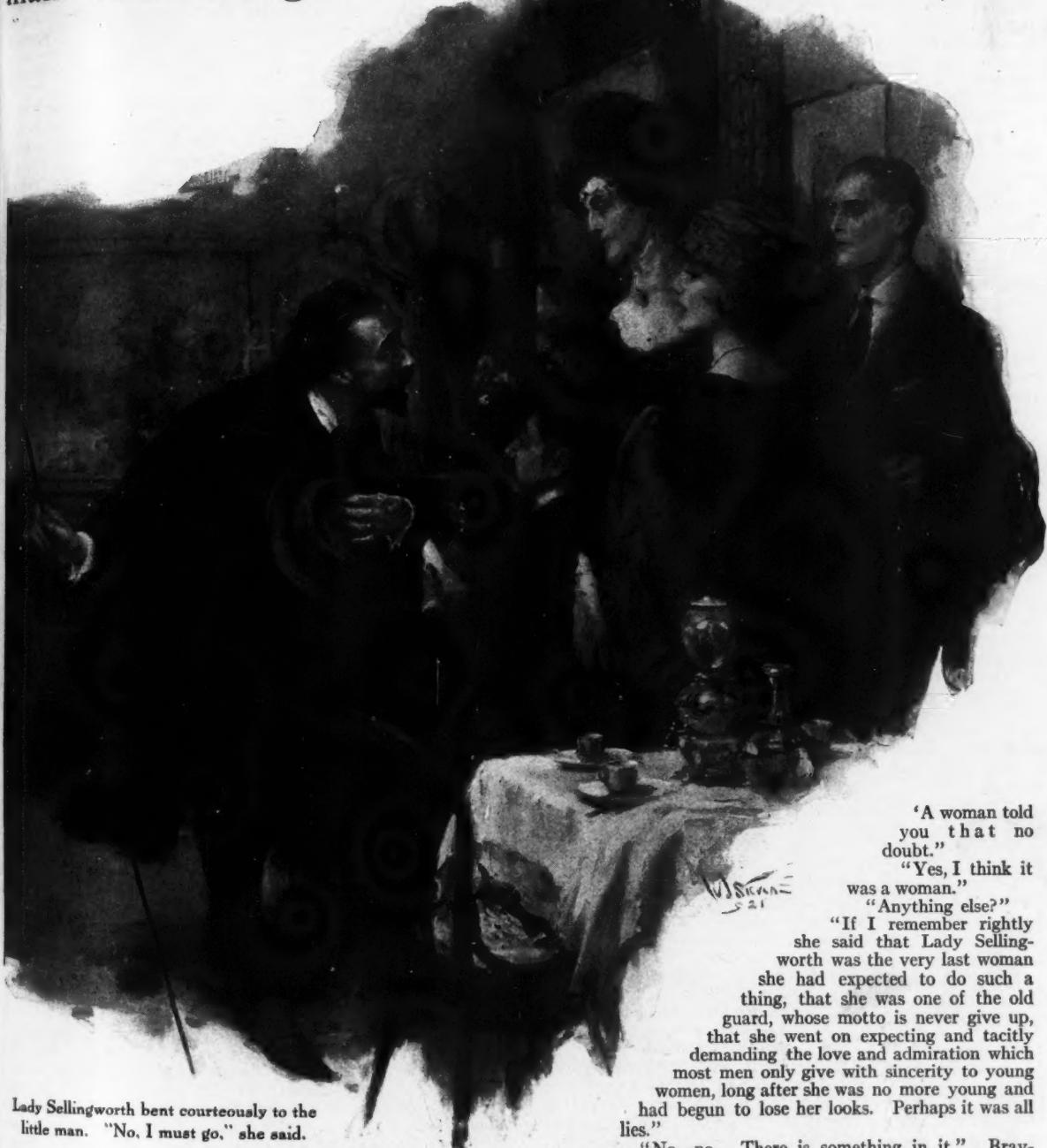
“How very strange!” he said at last.

“Why is it strange?”

“All these years in London and not know Adela Sellingworth!”

“I know about her, of course. I know she was a famous beauty when King Edward was Prince of Wales, and I knew she was tremendously prominent in society after he came to the throne. But I have never seen her about since I have been settled in

a man half her age?



Lady Sellingworth bent courteously to the little man. "No, I must go," she said.

London. To tell the honest truth I thought Lady Sellingworth was what is called a back number."

"Adela Sellingworth a back number!"

Braybrooke bristled gently and caught his beard point with his broad-fingered right hand. His small, observant hazel eyes rebuked Craven mildly, and he slightly shook his head, covered with thick, crinkly and carefully brushed hair.

"Well—but—" Craven protested, "but surely she long ago retired from the fray! Isn't she over sixty?"

"She is sixty. But that is nothing nowadays."

"No doubt she had a terrific career."

"Terrific! What do you mean exactly by terrific?"

"Why, that she was what used to be called a professional beauty, a social ruler, immensely distinguished and smart and all that sort of thing. But I understood that she suddenly gave it all up. I remember someone telling me that she abdicated, and that those who knew her best were most surprised about it."

'A woman told you that no doubt.'

"Yes, I think it was a woman."

"Anything else?"

"If I remember rightly she said that Lady Sellingworth was the very last woman she had expected to do such a thing, that she was one of the old guard, whose motto is never give up, that she went on expecting and tacitly demanding the love and admiration which most men only give with sincerity to young women, long after she was no more young and had begun to lose her looks. Perhaps it was all lies."

"No—no. There is something in it." Braybrooke looked meditative. "It certainly was a sudden business," he presently added. "I have often thought so. It came about after her return from Paris some ten years ago—that time when her jewels were stolen."

"Were they?" said Craven.

"Were they!"

Braybrooke's tone just then really did rather suggest the world's governess.

"My dear fellow—yes, they were, to the tune of about fifty thousand pounds."

"What a dreadful business! Did she get them back?"

"No. She never even tried to. But of course it came out eventually."

"It seems to me that everything anyone wishes to hide does come out eventually in London," said Craven, with perhaps rather youthful cynicism. "But surely Lady Sellingworth must have wanted to get her jewels back. What can have induced her to be silent about such a loss?"

"It's a mystery. I have wondered why—often," said

Braybrooke, gently stroking his beard. He even slightly wrinkled his forehead, until he remembered that such an indulgence is apt to lead to permanent lines, whereupon he abruptly became as smooth as a baby and added, "She must have had a tremendous reason. But I'm not aware that anyone knows what it is, unless—" He paused meditatively. "I have sometimes suspected that perhaps Seymour Portman—"

"Sir Seymour, the General?"

"Yes. He knows her better than anyone else does. He cared for her when she was a girl, through both her marriages, and cares for her just as much still, I believe."

"How were her jewels stolen?" Craven asked.

Braybrooke had roused his interest. A woman who lost jewels worth fifty thousand pounds and made no effort to get them back must surely be an extraordinary creature.

"They were stolen in Paris at the *Gare du Nord*, out of a first-class compartment reserved for Adela Sellingworth. That much came out through her maid."

"And nothing was done?"

"I believe not. Adela Sellingworth is said to have behaved most fatalistically when the story came out. She said the jewels were gone long ago and there was an end of it, and that she couldn't be bothered."

"Bothered!—about such a loss?"

"And what's more she got rid of the maid."

"Very odd!"

"It was. Very odd. Her abdication also was very odd and abrupt. She changed her way of living, almost gave up society, let her hair go white, allowed her face to do whatever it chose, and in fact became very much what she is now—the most charming old woman in London."

"I will see if I can take you there one day," he continued. "But don't count on it. She doesn't see very many people. Still I think she might like you. You have tastes in common. She is interested in everything that is interesting—except perhaps in love affairs. She doesn't seem to care about love affairs. And yet young girls are devoted to her."

"Perhaps that is because she has abdicated."

Braybrooke looked at Craven with rather sharp inquiry.

"I only mean that I don't think as a rule young girls are very fond of elderly women whose motto is never give up," Craven explained.

Braybrooke was silent. Then, lighting a cigarette, he remarked.

Youth is very charming, but one must say that it is not free from cruelty."

"I agree with you. But what about the Old Guard?" Craven asked. "Is that always so very kind?"

Then he suddenly remembered that in London there is an "old guard" of men, and that undoubtedly Braybrooke belonged to it. And, afraid that he was blundering, he changed the conversation.

A fortnight later Craven received a note from his old friend saying that Braybrooke had spoken about him to Adela Sellingworth, and that she would be glad to know him. Braybrooke was off to Paris to stay with the Marignys, but all Craven had to do was to leave a card at No. 4-A Berkeley Square, and when this formality was accomplished Lady Sellingworth would no doubt write to him and suggest an hour for a meeting. Craven thanked his friend, left a card at No. 4-A, and a day or two later received an invitation to go to tea with Lady Sellingworth on the following Sunday.

No. 4-A Berkeley Square was a large town mansion, and on the green front door there was a plate upon which was engraved in bold lettering, "The Dowager Countess of Sellingworth." Craven looked at this plate and at the big knocker above it as he rang the electric bell. Almost as soon as he had pressed the button the big door was opened and a very tall footman in a pale pink livery appeared. Behind him stood a handsome, middle-aged butler.

A large square hall was before Craven, with a hooded chair and a big fire burning on a wide hearth. Beyond was a fine staircase with a balustrade of beautifully wrought ironwork with gold ornamentations. As he gave his hat, coat and stick to the footman—after taking his name the butler had moved away and was pausing not far from the staircase—Craven suddenly felt as if he stood in a London more solid, more dignified, more peaceful, even more gentlemanlike, than the London he was accustomed to. There seemed to be in this house a large calm, an almost remote stillness, which put modern Bond Street at a very great distance. As he followed the butler, walking softly, up the

beautiful staircase, Craven was conscious of a flavor in this mansion which was new to him, but which savored of spacious times, when the servant question was not acute, when decent people did not move from house to house like gypsies changing camp, when flats were unknown—spacious times and more elegant times than ours.

The butler and Craven gained a large landing on which was displayed a remarkable collection of oriental china; the butler opened a tall mahogany door and bent his head again to receive the murmur of Craven's name. It was announced and Craven found himself in a great drawing room, at the far end of which, by a fire, were sitting three people. They were Lady Sellingworth, the faithful Sir Seymour Portman, and a beautiful girl—slim, fair, with an athletic figure and vividly intelligent, though rather sarcastic, violet eyes. This was Miss Beryl Van Tuyn. Craven did not know who she was, though he recognized at once the erect figure, faithful penetrating eyes, and curly white hair-cauliflower hair—of the General, whom he had often seen about town and in attendance on royalty at functions.

Lady Sellingworth got up to receive him. As she did so he was almost startled by her height.

She was astonishingly tall, probably well over six feet, very slim, thin even, with a small head covered with rather wavy white hair and set on a long neck, sloping shoulders, long aristocratic hands on which she wore loose white gloves, narrow delicate feet, very fine wrists and ankles. Her head reminded Craven of the head of a deer. As for her face, once marvelously beautiful, it was now quite frankly a ruin, lined, fallen in here and there, haggard, drawn. Nevertheless, looking upon it, one could guess at once upon a time it must have been a face with a noble, almost imperial outline, perhaps almost insolently striking—the arrogant countenance of a conqueror. When gazing at it one gazed at the ruin not of a cottage or of a gimcrack villa but at the ruin of a palace.

Lady Sellingworth's eyes were very dark and still magnificent, like two brilliant lamps in her head. A keen intelligence gazed out of them. There was often something half sad, half mocking in their expression. But Craven thought that they mocked at herself rather than at others. She was very plainly dressed in black, and her dress was very high at the neck. She wore no ornaments except a wedding ring and two sapphires in her ears.

Her greeting to Craven was very kind. He noticed at once that her manner was as natural almost as a frank, manly schoolboy's; carelessly, strikingly natural. There could never, he thought, have been a grain of affection in her. The idea even came into his head that she was as natural as a tramp. Nevertheless the stamp of the great lady was imprinted all over her. She had a voice that was low, very sensitive and husky.

Instantly she fascinated Craven. Instantly he did not care whether she was old or young, in perfect preservation or a ruin. For she seemed to him penetratingly human, simply and absolutely herself as God had made her. And what a rare joy that was, to meet in London a woman of the great world totally devoid of the smallest shred of make-believe!

She introduced him to Miss Van Tuyn and the General, made him sit next to her and gave him tea.

Miss Van Tuyn began talking; evidently continuing a conversation which had been checked for a moment by the arrival of Craven. She was obviously intelligent and had enormous vitality. She was also obviously preoccupied with her own beauty and with the effect it was having upon her hearers. She not only listened to herself while she spoke; she seemed also to be trying to visualize herself while she spoke. As he sat there listening Craven could not help comparing her exquisite bloom of youth with the ravages of time so apparent in Lady Sellingworth. He was struck by the inexorable cruelty of life. Yet there was something which persisted and over which time had no empire—charm. On that afternoon the charm of Lady Sellingworth's quiet attention to her girl visitor seemed to Craven even greater than the charm of that girl visitor's vivid vitality.

Sir Seymour, who had the self contained and rather detached manner of the old courtier mingled with the straightforward self possession of the old soldier thoroughly accustomed to dealing with men in difficult moments, threw in a word or two occasionally. Although a grave, even a rather sad looking man, he was evidently entertained by Miss Van Tuyn's volubility and almost passionate, yet not vulgar, egoism. Probably he thought such a lovely girl had a right to admire herself.

"Why do you never come to Paris, dearest?" she presently said to Lady Sellingworth. "You used to know it so very well, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I had an apartment in Paris for years. But that



He had gone there alone, but he went home with Beryl.

was almost before you were born," said the husky, sympathetic voice of her hostess.

Craven glanced at her; she was smiling.

"Surely you loved Paris, didn't you?" said Miss Van Tuyn. "Very much, and understood it very well."

"Oh—that! She understands everything, doesn't she, Sir Seymour?"

"Perhaps we ought to except mathematics and military tactics," he replied, with a glance at Lady Sellingworth, half humorous, half affectionate. "But certainly everything connected with the art of living is her possession."

"And—the art of dying?" Lady Sellingworth said, with a lightly mocking sound in her voice.

Miss Van Tuyn opened her violet eyes very wide.

"But is there an art of dying? Living—yes; for that is being and is continuous. But dying is ceasing."

"And there is an art of ceasing, Beryl. Some day you may know that."

"Well, but even very old people are always planning for the future on earth. No one expects to cease. Isn't it so, Mr. Craven?"

She turned to him and he agreed with her, and instanced a certain old Duchess who, at the age of eighty, was preparing for a tour round the world when influenza stepped in and carried her off.

"We must remember that the Duchess was an American," observed Sir Seymour.

"You mean that we Americans are more determined not to cease than you English?" she asked. "That we are very persistent?"

"Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps we are."

She turned and laid a hand gently, almost caressingly, on Lady Sellingworth's.

"I shall persist until I get you over to Paris," she said. "I do want you to see my apartment, and my bronzes—particularly my bronzes. When were you last in Paris?"

"Passing through or staying—do you mean?"

"Staying."

Lady Sellingworth was silent for an instant, and Craven saw the half sad, half mocking expression in her eyes.

"I haven't stayed in Paris for ten years," she said. "I'm too lazy for Paris now. This old town house of mine has become to me like my shell. I'm lazy, Beryl, I'm lazy. You don't know what that is, nor do you, Mr. Craven. Even you, Seymour, you don't know. For you are a man of action, and at Court there is always movement. But I, my friends—" she gave Craven a deliciously kind, yet impersonal smile—"I am a contemplative. There is nothing oriental about me, but I am just a quiet British

contemplative, untouched by the unrest of your age."

"But it's *your* age, too!" cried Miss Van Tuyn.

"No, dear. I was an Edwardian."

"I wish I had known you then!" said Miss Van Tuyn impulsively.

"You would not have known *me* then," returned Lady Sellingworth, with the slightest possible stress on the penultimate word.

Then she changed the conversation. Craven felt that she was not fond of talking about herself.

That day Craven walked away from Lady Sellingworth's house with Miss Van Tuyn, leaving Sir Seymour Portman behind him.

Miss Van Tuyn was staying with a friend at the Hyde Park Hotel, and as she said she wanted some air Craven offered to accompany her there on foot.

"Do!" she said, in her frank and very conscious way. "I'm afraid of London on a Sunday."

"I know!" Craven smiled. "Paris is much lighter in hand than London on a Sunday."

"Isn't it? But there are people in London! Isn't *she* a precious person?"

"Lady Sellingworth?"



She was obviously preoccupied by her own beauty; she not only listened to herself

"Yes. You have marvelous old women in London who do all that we young people do, and who look astonishing. They might almost be somewhere in the thirties when one knows they are really in the sixties. They play games, ride, can still dance, have perfect digestions, sit up till two in the morning and are out shopping in Bond Street as fresh as paint by eleven, having already written dozens of acceptances to invitations, arranged dinners, theater parties, heaven knows what! Made of cast iron they seem. They even manage somehow to be fairly attractive to young men. But Lady Sellingworth—she beats them all. I love her. If I were a man—"

"Would you fall in love with her?" Craven interposed.

"Oh no!"

She shot a blue glance at him.

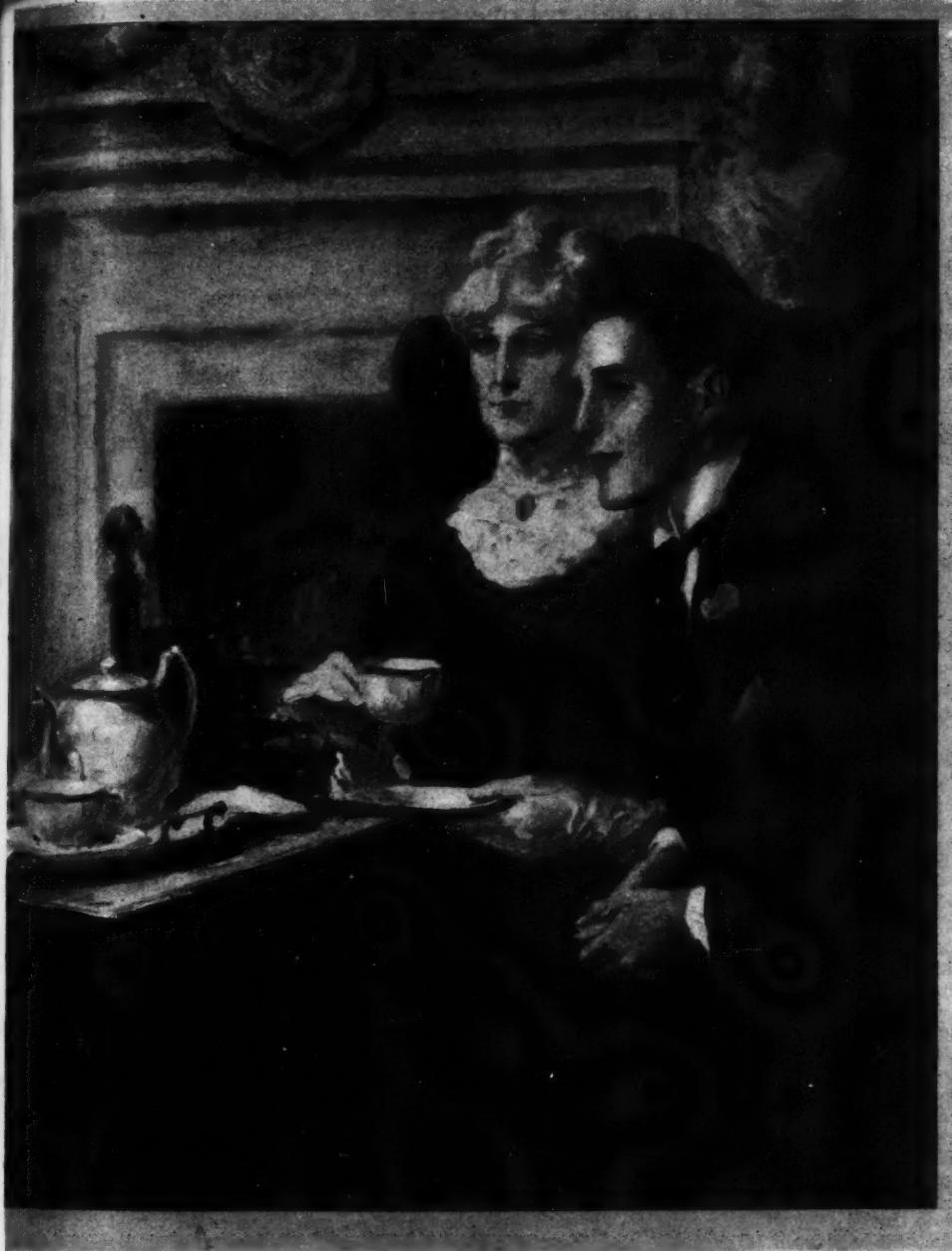
"But I should love her—if only she would let me. But she wouldn't. I feel that."

"I never saw her till today. She charmed me."

"Of course. But she didn't try to."

"Probably not."

"That's it! She doesn't try and that's partly why she succeeds, being as God has made her. Do you know that some people hate her?"



while she spoke, but also she seemed to be visualizing how she looked when she spoke.

"Who do?"

"The young-old women of her time, the young-old Edwardian woman. She dates them. She shows them up by looking as she does. She is their contemporary and she has the impertinence to be old. And they can't forgive her for it."

"I wonder what made her do it?" said Craven.

And he proceeded to touch on Miss Van Tuyn's desire to get Lady Sellingworth to Paris. He soon found out that she didn't know about the jewels episode. She showed curiosity and he told her what he knew. She seemed deeply interested.

"I was sure there was a mystery in her life," she said. "I have always felt it. Ten years ago! And since then she has never stayed in Paris!"

"Could Lady Sellingworth possibly have known who had stolen the jewels, do you think?" Craven asked.

"What! And refrained from denouncing the thief!"

"She might have had a reason."

Miss Van Tuyn's keen though still girlish eyes looked sharply into Craven's for an instant.

"I believe you men, you modern men, are very apt to think terrible things about women," she said.

"I really don't know exactly what I meant," said Craven.

"But I suppose it's possible to conceive of circumstances in which a woman might know the identity of a thief and yet not wish to prosecute."

"Very well. I'll let you alone," she rejoined. "But this mystery makes Lady Sellingworth more fascinating to me than ever."

She walked on quickly with her light athletic step. Just as they were passing Hyde Park Corner she said:

"I think I shall go to one of the Old Guard."

When they reached the Hotel and Craven was about to say good by Miss Van Tuyn said to him:

"Are you coming to see me one day?"

"I want to," he said.

"We both want to know her secret," she said, as she put his card into her card case. "Our curiosity about that dear delightful woman is a link between us."

Craven looked into her animated eyes, which were strongly searching him for admiration. He took her hand and held it for a moment.

"I don't think I want to know Lady Sellingworth's secret if she doesn't wish one to know it," he said.

She sent him a slightly mocking glance.

"Well, I am less delicate. I want to know it whether she wishes me to or not. And yet I am more devoted to her than you are. I have known her for quite a long time."

"One can learn devotion very quickly," he said, pressing her hand before he let it go.

"Happy Lady Sellingworth!" she said.

Then she turned to go into the hotel.

Craven thought Lady Sellingworth really more charming than Miss Van Tuyn, but he knew that the feeling of her hand in his would not have thrilled something in him, a very intimate part of himself, as he had just been thrilled. He felt almost angry with himself as he walked away, and he muttered under his breath:

"Damn the animal in me!"

Not many days later Craven received a note from Miss Van Tuyn asking him to come to see her at a certain hour on a certain day. He went and found her alone in a private sitting room overlooking the park. For the first time he saw her without a hat. With her beautiful corn colored hair uncovered she looked, he thought, more lovely than when he had seen her at Lady Sellingworth's. She noted that thought at once, caught it on the wing through his mind, as it were, and caged it comfortably in hers.

December Love

"I have seen the Old Guard," she said, after she had let him hold and press her hand for two or three seconds: "Mrs. Ackroyde—Lady Archie Brook—Lady Wrackley."

"Isn't it wonderful to think that those three women are contemporaries of Lady Sellingworth?"

"And did these ladies of the Old Guard speak kindly of the white-haired traitress?"

"They were careful. But I gathered that Lady Sellingworth had been for years and years one of those who go on their way chanting, 'Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.' Lady Archie said that the motto of Lady Sellingworth's life at that period was, 'After me the deluge,' and that she had so dinned it into the ears of her friends that when she let her hair grow white they all instinctively put up umbrellas."

"And yet the deluge never came."

"It never does. I could almost wish it would."

"Now?"

"No—after me."

He looked deep into her eyes, and as he did so she seemed deliberately to make them more profound so that he might not touch bottom.

"It's difficult to think of an after-you," he said.

"But there will be, I suppose, some day when the Prince of Wales wears a gray beard and goes abroad in the winter to escape bronchial troubles. Oh dear! What a brute time is!"

She tried to look pathetic, and succeeded better than Craven had expected.

"What did Lady Wrackley say?" asked Craven, returning to their subject.

"She said she believed that Adela—she called her Adela—that Adela took the loss of her jewels as a punishment for her sins."

"Do you mean to say she used the word sins?"

"No, she said 'many lapses.' But that's what she meant."

"Lapses from what?"

"She didn't exactly say. But I'm afraid she meant from a strict moral code. She said that Addie—she called her Addie then—that Addie bowed her head."

"Not beneath the rod! Don't tell me she used the word rod!"

"But she did!"

"Priceless!"

"Wasn't it? But women are like that when they belong to the Old Guard. Do you think she can be right?"

"If it is so Lady Sellingworth must be a very unusual sort of woman."

"She is—now. For she really did give up all in a moment. And she has never repented of what she did as far as anyone knows. I think—"

She paused, looking thoughtfully at the mirror.

"Yes?" said Craven gently.

"I think it's rather fine to plunge into old age like that. You go on being young and beautiful till everyone marvels, and then one day—or night perhaps—you look in the glass and you see the wrinkles as they are—"

"Does any woman ever do that?"

"She must have! And you say to yourself '*C'est fini!*' And you throw up the sponge. No more struggles for you! From one day to another you become an old woman. I think I shall do as Lady Sellingworth has done."

"When?"

"When I'm—perhaps at fifty—yes, at fifty. No man really cares for a woman, as a woman wants him to care, after fifty."

"I wonder," said Craven.

She sent him a sharp questioning glance.

"Did you ever wonder before you went to Berkeley Square?"

"Perhaps not."

A slight shadow seemed to pass over Miss Van Tuyn's face. At that moment Craven was conscious of a silly desire to take her in his arms, bundle of vanities though he knew her to be. He hated himself for being so ordinary. But there it was!

He looked at her eyebrows. They were dark and beautifully shaped and made an almost unnerving contrast with her corn-colored hair.

"I know what you are thinking," she said.

"Impossible!"

"You are thinking that I darken them. But I don't."

And then Craven gave up and became frankly foolish.

Though ordinary enough in her youthful egoism, and entirely *du jour* in her flagrantly shown vanity, Miss Van Tuyn, as Craven was to find out, was really something of an original. Her

independence was abnormal and was mental as well as physical. She lived a life of her own, and her brain was not purely imitative. She not only acted often originally but thought for herself. She was not merely a very pretty girl. She was somebody.

And somehow she had trained people to accept her daring way of life as not so improper as it would certainly have seemed had any girl walked it but Beryl Van Tuyn. She did exactly what she chose, and quite openly. There was no secrecy in her methods. She seldom troubled about a chaperon, and would calmly give a lunch at the Carlton without one if she wanted to. Indeed she had been seen there more than once, making one of a party of six, five of whom were men.

She did not care for women as a sex, and said so in the plainest language, denouncing their mentality as still afflicted by a narrowness that smacked of the harem. But for certain women she had a cult, and among these women Lady Sellingworth held a prominent, perhaps the most prominent place.

Three days after his visit to the Hyde Park Hotel Craven, having no dinner invitation, and feeling disinclined for the well known formality of the Club where he often dined, resolved to yield to a faint inclination towards a very mild Bohemianism which sometimes beset him, and make his way in a day suit to Soho seeking a restaurant. He walked first down Greek Street, then turned into Frith Street. There he peeped into two or three restaurants without making up his mind to sample their cooking, and presently was attracted by a sound of guitars giving forth with almost Neapolitan fervor the well known tune, "*O Sole Mio!*" The music issued from an unpretentious building over the door of which was inscribed: "*Ristorante Bella Napoli.*"

It was a cold dark evening, and Craven was feeling for the moment rather depressed and lonely. The music drew his thoughts to dear Italy, to sunshine, a great blue bay, brown half-naked boys pulling in nets from the deep with careless and pagan gestures, to the thoughtless delicious life only possible in the golden heart of the South. He did not know the restaurant, but he hesitated no longer. Never mind what the cooking was like, he would eat to the sound of those guitars which he knew were being thrummed by Italian fingers. He pushed the swing door and at once found himself in a room which seemed redolent of the country which everyone loves.

An Italian girl smiled and beckoned with a sort of intimate liveliness and understanding that quite warmed Craven's heart. There was a table free, just one, under Vesuvius erupting. He looked to see Italian faces—and he saw many; but suddenly instead of merely looking he stared. His eyelids seemed to stretch themselves; even his lips parted. Was it possible? Yes, it was! At a table tucked into a corner by the window were sitting Beryl Van Tuyn and actually—*Santa Lucia!*—Lady Sellingworth!

Miss Van Tuyn turned her corn-colored head to have a good look at the room and, incidentally, to allow the room to have a good look at her.

The violet eyes, full of conscious assurance, traveled from table to table and arrived at Craven and his macaroni. She looked surprised, then sent him a brilliant smile, turned quickly and spoke to Lady Sellingworth. The latter then also looked towards Craven, smiled kindly, and bowed with the careless, haphazard grace which seemed peculiar to her.

Presently Miss Van Tuyn, turning three-quarters face, sent him a "coffee-look," and he saw that a coffee apparatus of the hourglass type was being placed on the table by the window. He nodded, but held up a clean spoon to indicate that his Zampaglione had yet to be swallowed. She smiled understanding and spoke again to Lady Sellingworth. A few minutes later Craven left his table and joined them, taking his Toscana with him. They were charmingly prepared for his advent. Three cups were on the table, and coffee for three was mounting in the hourglass. The two friends were smoking cigarettes.

"I often come here," Miss Van Tuyn said. "You're surprised, I can see."

"I must say I am," said Craven. "I thought your beat lay rather in the direction of the Carlton, the Ritz and Claridge's."

"I hate beaten paths."

Miss Van Tuyn looked languidly across the tables. Then presently she said:

"Mr. Craven, will you tell us the truth?"

"I'll do my best, but all men are liars."

"We only ask you to do your best."

"We!" he said, with a glance at Lady Sellingworth.

"Yes—yes," she said. "I go solid with my sex."

"Then—what is it?"

(Continued on page 90)

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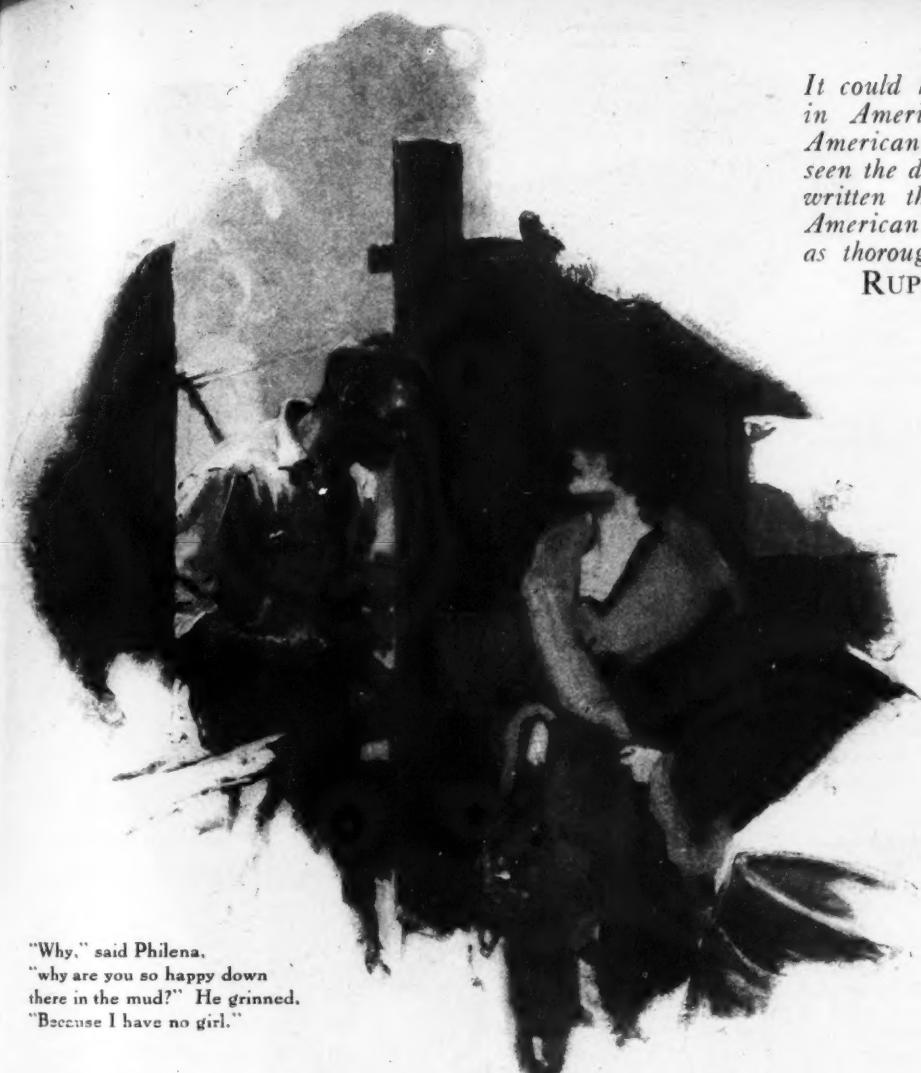
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Giluley—Terence Giluley.

His indomitable cheerfulness was so inexcusable and so out of place that it disgusted Sam Roper, assistant to the engineer of the shovel.

Roper was usually disgusted; but just now he was at his best. He had been bawling out the capitalists, particularly this man Mortimer, builder of the skyscraper whose foundations were only now being scraped out of the mud.

It could have happened only in America. And only an American author could have seen the drama of it and then written this story—only an American as big and broad and as thoroughly American as—

RUPERT HUGHES



"Why," said Philena,
"why are you so happy down
there in the mud?" He grinned.
"Because I have no girl."

From the Ground Up

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

HE was a mucker—literally and technically. For he worked in the muck and cleaned up the muddy clods dripping from the jaws of a steam shovel built like some giant, primeval beast, a *tyrannosaurus* that ate clay, gnawing and gobbling it greedily and building itself a den in the earth.

The mucker was of the earth, earthy. He was about as low down in the social scale as a man can get and live in a modern city.

And yet a smile gleamed through the dirty, matted beard on his unshaven jowls. He laughed as he moiled. And whenever the burly neck and maw of the steam shovel, eternally dipping and biting out chunks of earth, gave him a moment's rest, he snatched from his pocket a mouth harp—and made music!—music as gay and free of care as if he were a pink seraph sprawled on the sunny side of a golden park bench in Paradise.

His name, of course, was Giluley—Terence Giluley.

His indomitable cheerfulness was so inexcusable and so out of place that it disgusted Sam Roper, assistant to the engineer of the shovel.

Roper was usually disgusted; but just now he was at his best. He had been bawling out the capitalists, particularly this man Mortimer, builder of the skyscraper whose foundations were only now being scraped out of the mud.

Giluley's music disturbed Roper more than the noise of the engine, the clatter of the chain, the squeal of the throttle and the uproar of the masses the shovel dumped into the motor trucks. Such racket was part of the horror of being a workingman. But for a toiler to make merry at his work was unendurable. So Roper finally picked up a rusty nut from the floor of the engine and hurled it at Giluley. It caught him on the shoulder. The minstrel had some pride evidently, for he whirled in instant wrath and his lyrical lips twisted in a fight-snarl as he shouted up at his superior officer:

"Hey, you Roper! Who the devil you bombardin'? And why?"

Roper ejected his answer like a quid of overworked tobacco:
"You, you harp! What's bitin' you that you're so happy down in this dump?"

Giluley's anger was as the Irish say, "like tow—all afire and out again in a minyut." He condescended upward toward Roper's dismal scowl and was patient with him.

"And why wouldn't I be happy? And I gettin' three dollars a day and you and Mr. Baynes and your machine doin' all the work."

As if this were not enough he swept a spiral glance upward from the deep mudhole to the fence and the piles of material, thence in a widening curve round the vast well of surrounding

buildings twelve, fifteen, twenty-five stories high and on, on to the blue dome of heaven. And he added:

"Not to mention the ill-gent view!"

He bent his head and poured his glad heart into his harmonica, while Roper cast his look of despairing contempt into the laughing eyes of the engineer Baynes. Then Roper resumed his diatribe against the capitalists who were refusing to shorten labor's hours and insisting that labor meet the tidal wave of hard times by reducing its wages.

Roper assured Baynes that the panic was brought on artificially by Wall Street in order to grind the toiler down.

Baynes was used to his talk. He had a steam shovel to command and a girl to be commanded by, and he paid no more heed to Roper than to the growling of his captive monster.

He laughed with majestic geniality as he made the shovel dip its giraffe neck, scoop out another mass and swing it around to the truck waiting to carry it off.

Giluley made the best of the opportunity to seesaw his harmonica back and forth through his smile.

When he had to put up his harp and wield the spade with both hands and a foot, he broke into song. The words began:

"'Twas on a frosty night, at two o'clock
in the mornin',
An Irish lad so tight, all wind and weather scornin',
At Judy Callahan's door, sittin' upon the palin',
His love tale out did pour; and this was part of his
wailin's."

The song went up as an unwitting serenade to an unobserved young woman who stood on the level ground above and looked down through a hole in the fence. The expression on her face had been one of such angry discontent that it froze her charm. But the mouth harp and the song were causing a thaw.

II

MISS PHILENA MORTIMER had good reason to be unhappy—not because she was looking through a broken fence at a mucker in a ditch; but because she was beautiful, richly dressed, richly housed; her father and mother were alive and devoted to her, and a wealthy young man loved her. So naturally she was wretched.

She had a specific excuse this morning. Only a while ago she and her mother had walked into her father's office—without being announced; for Mrs. Mortimer would not permit the office boy to take her name in ahead of her. She would not wait for her husband's permission to do anything.

Besides, she had often found an unpardonably pretty stenographer snuggled up to the desk—"snuggled" was Mrs. Mortimer's word. She used it often since it always infuriated her husband, and his cries of protest at the injustice made a pleasant discord in his wife's ears.

But today she found her husband alone with a man. This disappointed her a bit, and she and her daughter Philena waited until he should turn around.

The two men were looking at a framed portrait of a big building, the architect's elevation of the new skyscraper. It was typically done in colors, with all the adjoining buildings very much reduced, the people and street cars mere pygmies and the sky a joyous azure.

But Mortimer was growling:

"As usual with you architects, Geer, the estimates were just about half what the cost of the building will be."



The expression
on her aristocratic
face had been one
of angry discontent
—but Giluley's mouth
harp was causing a thaw.

The architect, with all the pity of an artist for a mere business man, demurred:

"Yes, but think what a building it will be—a poem in steel and concrete."

"Ugh!" snorted Mortimer, "Bankers don't deal in poetry. They are refusing to advance me enough to meet my payroll."

The architect gasped. Building had been largely held up for years by high wages and material. Now that prices were down, the demand had died. He was getting few commissions and those cheap. He felt an omen in Mortimer's tone. Perhaps this building would be checked at its start, or left an obscene skeleton like many another he knew of.

Mrs. Mortimer was used to hearing her husband talk poor; but she thought that he ought to save his boasts of poverty for home consumption. So now she coughed. He turned round.

Recognizing his wife, his jaw dropped. She never visited his office except for financial reasons. He put up his hands and sighed, "How much?"

His wife began to burrow in her wrist bag, but Philena advanced and went through her father's pockets. She found his wallet, and in it a sheaf of bills. She rifled them, shook her head and laughed:

"Not half enough!"

The architect, like the usual spectator of a highway robbery, took to flight. He bowed himself out with a grimace of sympathy for Mortimer. Geer was a family man too.



When he had gone Mortimer felt more at home, and dropped into his chair without asking his people to stay. So his wife sat down. His daughter perched on the arm of his desk chair and put her arm about his neck in the familiar gesture that had led him to call her a boa constrictor squeezing his heart's blood out of him.

Now she produced the catalogue of a firm of boat builders; and drew out to full length a long folder showing the deck plans of a power boat; and she said:

"Daddy darling, your angel child simply can't live another minute without a power boat. I'm sick to death of my car. This little gem costs only twenty-five thousand, tailor made, to fit. Bess Aylmer has one that cost thirty-five. But times are hard and I'll take a small one, only twenty-five thou. Dirt cheap, I calls it."

"So do I," her father answered. This amazed her.

"Really! Isn't that glorious?" Her mother seized the occasion to lean forward with another catalogue. This brochure professed "pipe organs for refined homes." She said:

"Philena's boat can wait till I get this. You know our house had a space left for a pipe organ and we've never put it in. The Pells have a fifteen thousand dollar organ. This one is only five thousand, and it's——"

"Dirt cheap. I know," her husband said. The two women could not make him out. It was embarrassing to have their phrases anticipated. But he soon resumed his familiar tone:

"As cheap as dirt. Yes, but I don't know anything that's more expensive than dirt. I've had to remove several thousand tons of it before I could lay down the foundation of my new building.

And now that the excavation is just about finished, my credit is too.

"Hard times are here, my dears. Wall Street is in hysterics. Nobody can get a cent out of the banks except with a gun. All I've got is a big hole in the ground and I'm in it up to my neck. I have signed contracts for about a million dollars of labor and material. The material is pouring in from all over the country. Some of it from Europe. And I can't get any money."

His wife stared at him with a look of reproach that the subcontractors were also greeting him with. He went on:

"My money is tied up in investments that aren't paying dividends and in stocks that are going down like a broken elevator. All my friends are in the same situation. You and Philena must understand that I am in the market for a life preserver, not for a sport boat or a pipe organ. You've got to cut out buying and realize that we're lucky if we can hold the roof over our heads."

Mrs. Mortimer died hard. She had to complain:

From the Ground Up

"You build two million dollar skyscrapers for your own amusement and then deny your family a few trifles."

Mortimer spoke with the epic agony of the business man in torment:

"I'm feeding hundreds of workmen. I'm building a house for a thousand. If I can finish it I will have contributed a work of art and a hive of industry to our city. If I die doing it you and Philena will have an income for life—that is, if I don't die doing it. Your limousine is down stairs? My car is for sale. Take me to the site of the building. You've never been there."

They protested other engagements but he was imperious in his despair, and they followed him.

Both Philena and her mother were of thoroughbred stock and sound at heart, but it was not easy to change the habit of thinking up demands for Mortimer to supply. It shocked them when he went on strike, as it was going to shock Roper when he learned that the capitalist whose hoggishness he denounced was childishly terrified by the big storm sweeping round the financial sky of the whole world.

The approach to the Mortimer building was not attractive to women. They were not expected to call, and even laborers and truck drivers found it complex. The disorder, the chaos of ugliness, offended Mrs. Mortimer.

Philena pretended an interest to soothe her father, who curiously thought such things fascinating. Mrs. Mortimer glanced through a hole in the fence about the excavation and fell back to dust her gloves. Philena lingered a moment. Her ear was caught by the songy lilt of Giluley's mouth harp.

Her eyes searched for him as for a bird in thick foliage and when they found him they were surprised by his complete uncomeliness.

But something struck through the girl's morbid humor like a shaft of light. Why was this pauper, this mudlark caroling from the slime while the skylark moped in the heights? Curiosity piqued her. She wanted to know.

Well, happiness is after all only another spelling of happen-ness. Terence Giluley happened to like what he had or could reach. He cared little for what he couldn't get. He had been so in his cradle, such cradle as he had had in Ireland. To shove his chilled bare feet in the warm ashes forinst the peat fire had been a royal luxury. His gayety was from within and his own explanation of it would probably have had little or no value. But Philena had a whim to ask for it.

"That Paddy down there in the mud—he's happy with no excuse. Ask him what the great secret is."

Her father looked over her shoulder and caught Giluley loafing on the job. He had his harmonica googling again. The tune brought a smile to Mortimer's face and he passed Philena's command on to the superintendent of construction, who was in attendance.

The superintendent yelled and waved and finally made Giluley understand that he was wanted aloft. Giluley made a moment's pretense of being importantly busy; then he clambered up the steep bank and poked his head through the hole in the fence.

To Philena there was something impish in his grin. His head hung like a mask on the fence. Seeing two grand ladies there Giluley tugged at his hat and awaited instructions, expecting to be told to go get his pay and be off the job. To his amazement the gorgeous colleen spoke, and said:

"I just wanted to ask you why you are so contented down there?"

Giluley could hardly believe his ears. He thought it over and verified by a scrutiny of her face her astonishing question. Then he answered the same question that Roper had asked, but he had still further reasons:

"Why am I contended, is it? And why not, miss, if you please? I have a musical instrument. I have little money—and no gerl at all. What else is it brings trouble like a lot of money or a bit of gerl?"

Philena tucked the thought away in a pocket of her mind for further consideration. She tried to hide her embarrassment by indicating the harmonica in the pocket of Giluley's shirt.

"Will you sell me that harp of joy?"

"That I will not, ma'am," said Giluley. "I'll give it you gladly."

While he was cleansing it industriously on a terrible handkerchief she was getting a dollar bill out of her purse, unbeknownst to him; until as he proffered the lyre he found the money in his palm.

While he stared at it, she had walked away. He called after her, but she shook her head and walked on toward the limousine to which her mother had moved with her husband at her elbow.

The superintendent, seeing that Terence had been dismissed, motioned him back on the job roughly, and he backed down the mud cliff in disgust.

Philena, holding the harmonica gingerly in her gloved fingers, offered it to her mother with a sardonic, "Here's a pipe organ you can afford."

Her mother, disgusted, knocked it overboard into the street. A newsboy seeing it fall darted toward it with eagerness. But a taxicab shot by, crushing the mouth harp like a bird. Otherwise that mystic joy bringer might have had a fascinating career.

Giluley's joy had gone with it. His pride was in arms. He had done a gracious thing with a knightly gesture and had been tipped for it! He had no idea who Philena was, or who her father was.

Millionaires are obscure people even to their employees. Baseball players, prize fighters, actors and the like know far more fame.

Giluley vowed to folly that damned gerl to hell and back but he would make her swally that damned dollar. He put it in a separate compartment of his grimy purse so that he should not spend it.

As if the gods had overheard his slander against money as a bringer of trouble, the clouds opened and dropped a fortune at his feet.

Just as he bent to pick up his spade, he was struck on the shoulder and knocked to his knees by a heavy object from above. He found himself on all fours with his hands wrist deep in hundred dollar bills and his eyes staring straight into bundles of engraved things that were securities of price, bonds of the United States and other businesses.

III

"It's the fairies is in it," Terence whispered and spit for exorcism.

As he looked up to see if it were raining millions, he saw Roper bending over him and staring down. Roper was clutching at some of the hated emblems of capitalism when Giluley struck his talons aside. He began to stuff the spilt wealth into the suitcase that lay gaping at the side.

As he snatched at it, he followed the line of Roper's gaze and saw through the hole in the fence a scene that explained the miracle. A bank messenger carrying a suitcase of money down an alley had been waylaid by a footpad studious of his habits. The footpad was armed with a gun and the fashionable box of pepper.

The messenger, a middle aged man, with heroism frequent in commerce, flung the suitcase over the fence. The footpad's eyes followed the flying treasure and before he knew it, the messenger had leapt at him and seized both his wrists.

The two were wrestling now in a desperate merry-go-round, each trying to turn the gun or the pepperbox against the other.

Giluley had a racial instinct to get into any fight, and he clambered with a monkey's speed up the embankment, lugging the suitcase.

As he put his head through the hole, the revolving pistol muzzle grazed his nose. Giluley's face vanished, but reappeared just in time to see the pepperbox pass under his nostrils, and to inhale a quantity of its explosive powder.

He sneezed with a noise like one of Joseph Conrad's sails splitting in one of Joseph Conrad's storms. But he was so furious that he plunged through the hole, seized a passing leg and brought down the bank messenger, with the footpad on top of him. Then he rolled them over and sat on both of them for a moment while he wrested the pepperbox and the pistol from the four hands.

The bank messenger wriggled free and stood up to sneeze.

Giluley was still smarting with pepper in eyes and nose and mouth and the footpad was so squirmy and elish and so desperate that Terence jammed the box into the open mouth and tapped it, growling:

"Lay still or I'll make a salad out of you, you murtherin' at-at-choo-PP!!"

Among the crowd pouring in from all directions was a policeman, who blearily dashed at Giluley and drawing his automatic, shouted, "Up with 'em!"

Giluley threw up both hands, one of them gripping the pepperbox which shot a cloud into the policeman's face. He was blinded, too, now, and bobbed up and down with a violent sternutation. His pistol also went up and down as he circled in the helpless antics of a jumping jack, and his motions were repeated in a wide circle by the gathering roundstanders as they ducked successively below the line of the wavering muzzle.



She was scarcely tempted to invite him to call—but suddenly his bright smile almost undid her.

Another officer broke through, disarmed his fellow, and laying rough hands on both Giluley and the epileptic footpad yanked them to their feet and snarled the official formula:

"Whatta hellsa matta?"

The bank messenger, to an accompaniment of swishing sneezes, accused Giluley of being an accomplice of the pepperpad. It looked better to be overcome by two men than by one, and he suspected a third, since the money was nowhere in sight. As the speechless sneezeful Terence was being dragged away, the superintendent joined the crowd and explained that Giluley could not have attacked the messenger since he was down in the ditch. Terence dragged the officer to the hole in the fence and brought forth the suitcase with treasure intact. He became an instant hero, and received as a recompense for the return of fifty thousand dollars the following substantial rewards, to wit: a hand clasp from the bank messenger and an embarrassed

"Much oblige"—from the policeman, a nod and a "You're all right, kid. What's your name and address? You'll be wanted in court as a witness." Then, from the superintendent a proprietary cuff on the back and a generous, "Good work, Giluley. We'll be layin' off the shovel tomorrow. If you want another job, come around."

Giluley was inspired to say:

"That's grand. You'll soon be wantin' a hand on the concrete, pourin' the piers for the footin's belike."

"Sure. You're on!" said the superintendent.

And that was how Giluley came to remain with the Mortimer building when the steam shovel rolled over to the excavation of a building the Carswell Construction Company was breaking ground for.

The moral of all which is obvious and can be found in any good copy book.

(Continued on page 92)

Juanita said:

"Marriage is a failure—and it's all Dick's fault. He used to act like a lover. Now he acts like a father."

Dick said:

"For heaven's sake, Juanita, be careful about encouraging that chap Collins. He's the worst home-wrecker in town."

Before you condemn her ask yourself if Juanita isn't the girl you know best—either by mirror or by marriage. Perhaps she is—

Mrs. You

By FRANK R. ADAMS

*Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell*

EVEN the most cruel and unmitigated flappers get married sometime. "And then what?" as they say during the pause in the bedtime fairy story.

Juanita Weyman, ten months a bride, awakened to the fact that life had played a sorry trick on her.

She had been promised, not by anyone in particular but by a conspiracy of fiction and convention, that marriage was going to work some magical transformation in her existence, would settle forever her problems and perplexities.

And now she knew it was all a lie. What marriage had really done was to transform into sins what had formerly been only delightful and wholly charming coquettices.

For Juanita, when her name was Riordan instead of Weyman, had been the spoiled idol of her circle of admirers. She could do no wrong, and the heartstrings that she played upon were tuned to laughing acquiescence in her caprices no matter how wild they might be. Juanita knew she was a flirt, but with every man she met offering homage, how could she help it?

"Marriage will change all that," everyone had said, even the suitors who competed for the honor of being the reagent of alchemy. "Girls like Juanita make the most devoted and happiest wives once they settle down."

Secure in this prophecy and also because she couldn't have helped it even if she had wanted to, Juanita had been swept out of the shallows, where it was safe to play, into the mad maelstrom of a honeymoon with the most whimsical, the most often amusing of her cortège, Richard Weyman.

But what had happened was that Dick had changed. Instead of the maddest of lovers he was now a creature very like her father, too like, with all a parent's tendency to criticize and restrain. The traits that he had once adored as delightfully naughty had become the subjects of their most frequent dissension.

"For heaven's sake, Nita, be careful about encouraging that chap Collins," Dick had scolded. "He's the worst home-wrecker in Haynesville."

"I haven't encouraged him," Juanita defended. "I knew Jack before I did you and I treat him exactly the way I always did."

"That's just the point. You treat him the way you always did, forgetting that you are married to me now. Four dances with him in one evening are too many. And the way you looked up at him while you were on the floor together—"

26



Why—why couldn't she settle down and feel calm the way she knew she should? It was wicked to want admiration so much—downright wicked!

"Did I look up at him any differently from the way I look up at you?"

"Yes," responded Dick in some perplexity. "I hadn't thought of it before but I haven't seen that 'I dare you' look in your eyes toward me for a long time. I wonder why."

"Maybe it's because you don't tell me with your own that I'm pretty and that my frock is becoming—"

"A man doesn't say those things to his wife."

"Even with his eyes, Dick?"

"She knows it without being told."

"Does she?"

Neither of them cared to carry the argument beyond this point. But Juanita knew from examining straws like this that the winds of love had blown cold. She and Dick belonged to each other, but there was no thrill about it. She was fond of him but so was she fond of her brothers and in much the same way; and he regarded her as a sort of a ward whom he must provide for and guard against all dangers, particularly those which she stirred up for herself.

Why, why couldn't she settle down and feel calm the way she knew she should? It was wicked to want admiration, and yet how could she help it? The whole thing was bewildering and she tried to summon devils of remorse to punish herself. But they would not come at her call.



For Juanita was pretty and knew it. The devils of remorse torment only those who are not sure of themselves. She was slim and youthful. The mode of the day became her well. Even the short skirts that Dick was beginning to growl about only made her seem more like a fairy sprite than ever, and an evening gown sans back revealed nothing more material than a skin that was stolen from the petals of a rosebud.

Life, apparently, had no legitimate use for her youthful loveliness. Dick would be as well content if she were wrinkled and dowdy; would, presumably, prefer her that way. Already he was beginning to assume a defensive look whenever they were invited to parties. She remembered having seen that expression of dismay on her father's face when a gala occasion had been announced.

Then she had laughed. Now she nearly cried.

II

DICK was even more perplexed than Juanita by the failure of marriage as an institution. He had regarded it as a milestone safely passed, a thing accomplished and relegated to the background to make room for the rest of the procession of events that go to make up life. That his relations with his wife should be a constant irritation and a distraction seemed unfair. What he

had expected he could not define. Not servile obedience, surely, because he was more modern than that. But he maintained that it wasn't right that he should be constantly on the defensive, that he must speculate anxiously as to what Juanita would be apt to do next and try to prevent it without having an out and out row.

He did not like the rôle of wet blanket. He had never played it before in all his life, but he felt that somebody had to keep anchored to the ground. He sensed dimly that whatever situation existed it was not specifically Juanita's fault, that modern training and the modern point of view had prepared her to be nothing but what she was.

And the marriages of his friends were not conspicuously more successful than his own. There was Scanlon, for instance. His wife was cleverer than old Scan himself, and the knowledge that she was so and that people tolerated him on her account was eating out Scan's soul. Scan probably never would have discovered his failings if he had not married a woman who had found him out and shown him up before the world, thus robbing him of what little self-confidence he had.

Henry Morgan's wife had given up an operatic career for Henry and Henry's kids. She regretted it audibly. It is hell to see a lot of good machinery rusting out for lack of use. But what could Henry or Mrs. Henry do? Nature had trapped them and would not let them go.

And there were others. Each had his own particular angle, but the net result in each case was the same—chasing.

Dick sat in his office regretting an error he had made only that morning. In criticizing Nita for having been flirted with the night before, he had said: "There must be something about you that invites that sort of thing, dear. Men don't go around making eyes at every woman they see. Maybe something you do makes perfect strangers think you are easy."

Almost immediately he had wished that he had not phrased it exactly in that way, and he had wished the entire thought unsaid a thousand times since.

But it was a question that had often assailed him, although it had hitherto been unspoken. It was a very real problem of conduct because if he had gone around punching the nose of every man who tried to catch Juanita's eye in the street, the theater, the restaurant, Dick would have had to wear a masculine proboscis at the end of his fist almost all of the time. How did the knights of old and the hotheads of our own Southern states get away with it? Perhaps they weren't married to Nita.

By carefully veiled and intricate discussions Dick had put his problem up to older men, those who had apparently solved the problem of married life.

His own father had said: "A woman is never truly a wife until she faces hardships with man. That's where your mother and I found each other—down in the bottom of the last ditch where we were fighting side by side to keep from starving to death."

His uncle, Riley Morse, who had been married twice and should know, declared that, "It's a good idea to keep 'em worried. Life is too simple a proposition for the modern woman who marries a man with enough ability to earn a comfortable living. A husband has to step pretty lively to hunt up some artificial troubles for his wife or she'll start out looking for a supply of real ones for both of them. Nowadays they've got too much education to take the places our forefathers used to assign to their wives. Of course they don't make as good slaves as did the women of the nineteenth century. We give 'em the freedom of the world until they're twenty-odd and then expect 'em to be cheerful about jail for the rest of their lives."

Kavanaugh, nicknamed The Mint, who had been Dick's employer once and his friend ever since, smiled over a luxurios cigar when the indirect question was launched at him. They were at the club. Kavanaugh was just twice Dick's age, but in many things they were *en rapport*.

"It's foolish to try to make your wife your partner. She can't understand. She's the companion of your play hours. Why attempt to make her anything else, thereby ruining your own pleasurable relaxation? The secret of handling a woman is to make a lot of money and give her almost all of it to spend. She won't give you much trouble so long as you keep on laying golden eggs, and you'll be too tired to hunt up devilment yourself."

This philosophy was not absolute cynicism on the part of The Mint. He actually put the theory in practice, as everyone knew. And his marriage was moderately happy. His wife, lots younger than himself, was one of the smartest women in town and took a feline pleasure in that. Kavanaugh was proud to take her around and it was only servants' gossip anyway about their seldom speaking to each other inside the walls of their own house unless there were guests present.

Obviously there were some contradictions in the evidence. Kavanaugh's method was exactly the opposite of the practice which had won out for Dick's father. One made his wife an associate, the other treated her as a plaything. Of course, it was easy to question whether Kavanaugh's system would not go to the wall with a sickening crash if his proverbial luck ever turned against him. But, perhaps, on the other hand, some women, satisfactory wives otherwise, could not have stood the last ditch style of marital partnership which had crystallized the virtues of Dick's own mother.

Apparently there was no solving of the problem by consulting the records of previous successes. The laws of the generation past did not seem to govern the vagaries of this madder one.

To Dick's office, just before quitting time, came a slender youth, not very tall, whom Dick hailed with affectionate abuse.

"Beanie, you old book snake, how did you escape from the library where your keeper locked you up?"

Beanie swallowed a lump in his throat before replying.

"I've quit school, Dickie old horse, and I'm out on the icy world looking for employment."

"You were nearly through, weren't you?" Dick inquired politely.

"Yes. This is my last year."

"What's the answer? Why quit?"

"Eyes gave out. Doctor said quit now or quit forever in six months."

The taller man considered. "It isn't as if you were on one of the teams," he offered as consolation. Dick himself had won his letter both in football and in track.

"No, but I might have got Phi Beta Kappa. I've been working for it over three solid years."

Dick didn't laugh. He wanted to at first. To think that the winning of a tiny golden key emblematic of scholarship could be motivating reward for the sacrifice of four years of a man's life appeared impossible on the face of it. But Beanie's grief, though manfully concealed, was so genuine that Dick in his blundering masculine way was constrained to respect it.

He tried to think back. Was it only three years ago that the affairs of undergraduate life had been of equal importance to him? Dick sighed. Hadn't life been simple in those days? And how little the youngsters like Beanie appreciated their freedom from carking care.

Yet Beanie's troubles must be shared seriously. Because Dick was Beanie's idol, and in a shy, deprecatory way he knew it. Dick had been a senior in perihelion when Beanie, a "frosh" of very low visibility, had in some way attracted his attention. Dick was the most popular man in college—in his fraternity too. For that reason, and probably for no other, Beanie had been pledged to Dick's crowd. Thenceforward the youngster had been a species of sub-slave. The devotion had embarrassed Dick because he hadn't a shred of tyrant instinct in him.

Beanie had hung around the empty bleachers during football practice, had been unobtrusively present in the dressing room where he could hand things or run an occasional errand when either of them could think up one. And because Dick was a rough sort of he-man Beanie did the best he could to be one too. He talked football slang intelligently—heaven knows, he studied it hard enough—and smoked a good deal and even managed to overcome his natural aversion to liquor on festive occasions. When Dick used to slap him on the back it had jarred Beanie's wishbone three points from the magnetic north, but Beanie was so proud that he never let on how it hurt. Afterwards he would go off and cough by himself until his diaphragm settled back in place.

Beanie had never asked a thing of Dick and now he had come to lay a mess of troubles on the big man's chest.

"Wait till I tell the wife to expect you out to dinner," Dick suggested, shoving Beanie into a chair.

"Do you think she'll mind?" questioned Beanie diffidently.

"Mind? Why, she'll be tickled to death." In the excitement of the moment he had forgotten his remark about her being "easy" that very morning. It was recalled to him by Juanita's reception of his telephone message.

"Do you think your friend will flirt with me?" she inquired coldly.

"No, no—he isn't that kind at all," Dick hastened to assure her apologetically.

"Then I scarcely think it will be worth my while to meet him," she continued. "You don't expect me to do anything else with strange men, and I'd hate to disappoint you."

Dick wanted to wring her neck, but having been married long enough to have discovered the futility of argument, he smothered his temper and said merely, "We'll be out in a few minutes, dear."

He hung up but not quite in time to escape hearing, "If you come I won't be responsible for the consequences."

III

BUT Juanita had surprised him by being especially amiable. Dick didn't know what the reason for this was but a woman on the bleachers might have guessed it. Juanita knew, from stories of college days, that Beanie, who had a real name, Willard Byrne, long since forgotten, thought that the sun, moon and stars revolved around her husband. She was so accustomed to being the center of the universe herself that it piqued her professional pride to discover a satellite which moved without reference to her own orbit. She was determined to find out how this freak of nature had happened and if necessary to correct it back to normal.

To Beanie, Juanita was a revelation. He had known few girls who were dynamically charming. In college he had associated semi-socially with wisp-haired feminine grinds who really were his rivals in the climb for the rewards of knowledge. Girls of higher candle power had, intentionally, made it easy for him not to neglect his studies. But now here was a glorious dream



"Why did I kiss you? It
was nice—but why
did I do it?"

suddenly letting down the barriers and going out of her way to interest him. Something dormant in Beanie's soul flowered and sunned itself in the warmth of the delayed spring sunshine.

How could Beanie know that Juanita really regarded him as a strange sort of a deep-sea specimen whom it behooved her to study in order to complete her education?

She was so nice to him that both Dick and Beanie had a pleasant evening, Beanie because it was his first shy blossoming, and Dick because for once he thought he could let down his guard and encourage his adorable trouble maker to be as nice as she knew how.

She played to Beanie, even got him to humming the words of songs he was familiar with, drew him out on the subject of poetry, which he had loved secretly all his life, and generally stimulated him to a heady intoxication that finally took him home to his hotel on pneumatic feet.

When he had gone Dick yawned luxuriously. This was something like—a comfortable evening at home with no parlor pythons cluttering up the Chinese rugs. He had even been able to read the evening paper and a couple of magazine stories without being made to feel an inhospitable boor.

"Well, what do you think of Beanie?" he asked inconsequentially.

Juanita wrinkled her brow thoughtfully and discarded the first comment that came to the tip of her tongue.

"I think he's one of the funniest little men I ever saw."

Dick mentally formulated a protest. It wasn't like Juanita to be unkindly critical. But he did not voice his thought. If she considered him so unprepossessing why had she wasted so much time on him? Here was another feminine vagary that Dick didn't understand. So he went to sleep without enlightenment.

So eventually did the other points in the triangle. But Juanita was, perhaps, more in the know than the two less acute angles.

Juanita's scientific investigations as to what made Beanie tick were resumed three or four evenings later when Dick was detained at the office and sent the specimen out to the house with a couple of theater tickets and the suggestion that he'd see them later at a midnight supper.

Juanita was both piqued and pleased. Because of the pique she intentionally guided the guileless Beanie after the play to the wrong restaurant, where they had a rather wonderful time. Beanie got most of his fun out of discovering that he really could dance well enough with this tiny wisp of femininity in the circle of his arm, while Juanita achieved part of her pleasure at least in

imagining Dick's gradually increasing rage as he sat in lonely grandeur at the real rendezvous. Later she would have to summon all of her considerable histrionic ability to pretend to be injured because he hadn't found them. But that would be fun too and would give her an opportunity to try out several dormant tricks.



Here was a man who had escaped from

And for the time being, she was enjoying running away, even with Beanie. He was so young, not quite so old as herself even, and he held himself so impersonally aloof even when she accidentally let her cheek graze his in the dance. If she hadn't felt just the slightest tremor in his arm she would have thought him a wooden dummy. As it was she laughed to herself, a sort of "I dare you" laugh mixed a little with "Who's afraid?" Most of the men she knew would have squeezed her close and whispered an invitation to tea or something for the next day.

She took a little of the joy of a creator in Beanie. She knew

she was
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When
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"Dick"

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she was bringing out in him qualities that had not hitherto been in the least developed.

When the restaurant showed signs of closing for the night the idea of going home occurred to them, not before. They were having a perfectly good time.

"Dick is probably having a good time himself somewhere."

admiration of her husband. She admired him herself for that very same quality.

And she was a pretty fair sport herself. When they got home she dismissed Beanie at the door instead of letting him say "Good-night" to Dick, who, to judge from the illumination, was pacing the floor of the library. There was no need of making the youngster suffer the weight of Dick's sarcasm and displeasure when, after all, the fault was entirely her own.

Knowing what she knew of family rows, she felt that until after the first half hour of readjustment was over and she had kidded herself back into Dick's arms, the library was going to be no place for a noncombatant.

So she marched right in and told Dick the truth. He was so astounded by her nerve that he said nothing, but went to bed without kissing her.

As everybody knows, a good quarrel clears the atmosphere and leaves everybody relaxed and sleepy. Dick's deliberately inconsiderate conduct kept Juanita awake most of the night. She had to figure out what he meant by it and how she would combat such tactics if he persisted in them. She would have been very miserable indeed had it not been that, from time to time, she remembered the look in Beanie's eyes that evening. Come what would she know she had acquired a pitiful slave. She had one card up her sleeve—Dick didn't know yet that she had annexed the loyalty of his own most ardent worshiper.

IV

THE first thing anybody knew it was spring. The tulips and the jonquils were up, the robins were house-warming and the world was so beautiful that it hurt a little to be in it.

Juanita sat out on the warm ground and yearned for someone to enjoy it with. It was the kind of weather to go gypsying, tieless, unfettered by time or circumstance. She had suggested it to Dick.

"Nothing doing, Nita," he had vetoed. "When I'm through work I want to be comfortable, and on Sundays I'd like the time



his cage. She was his master no longer.

Juanita suggested, "and has forgotten us. Perhaps he is out with some other girl."

Beanie received that remark with a curious freezing up of his spontaneity. "He wouldn't be," he decided briefly, "and even if he were, I'd prefer not to make it the excuse for having the best time I ever had. Dick himself taught me that a good sport never has an alibi."

Juanita felt spanked and otherwise reproved, but she could not help a covert admiration for the quixotic boyishness of her escort. She knew he was right, at least in his understanding

for a little tennis. I don't care for picnics, anyway."

"Last year about now we got lost in Holmes' Woods," Juanita contributed. "Remember? You said it was the first time you had ever been absolutely sure of having me all to yourself."

Dick laughed.

"That was true, too."

"But you don't care about being alone with me in the woods now, with the violets and the nice new frogs and bees and everything?"

(Continued on page 116)



The Woman

When you read this story—strong, poignant, moving—you will understand why Mr. Norton's work is appearing in America's Greatest Magazine.

"scruffer" he, whose duty it was to assist the tired crew to sort the fish into the baskets piled forward on the broad deck and help lower them into the huge rowboat that would convey them to the shallower waters of the inner harbor. The crew of the trawling ship, sometimes grimed and hollow-eyed from loss of sleep, would then clamber stiffly off into the boat, their great sea boots clumping awkwardly, to follow their catch, pathetically intent on the price it might bring—for the crews of the trawlers, save the cabin boy, work on shares.

Always the scruffer, sometimes called the "ship's housemaid," left alone, would begin his task of "tidying her up." When the catch finally reached the ancient stone pier in the inner harbor and was at last landed on the broad, worn stone pave of the fish market, it seemed ever the same; the clanging of one of the auction bells on the crowded pier, the quick, perfunctory sing-song of the auctioneer, and the swift sales. For when the fleet came in and there were hundreds of lots of fish to be disposed of, time could not be wasted in sentiment or barter. What they had cost in toil, hardship or life never influenced the bid. The swarming millions in London, whither they would almost instantly depart, must have fish.

When the *Curlew* blew in and reached for her buoy there was scarcely a half-score of the fleet ahead of her, and Captain Paul's rough old face relaxed somewhat from its habitual grimness in the knowledge that his haul would be landed before the possibility of a glut and a break in price. The baskets that had been filled from the iced bunkers in the *Curlew's* hold were so heavily laden with turbot, brill, and ray-fans, all "top-price" fish, that this should prove a noteworthy catch. He had lost neither men nor gear, which, inasmuch as he was not only skipper but sole owner of his craft, was most satisfactory. Captain Paul, forgetting a

INTO Brixham harbor came, like great, red-winged seabirds wearied by stress of storm-driven flights, the trawling fleet. Not as it had passed bravely out on the March ebb tide, with its two hundred and odd clean ships so closely bunched that navigation seemed impossible, but straggling, tired. Whether heavily laden or unfortunate in the week's catch, they came alike, throwing salt spray from broken waves over their trim, sharp bows. Always they did the same thing; came sweeping round the lighthouse at the head of the long breakwater and tacked, for a moment bowed gravely to the high, red, Devonshire cliffs that locked the harbor in, sedately moved to anchorage, and at the very last moment luffed, lost way, "doused" tops'l, fore's'l, jib, and then the huge mains'l dropped sheer fifty feet into a crumpled mass to be followed shortly after by the mizzen.

Always a gray-haired and bearded man past the elasticity requisite for sea-endurance rowed out and went aboard. The



She attended no church, professed no faith, went her own way. But she had the fierce beauty of great moors, rough crags and storm-lashed seas.

on the Beach

by ROY NORTON

who wrote "*The Plunderer*,"
"*The Man of Peace*," etc.

Illustrations by J. D. Gleason

thousand unprofitable voyages, storms, wrecks, and deaths, thought it a very comfortable world in which to live. He even smiled when he heard his crew of five bawling the tale of good luck across the waters to the men of the *I'll Try* who were just going ashore. And then, as his keen and discerning old eyes swept the harbor and fixed themselves on the *Marty B.*, whose skipper was his only son, the smile disappeared and gave way to perplexity, for spick and span, she presented the appearance of never having left harbor. A solitary man, perhaps her scuffer, lounged with elbows on a midship rail and smoked in a vast contemplation. Captain Paul was still frowning at her when the *Curlew* was boarded by his own scuffer who, disdaining the fact that she was still under way, climbed nimbly upward and hailed him.

"Looks like ye had a good vy'ge, Capting," the veteran called. And then, sighting the laden baskets, "My Godfathers! Nothin' less nor turbit and brill and—er has done well!"

"When did my son bring the *Marty B.* in?" Captain Paul demanded.

"Er ain't bean out," the scuffer replied, with something akin to embarrassment, as if reluctant to give further information to the Hard Old Man of the fleet. "Er's bean layin' there for—"

"Why?" Captain Paul asked, scowling at him with searching eyes that had the faculty of commanding not only obedience but cold, hard truths.

"E's—e's—your son Bill's been gittin' married, sir," the scuffer replied, shifting uncomfortably on his feet and looking off at the tops of the high hills behind Brixham town.

Captain Paul seemed unaware that the men of his crew had fallen to silence and were exchanging knowing glances and winks, and were intently listening. He took a step forward and laying a huge hand on the scuffer's shoulder swung him around as if

to command his attention and said, in his big, gruff sea voice, "Not to that woman on the beach?"

The scuffer tried to twist loose, and then, in desperation, replied, "Yes, sir, to that girl Minnie—the—one you calls the Woman on the Beach. For God's sake, let go my shoulder, skipper! I had nothin' to do with it. It's er's and Capting Bill's affair, not mine!"

The men watching saw Captain Paul's hand release its hold, and the bearer of bad news rubbed his shoulder as if to restore circulation after the talonlike clutch of hard fingers; they saw the big hands clench as if in agony, and the great shoulders droop. They saw the rugged head bend forward and the keen eyes grow tired and old as they looked abstractedly out to the broad expanse of sea, as if mutely seeking therefrom some reason why this blow had been inflicted. For a long time he stood thus, motionless, huge and yet conveying the quality of mortal wounds, of weariness of soul, of failure. The cabin boy, moving uneasily, stepped backward, slipped over a fish basket and fell. No one laughed, but the sound seemed to bring the standing figure back to life and its necessities.

The Woman on the Beach

"What are you all standin' about for?" Captain Paul roared, jerking his head upward and eyeing them. "Are we in port, or aren't we? Have we got fish aboard, or haven't we? Do we trawl 'em up to sell, or to look at? Then why not get 'em off?"

But as they fell to work in frenzied haste they saw him turn away, hesitate, take another hard look at the *Marty B.* and then drop heavily downward through the companionway that swallowed him from sight.

Down in the cabin aft, Captain Paul sat with his head pillowed on his arms that were outflung across the narrow table. He did not hear the clumping of sea boots or the slipping of heavily laden baskets on the deck above his head. No bump of the landing boat alongside, as the slow waves thrust it against the hull, was audible to him.

All that he could think of was this tragedy of hope, this end of great dreams, this death of future. He recalled the glories of that dawn when a woman whom he had loved as only men of his kind can love, had lifted wearied eyes to his as he took into his trembling hands the woolen blankets that held his first and only born. He remembered how, when she had died, he had held the hand of that toddling boy in his white cloths fell on a mother's grave, and that it seemed to him that but for the clasp of that trusting hand his heart would burst with grief, and he could welcome the depths of the sea on which he had always lived. Always there had been the hands—the grasp of which is the most important factor in ones fate.

The past swept over him without cohesion or sequence, but not without detail. His affection for the boy; his insistence that he should at least go through a common school; his pride over the teacher's regular reports; the time when the lad won a medal at a swimming match; the day when he first took him to sea and began those instructions which every boy in Brixham must learn before he can become master man or skipper of a ship; the day when Bill got a ship of his own through his father's recommendation; and the pride in his son's first great success. And then—the first black days! Ugly whispers behind his back! Conversations that abruptly halted when he appeared. The first bleak knowledge of the woman he had called "the Woman on the Beach!"

Captain Paul, with hard toil-worn fingers, clutched and writhing, tried to review all that he knew of her, and to be just. To be fair had always been his ideal. Men said that of him. Men honored him because of that unhesitant virtue, even though they frequently referred to him as a "hide-bound old Puritan." For him no woman in scarlet had ever had the slightest attraction, nor had he ever tolerated men or youths who could thus be beguiled. He summed up the sorry score against the woman called Minnie. She had come to the fishing village where the vast majority of residents, having lived by the sea, on the sea, and sprung from the line of greatest seamen the world has ever known, were simple, direct, clean. Her past was unknown. She had no known husband, but—she gave birth to a child. Its span was brief. She attended no church, professed no faith, defied and drove forth those who sought to minister to her spiritual welfare, and went her own way. She had the fierce beauty of great moors, rough crags and storm-lashed seas; hence there were many who sought her. She braided trawl nets faster than anyone along that entire sweep of beach where so many had gained rapidity and deftness by long practice. But her scorn and defiance of all that rigid convention which binds and holds those who live by the trawls brought her into disrepute. And an angel, let alone the mother of a fatherless child, could scarcely have maintained an unsmirched reputation in such an environment after the evil bearers of bad rumor had begun their charge in full cry.

They called her "Minnie"—in Brixham town. Not "Mrs. This," or "Mrs. That." Just "Minnie." There was a sinister significance in the familiarity of appellation. And it was to her—this—thought Captain Paul, that his only son, the secret pride of his heart, had been married! His boy—married to the Woman on the Beach!

Resting there in the cabin, with his head on his arms, and suffering savage wounds of humiliation and disappointment, he had not heard the insistent thumping of the butt end of an oar on the deck above his head; but now he could not evade the scuffer's aged and querulous voice that shouted down the companionway, "Captin Paul! Captin Paul! Be ye goin' ashore? The catch is off and if ye'd be at the market, ye should——"

"Coming! Hold hard!" he cried, lifting his white head and then, ponderously, his great body and standing to his feet. He stood for an instant clinging to the edge of the cabin table,

steadyng himself to face his fellow men. His face when it appeared as if framed in the deck combings, was set, hard, and unperturbed. The scuffer, who had been intently waiting, might as well have sought signs of emotion from granite hills.

"Hold fast, lads. The skipper's comin' aboard," he said, and made way.

Captain Paul stepped over unfalteringly, and standing below in the rocking boat, with a hand clutching the ship's strake, said to the scuffer, "Joe, keep a weather eye on that galley stove. Some of the brick is cracked and if them coals was to fall through, you might have a fire."

He sat down upon a thwart, his weight appreciably adding to the boat's lack of trim, shifted to better it, and said, "Lay into it, boys. The market's not out here. It's over there-on the pier. What's the good of fish that ain't sold? Lay into it. Let's get across!"

It was not until his boat was approaching the ancient stone market pier and nearing the landing steps that he looked upward and scanned the crowd that bordered its edge. For a single instant Captain Paul's weatherbeaten old face flushed, his eyebrows twitched, and then he was again as unemotional in appearance as a bronze mask. That momentary break was caused by the sight of a stalwart, handsome man dressed in his "Sunday clothes," his son Bill, who waited for him at the head of the slippery stone landing steps that had been hollowed through centuries by fishermen's trudging feet.

Those nearest Captain Bill instinctively gave way that he might greet his father. It was the immemorial custom that the head of the steps belonged to those, be they men or women, who met their own men folk returning from the sea. Sometimes, after great disasters, the market bells had been hushed and women and children thronged therein, sobbing, hoping until the last, going meekly and slowly away with covered heads when hope was done. Theirs was palpable tragedy, but it was scarcely greater than that which was hidden in Captain Paul's heart as he climbed upward to face his son.

"Captain," said the younger man hastily, stepping forward with outstretched hand, and then at the sight of the grim old face—"Dad, I've——"

Captain Paul halted and fixed him with steady, unyielding eyes, disregarding the hand that was still held toward him.

The trawlermen nearest stopped talking and stared. One or two surreptitiously nudged each other. A waiting silence, tense and expectant, seemed to have settled over that part of the pier. Neither Captain Paul nor his son seemed aware of it, for they were standing in the entrance of portentous gates that must irrevocably open or shut forever.

"William," said the elder man, in his big sea voice that could not be softened so but those nearby could hear its cold pitch of inflexibility, "is what the scuffer told me true? That ye are married?"

"Yes, father, I was married four days gone by."

"And to—" Captain Paul asked, still unyielding.

"To Minnie Hurd."

Quite deliberately Captain Paul thrust both hands into his pockets; his clear eyes were as hard as gray glass, as unfeeling as steel.

"And so," he said, slowly and distinctly, "it's all true. You've married that Woman on the Beach. And—by the God above you!—from this moment you're no son of mine!"

Appalled by his vehemence, those within hearing gasped, and his son drew back as if lashed across the soul with a thonged whip. His hands impulsively clenched, his face went white, and one aged trawlerman hastily edged closer as if to prevent the final outrage of a blow. Then the younger man's hands unclenched and he held them out, gulped and said, "Dad—don't—please don't——"

"Out of my way!" gruffly commanded Captain Paul, and brushed past. He thrust anyone who impeded his progress aside, and for the first time in years trudged steadily away from the market before his catch was sold.

In the midst of it, alone, being watched, but as much apart as if he were on a desert island, stood Captain Bill, his big arms hanging limply and helplessly by his sides, his head bent forward until his square chin rested on his chest, and his eyes dimmed with bitter hurt. The prodigious and simple superstitions of those men of the seas, the innate and inherited religion that underlies them all, exaggerated the terror and tragedy of a father's curse into something of appalling magnitude. They shook sorrowful heads. One or two quietly crossed themselves. They seemed momentarily paralyzed, these men of bodily action, into stone-like immobility. And then that aged veteran of the seas whose



"And so," said the father distinctly, "you've married that Woman on the Beach. From this moment you're no son of mine!"

kindly face quivered with emotion and sympathy, laid a hand upon the stalwart, drooping shoulder beside him and said, "Willum, thee must aye forgive him. He be thy fayther, lad, and is sore hurt. He meant naught. It were because he was so suddint and powerful upset. He were on beam ends, lad, in a heavy sea, and by now is sorrier than sorrow herself for what he said and didn't mean."

Other rough hands reached out and patted him on back and shoulder. A chorus of sympathetic expressions beat round his ears. He tried to speak and could not, and then almost blindly

pushed his way through the crowd, going back to her whom his father had publicly called "the Woman on the Beach."

Whatever her past, bad or good, reckless, wilful or unfortunate, it became an admitted conviction, in due time, that the Woman on the Beach proved a perfect sailorman's wife. Furthermore, it became the firm conviction of every one save Captain Paul that she had never earned or merited his harsh appellation, his inflexible and unyielding contempt. Hard and grim as he had always been, a further armor seemed added to him. More and more he came and went, alone, somewhat shunned in the land

The Woman on the Beach

and sea-locked community of superstition, as the father who had cursed his own son. Behind his back his fellows ever shook doubtful and disturbed heads, waiting for the blight of God to fall upon him. He must have felt that growing aloofness that spread round him, enveloping him even as one of his own great trawls enmeshed the fish in the depths of the seas. But, if so, he gave no sign. Of one thing he could be sure: if the *Marthy B.* came to port ahead of the *Curlew*, there would always be, standing at the head of the worn stone steps of the boat landing, a stalwart young man who voicelessly, mutely, imploringly sought his eyes. And that man, his only son, was the sole one to whom he never spoke, whom his glance merely brushed and passed over.

The immutable seasons came and went, stormy winds of spring passing to summer's calm when trawlers whistled for

a breeze, verging into autumn's fitful discontent when sheets must be smartly handled, thence to winter's turbulent malevolence when decks

were awash with icy waves and hands bled as they hauled at canvas or at net. Spring came again. The tiny orchards up on the high rough hills overlooking the bay were in blossom, and grass and turf were green on a day when the *Curlew* again blew in. The *Marthy B.*, of which Captain Bill, having saved and prospered, was now part owner, lay at her moorings. The *Curlew*'s boat came to the landing steps with Captain Paul, gray-bearded, gray-haired, gray-eyebrowed, standing erect with the seaman's poise as he had stood on landing a thousand times before. Long before this the men of the fleet had become habituated to the peculiarity of his relations with his son, so that now none was interested in what might take place.

Captain Paul, bluff, imperturbable, clumped heavily upward in his big sea boots, saw his son, brushed him with his eyes and would have passed as usual but for the fact that his way was unexpectedly blocked. They stood there, father and son confronting each other, the elder man suddenly drawing back into his self-imposed and armored shell, the younger man hopefully intent, crying for the old love and sympathy.

"Dad," he cried, scarcely above a whisper, as if to prevent any idle lounger from hearing, "I've waited in port for two days to tell you something. I want you to know. It didn't seem right that anyone but I should tell you. I've—I've got a boy of my own. It doesn't matter what you thought, or what you then said, but—Dad!—I want your hand in mine, now. Won't you take it, and come and see the boy?"

It was the last appeal he was ever to make. He waited, and none but God can know how poignant was the cry from his heart. For an instant Captain Paul hesitated; then iron determination stayed its nobler impulse. The hand withdrew itself into the pocket behind the square frontal flap of his blue sea trousers, and as if he had neither heard nor paused, Captain Paul passed on.

It was the final hurt to one who as boy had admired and loved him, and as a man had come to plead when in his strength he would have pled to no other being on earth. Always thereafter, though the *Marthy B.* came first to port, no one waited for Captain Paul at the landing head.

Perhaps Captain Paul missed the sight of that imploring face, the willing hand, the welcome to port. But if so, his demeanor was unchanged. Always, as before, as his forbears for long generations had done, he came and went, stodgily, intent on the market alone. The catch was landed, the bell rang, the auctioneer droned his song, the fish were sold, the buyer bent over and pinned his printed tag, and—the results of another voyage were culminated.

Once, in the narrow winding street with its gabled houses and moss covered roofs, he paused to stare at a boy. A sturdy little chap, this, with fearless, inquiring and honest eyes that were unabashed when Captain Paul, remembering long forgotten things, impulsively patted and caressed a tousled head.

"You're a fine lad. If you keep on growin' you'll live to be a fine sailorman," said Captain Paul admiringly. "What's your name?"



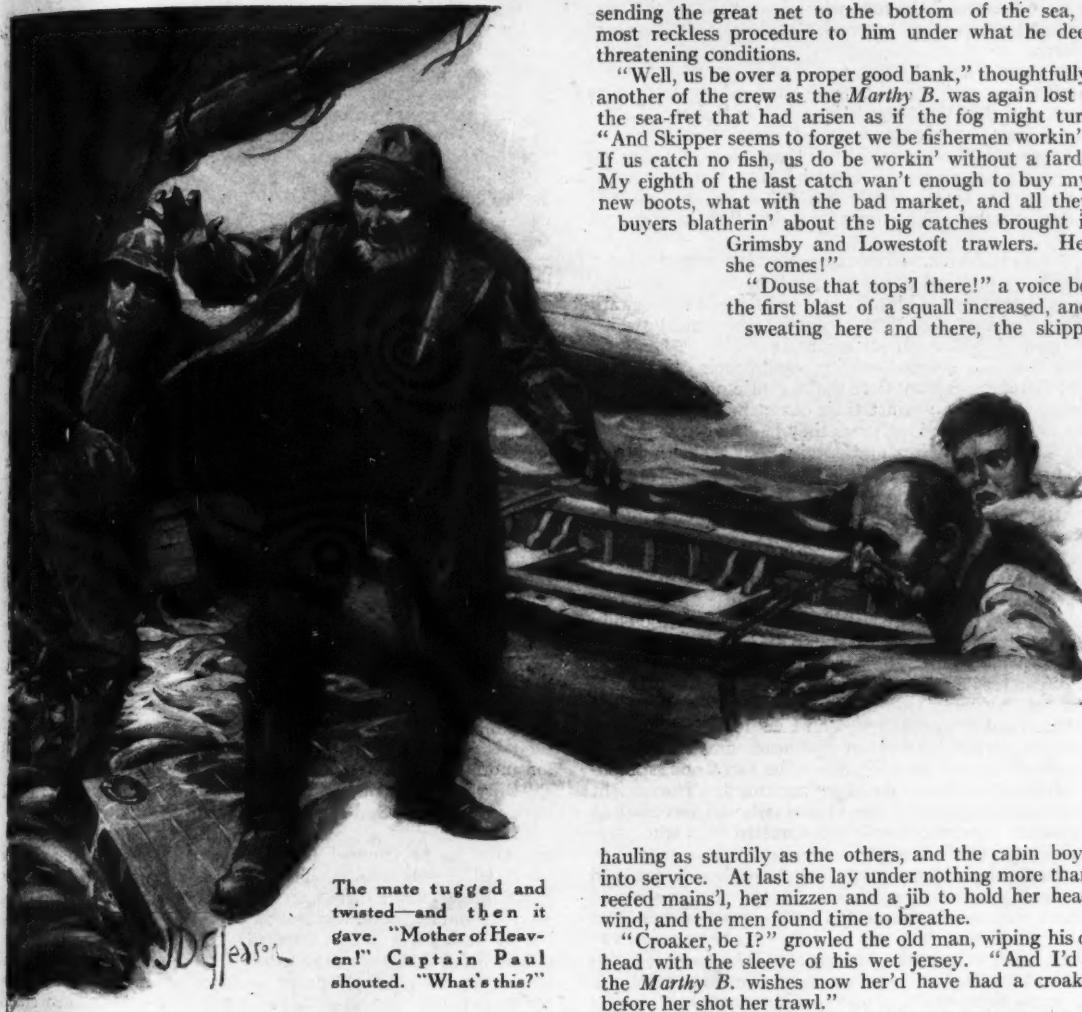
"Paul," said the boy. "You see, I'm named after my gran-fur. He skippers his own boat, he do. My dad says he's the finest sailor in the world."

"Paul? Paul what?"

"Paul Hurd Norcott. Hurd don't really belong because that was my mother's name. What's your name?"

And the boy could not understand why, and was momentarily hurt, when the white-headed old man with the roll of the sea in his legs suddenly turned and walked away. Even adamant can melt. High and stern cliffs must yield to the persistent batterings of a sea. Each resists to the very last.

It was in a morning of tempestuous March when the trawler fleet jostled out of the harbor on a high tide. Nearly two hundred vessels there were with red and numbered mainsails creaking



The mate tugged and twisted—and then it gave. "Mother of Heaven!" Captain Paul shouted. "What's this?"

aloft, with mizzens taut and jibs bellied, with block and tackle whining, all behaving as if glad to be away in quest of those grounds where swells run deep and each has combat or adventure of its own.

Down the channel the *Curlew* flew, carrying all sail and showing her heels to all the fleet save one, the *Marthy B.*

"Aye, him be a proper good 'un, that Skipper Bill," one of the men exclaimed admiringly. "A sailorman, if e'er there be one afloat. Her be carrying as much cloth as us be, and her do have a proper bone in her teeth!"

Captain Paul, standing alone with his hands in his pockets, smoking his aged blackened pipe, tried to overcome a sneaking pride in that son of his whom he had instructed in seamanship from the time the baby hands could clutch a tiller. And at last, when the *Marthy B.* could not be shaken off, he went below as if to shut out her sight. All day she hung on, and when night came her lights were visible as if the son's eyes were fixed reproachfully on his father's ship ahead.

When morning came the weather was ominously threatening. Bands of wind-torn fog shot athwart the sea, sometimes enveloping the *Curlew* like an impalpable shroud. An oily swell beat inward from the open Atlantic, which was not many leagues away.

"Her be smoochy," said the ancient mariner, looking uneasily around and sniffing the air with uneasy nostrils. "Us'll have heavy weather before night. Us'll find bloody squalls."

"Croaker!" the cabin boy derided and then dove nimbly for the galley stairs to avoid a flying rope end.

The fog lifted an instant, disclosing off in the distance the *Marthy B.*

"Lord love us! Her be goin' to shoot her trawl!" exclaimed the old man, his attention distracted from pursuit of the boy. To "shoot her trawl," the fisherman's term for

sending the great net to the bottom of the sea, seemed a most reckless procedure to him under what he deemed such threatening conditions.

"Well, us be over a proper good bank," thoughtfully observed another of the crew as the *Marthy B.* was again lost to sight in the sea-fret that had arisen as if the fog might turn to rain. "And Skipper seems to forget we be fishermen workin' on shares. If us catch no fish, us do be workin' without a farden of pay. My eighth of the last catch wan't enough to buy my two kids new boots, what with the bad market, and all they Londing buyers blatherin' about the big catches brought in by they

Grimsby and Lowestoft trawlers. Hello! Here she comes!"

"Douse that tops'l there!" a voice bellowed, as the first blast of a squall increased, and men ran sweating here and there, the skipper himself

hauling as sturdily as the others, and the cabin boy impressed into service. At last she lay under nothing more than a double reefed mains'l, her mizzen and a jib to hold her head into the wind, and the men found time to breathe.

"Croaker, be I?" growled the old man, wiping his damp forehead with the sleeve of his wet jersey. "And I'd bebettin' the *Marthy B.* wishes now her'd have had a croaker aboard, before her shot her trawl."

"Aye, old 'un! Her may have lost 'er gear, I do be thinkin'," assented the man nearest him. And then after a moment added, "Poor blokes! It do be fearsome hard luck to lose a trawl gear what be wuth more as eighty quid in these times. Poor blokes!"

The storm climbed upward to its very apex, in which every stay and piece of rigging whined and thrummed in the wind. Then, less quickly than it came, it died away, leaving but a good "pulling wind." Again Captain Paul bellowed orders, the huge red mainsail creaked upward, and the *Curlew* shot her trawl. Let go by a stopper in the bight of the bridle, it went overboard with a great splash, the warp paid out fathom by fathom seeking the sea bed seventy feet below, and with the unerring, incredibly astute knowledge possessed by trawlermen, requiring no hydrographic charts, the *Curlew* was headed back across the banks.

"Us now be just about where us last see the *Marthy B.*," the grandfather of the ship opined, "but I reckon 'er must 'a' had to run before the wind and maybe 'er be forty mile off by now."

What further comments he might have made were interrupted by Captain Paul, who began giving orders. The *Curlew* spiled the wind from her sails, and the winch was manned to drag the trawl aboard. The heavy beam and its steel heads emerged from the sea and was laboriously hoisted in-board. The great trawl was hauled inward until the becket could be put around the bight of the net and hooked on to the big fore halyards. The block at the masthead, full forty feet above, whined and creaked as the huge, black, dripping mass was hoisted painfully upward until the end containing the catch hung suspended like an enormous black bag above the deck. It swayed slightly with the roll of the sea.

"My word! Us have got a proper catch this time, from the weight of 'er," panted the ancient one, as the "second hand"

The Woman on the Beach

seized the "cod-line end," the rope which bound the smaller end of the trawl, and which, when released, would allow its contents to deluge forth.

The mate tugged and twisted, and then it gave. A great shower of glittering, wriggling, struggling fish nearly swept him from his feet, and then they heard Captain Paul's shout.

"Mother of Heaven!" he exclaimed. "What's this?"

They ran forward, heedless of the fish that still vainly flapped, and expired round their sea boots and looked down, silently, upon something else that lay drenched and quiet on deck. It was the body of a man, face downward, huddled, in seaman's garb.

Captain Paul's hand reached out, gingerly, and turned it over. And then as if all physical power were lost he fell to his knees, staring into the dead face of his only son. His crew bent forward behind him, horrified, stupefied into that immobility which nothing but unanticipated tragedy can bring.

For a long time not a sound was audible to their ears, accustomed and habituated as they were to the gentle or bleak winds and the surge of the sea against their oaken hulls. And then, for the first time in all the long years they had known him, they heard from the distorted lips of Captain Paul a single, heartbroken moan. His hard hands trembled now as they sought and caressed the white and quiet face.

"Billy! Billy—my boy!" he cried as if to awaken from slumber that inert form, and all his heartbreak sounded tremulously clear in that suspense. He lifted a haggard face and looked about him with eyes that seemed to mirror the utmost depths of grief, stared as if unrecognizing at those around him, and then slowly and tenderly thrust his fingers beneath the body and gently lifted it upward, clutching it to his heart.

"My son has come aboard," he said. "I can't carry him alone. Won't one of you lend a hand to help me get him below?"

The spell was broken. One of the crew suddenly threw off his tarpaulin, slumped to his knees and with bent and bared head began whispering prayers for the dead, crossing himself devoutly through respect for his faith. The cabin boy, speechless, took two or three steps, shrinking backward. The ancient mariner bent over and caught the lifeless legs and feet; but as they carried their burden below it was Captain Paul who, dry-eyed, voiceless, still held the inert head to his breast.

Captain Paul, alone, for a long time knelt beside the still form that rested on his cabin berth. Almost with apathy he discerned and scrutinized the chafed and scarred leather over the ankle of a sea boot that told its tale, that bore mute witness how the bight of a bridle had enlooped his son's foot as the heavy trawl was shot into the sea and carried him, helplessly entrapped, many fathoms down, and held him there until kindly death had ended even the last despair.

"Billy! Billy Boy! Can ye hear me now?" he muttered, bending over the upturned face and staring yearningly into the dead and open eyes that for the first time in all his knowledge of them did not gleam response to his own. "Somewhere ye must! You're somewhere, Billy, and through the kindness of God Almighty ye must know what I have to say!"

And then, in broken, incoherent whispers, or in words sometimes not uttered at all but formulated in his thought, he confessed all that was in the soul of him; admission of unfounded prejudices, injuries to pride, unwarranted stubbornness, useless determinations—all that had come too late.

Too late? Who knows how the living voice carries beyond the veil that divides us from immortality? To Captain Paul came the conviction that his words had been heard, understood and weighed. And that all the old love had survived and in the greater understanding pity and forgiveness had cleansed the blots from the long smirched page.

The face of his dead son appeared to take on the gentle and benignant cast of consummate peace and rest. The lips, somehow, lost the distortion of terror and death, and the dead mouth gently smiled. Searching deeply, he saw in the depths of the glazed eyes a clear and serene fire, undiscernible save for him. He was again aware of sounds above, and outside—the rhythmical beating of the waves upon the hull, the occasional clump of a booted foot upon the deck. He forced himself to meet the requirements and immediate demands of the present. He turned from the body on the berth, and sat on the edge of the table, with folded arms and bent head, considering.

He, as well as any man on earth, knew that no trawler can come to port with a drowned corpse aboard, though her catch be beyond the records of all time, and dispose of her cargo. Even the hardened buyers of the callous outer world will voice no bid, and stand hushed, repulsed by the thought that this

quiet, inoffensive thing laid upon the shore was brought up in the unfeeling trawl, together with the fish that were offered to feed a waiting world. He knew that on the deck above was no man who did not depend upon the catch and the market to meagerly and hardly support his own. Sharemen these, one and all save the cabin boy. He wished to make the final amend to love and memory, but it could not be done lest he do injustice to those dependent upon his leadership and skill.

"Billy," he said, again moving across the narrow space, "I'd like to have carried ye back to land, lad, where I could plant flowers of remembrance and love to wave greenly above ye in the spring winds, and to where, when I can no longer go to sea, I could come and talk to ye, hoping your ears might hear and know all the words that I—fool that I am—left so long unsaid. But it can't be. It ain't fair to them up there on the deck. And so, lad, I'm sendin' you back to sea again, on the last voyage you can ever make."

White-faced, grim, but displaying no sign of emotion, he climbed the companion-steps and faced his men. His voice was as steady as ever when he spoke.

"One of ye bring a spare sheet of sail from the lazarette, and a couple more of ye loosen a spare trawl head. My son Billy is goin' out to sea."

Awed by his terrible immobility they obeyed, speaking only when speech could not be avoided, and then in but a muttered terseness. He was still standing on the for'ard deck, motionless, leaning with his arm on the black bulwarks, and gazing into the sea when they carried their burden upward. He said nothing as he looked down for a long time in that waiting silence, and then made a significant gesture. The men of his crew bent to their task, and still waited for his command.

After a time he put out a trembling, caressing hand whose hard fingers rested for a moment on the canvas, patted it as if again comforting and reassuring the warm body of a trembling boy, and they heard him murmur, as if his words were not for their ears, but something secret, sacred, inviolate and intended for another's alone, his farewell.

"Billy, my son, God speed ye, and care for ye better than I have ever done. God rest ye! Good by!"

He straightened up, looked at sea and sky, but never at them, and then as he trudged toward the companionway said over his shoulder, "Heave!" There was a single splash, an almost inaudible gurgling as the waters closed over their own, and then, after a moment more, the mate gestured a command to replace the bulwark slip. It slid forward. The deck was again secure, clean, moist, as if once more ready for the sea. From the companionway hatch they heard a voice ordering, "Get sail on again, lads, and for an hour make nor' nor'-east. Then stand by to shoot the trawl."

Into Brixham harbor came, like great red-winged sea-birds wearied by stress of storm-driven flights, the trawling fleet. Not as it has passed bravely out on the March ebbtide with its two hundred and odd clean ships closely bunched, but straggling, tired, disreputable.

The *Curlew's* scuffer pulled alongside.

"Has the *Marty B.* come in yet?" Captain Paul asked him. "No, her bean't in yet; but there her be, just nosin' in off Berry Head, sir."

Captain Paul, to the scuffer's infinite surprise, said, "Then before ye begin to unload the catch put me ashore." He swung a great sea boot over the bulwark and then, as he stood balancing on the stake preparatory to dropping into the rowboat alongside, paused and eyed the men of his crew who stood agape as if astonished into inaction, and said, "Ye'll have to look after the catch this time, lads, without me. I must go over and break the bad news gently as I can to—"

He paused, his lips twitched as if he had almost uttered the old habitual term of contempt—"To my daughter Minnie and my grandson. They'll be needin' me now and—by the God above us!—they shall have all I can do or give from now on as long as I live."

His eyes swept over them as if challenging anyone to make any comment whatever, then he dropped into the stern of the boat that rose and fell by the side of the black hull, and was rowed away. As he sat huge, motionless, his broad shoulders squared, his white head stiffly held, he did not look back, for his eyes were fixed with miserable longing and sad sympathy on a tiny white cottage up on the hillside where dwelt she whom he had so long called the Woman on the Beach.

In its flower-clad veranda stood a white figure that was eagerly waving a white cloth and waiting for a return signal that could never again come from the inbound *Marty B.*



How You Can Become Your Own Secret Service by Speeding-Up Your Senses

Most of us miss half our chances in life because we have never learned how to use our eyes and ears to the greatest advantage. This tremendously instructive and fascinating article by FRED C. KELLY gives you some real pointers.

Read it, and see how many difficult problems are made easy.

Photographic Illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

WE were talking one evening, a friend and I, to a woman of uncertain age. She was engaged to marry a man whom we knew, and there was a strong suspicion that she was older than he. In the course of the conversation, the talk drifted to the subject of popular songs, and my friend remarked that there was a certain recent tune that reminded him of "Sweet Marie."

"Sweet Marie," echoed the woman; "oh, did you ever know a song to be so much whistled?"

That was all that was said about songs, and a little later the party broke up. On our way home, my friend remarked: "Well, the little lady would have us believe that she is about thirty, and she looks the part, but she is really nearer forty."

"And just how," I inquired, "did you succeed in getting all this inside information?"

"I know it," he declared, "by the way she remembers that old tune, 'Sweet Marie.' That song was popular the year of the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Now, she doesn't remember it as something she was sung to sleep by. She even recalls how universally people whistled it that summer. Popular songs don't ordinarily make much impression on a child under ten. Girls are more likely to be at least twelve before they take much interest in current love songs. But let's suppose she was ten. That would make her now thirty-eight. I wonder if she remembers 'Comrades?' If we could just have talked a little longer about songs and books and plays, I'll bet we could have figured out almost the exact day she was born."

You see, my friend had performed a simple bit of deductive reasoning—detective work.

Nearly everybody, I presume—or, at any rate, everybody who reads modern fiction—has thought at some time of what fun he could have if he were a detective. And the truth is that we all can be detectives. Indeed, we all must be detectives, in a way, if we are going to get along well in dealing with other people.

If we are going to rub people the right way, and mix with them pleasantly or profitably, we should learn how to size them up readily and make accurate deductions concerning them. To do this it is necessary often to take note of little odds and ends of facts that are much less obvious than a brass band. The best detectives are merely persons who, by training, have acquired unusual ability for picking up facts. No matter who you are, or what line of activity you're in, the chances are that you have dozens of opportunities every day to show the same kind of ingenuity that makes a detective successful.

Every time you meet a stranger it is possible to learn much about him by quietly looking him over and listening to his talk. You don't have any trouble distinguishing a preacher from a gambler or race track tout, do you? But why confine yourself to observations that are so easy?

In every man's conversation, in his face, in his clothes, his moustache, the way he puts his feet down, in his whole manner, there are indications of his character and general status. But these are evident only to the person who is sharp enough to observe things that are not glaringly noticeable on the surface. You know, we see not with our eyes but through them.

The man who invariably wears a purple necktie isn't exactly the same sort as one who prefers a black necktie. Soft collars, or stiff high collars, or soft kid shoes, may reveal something of character as surely as spats or long hair. The man who has the hair-cutter shave his neck all the way around in the back is one type, and the fellow who has his hair cut feather-edged, but not often enough, probably is a distinctly different sort. Half-soled shoes might not mean the same thing as patched uppers. Surely it doesn't just happen when a man persistently wears shirts that make one think of a horse blanket or a drug store awning. Untidy fingernails tell a story, but so do nails that seem overmanicured—as if the owner could not have time for anything else.

One of my neighbors was about to rent his furnished house.

Speeding-Up Your Senses

The man who was coming to look at it was nearly two hours late, and when he drove up, he explained that he had been detained owing to his misfortune in running out of gasoline. He added that he had been particularly unlucky that week, as it was the second time he had unexpectedly found his gasoline tank empty.

"I'm sorry," my neighbor told him, "but I gave you up and have now made other arrangements." The owner of the house had them and there decided that this tenant was not desirable. Why? Simply because he had discovered that the man was careless. Nothing is more annoying for a man who drives an automobile than to run out of gasoline, and nothing is more unnecessary. By taking an occasional look at the tank, or at the speedometer mileage, or at the gauge, one can avoid this difficulty. Any person who runs out of gas twice in the same week, is so careless that he would be almost certain to damage a rented house or its furnishings. This theory is amply borne out by the fact that the man rented another house nearby, let the fire go out in the furnace one cold night, so that the water pipes froze and burst, flooding the entire house. That recalls a similar case of a real estate agent who turned down a couple about to rent a house, because the wife's casual chatter indicated that they must have lived at four or five different places in what the real estate man regarded as too short a time. He feared that they were born movers.

Some of the cleverest psychological sleuths in the world are not called detectives at all, but are credit men in big retail stores, hotel clerks, hotel cashiers, and bank tellers—occupying positions where it is necessary to size up a stranger at a glance.

I once spent an afternoon sitting alongside of the desk of one of the best credit men in New York, marvelling at the quick assurance with which he placed his O. K. on one check, or asked for more information before cashing another. One woman, dressed and poised as a person thoroughly genteel, and accustomed to spending money, wished to pay for goods with a check on an out-of-town bank. In reply to the credit man's question she said that she had been in the city two or three months and was living at a hotel which she specified. The credit man, smiling and suave, as if all was going to be smooth, talked for a moment about the weather and then suddenly asked her for her hotel 'phone number—in the manner of a hostess inquiring if she took sugar and cream in her coffee.

"I don't recall it off-hand," she replied.

"Never mind, I can have it looked up later," the credit man pleasantly assured her; "just leave your check here for thirty minutes and I'll have it cashed for you on your return."

But the woman did not come back.

"I knew she wouldn't," the credit man told me, "because if she had been here for three months she would have known instantly the 'phone number of her hotel. She evidently wasn't staying at that hotel at all."

Another customer, with a check to cash, announced a bit pompously that he was a lawyer from Columbus,

Ohio. He grew rather angry when told that it was necessary for him to be identified, and he was obliged to leave without any O. K. on his check. Only a moment later an unassuming little chap who said he was a building contractor in a small western town presented a check which the credit man promptly agreed to cash without identification. I inquired why he had refused to cash the lawyer's check but had readily O. K.'d this one.

"Because," replied the credit man, "if the man really were a lawyer of good standing in a city the size of Columbus, he would have known that it was no more than to be expected that he would have to be identified, and he would not have been indignant over it."

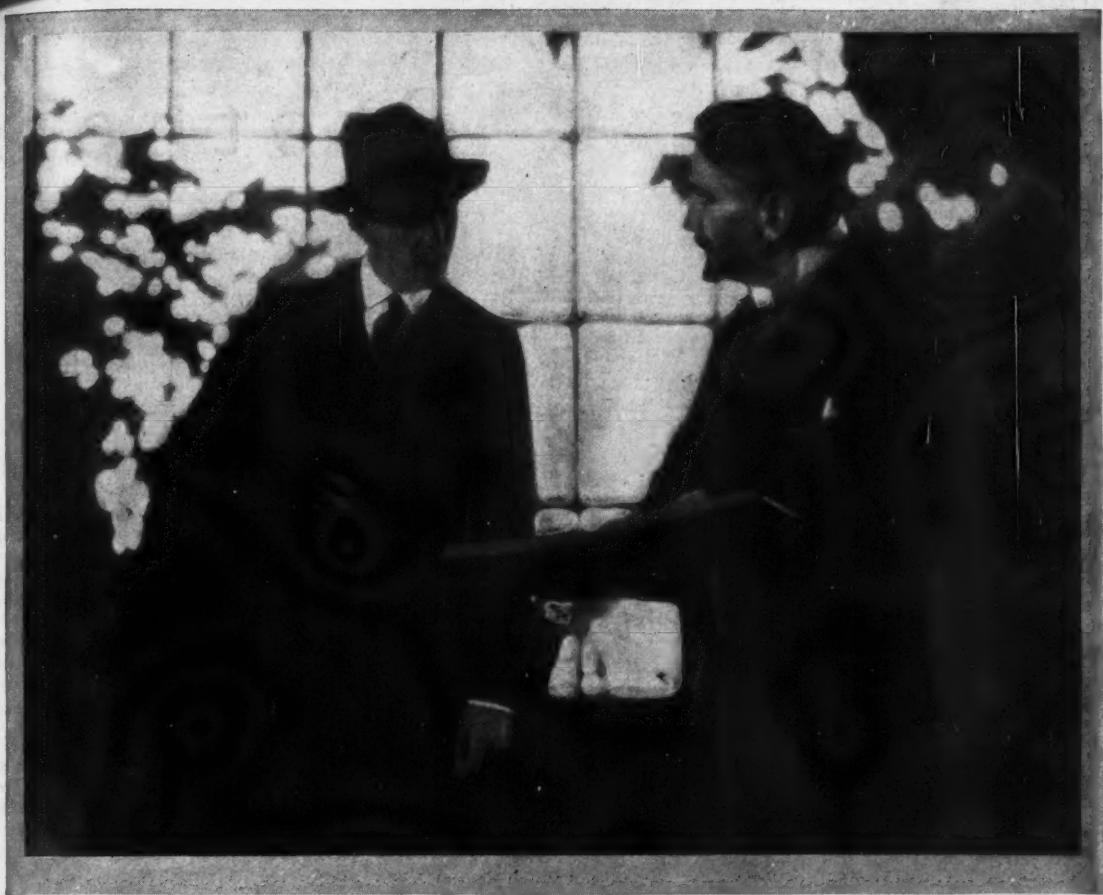
A person's clothes may indicate much of his character, but not in the way that most people think. The mere question of whether clothes are elegant or shabby is comparatively unimportant. Clothes should tally with the occupation. A plumber in old clothes might be an A-1 risk, where a lawyer, in similar clothes, would not. Soiled linen, worn by a man whose work brings him in contact with many high grade people, and who occupies a supposedly high-salaried position, is a sign that the wearer is perhaps equally slovenly mentally, if not morally. I remember one man who said he was married and employed as a billing clerk, and who was a fashion plate. It did not require much deductive power to figure out that he was both selfish and extravagant, for on the salary that he would earn as a billing clerk he could not dress as well as he did without making his wife dress much more poorly than himself.

Suppose that a man's clothes are shabby, but the name on the little looped tape at the rear of his nearly worn-out shoes shows that they are an expensive make. And suppose that the label on the inside of his hat, which he holds in his hand, is also one of high quality. Perhaps he has seen better days, and, until he met recent reverses, was able to buy the best of everything.

Whenever I see a man with an extremely stupid face and clothes in the height of fashion, I am inclined to assume that he is of small consequence on his job, whatever it is, because he is evidently giving his chief thought to his apparel. With the modest amount of ability that his face indicates, he could not have much brain power left to devote to anything else. Similarly, it is foolish for a woman to pose as being of long established wealth and to the manner born, if she really isn't, for there will be scores of details that will serve to establish her real social, financial and mental status. If she has costly garments and cheap jewelry, it is obvious that she has not long been accustomed to the good clothes. And if her grammar is a little shaky or she is disposed to mispronounce words and use slang, it is futile for her to pose too strongly as a daughter of one of the old, cultured families. One credit man told me that he was about to let a certain woman charge nearly \$1,000 worth of furniture, but changed his mind—because there was something a little too extreme about the way in which she thoughtlessly



When you go to a hotel, as a total stranger, you might be astonished to know how readily they are able to determine whether your credit is good. A guest who excites suspicion leaves a trail like that of a man in the snow.



He needed to find this girl. He did not know her address, but he knew the name of a man who would be likely to send her flowers. So he went to the florist's nearest this man's home and complained that flowers ordered for Miss Scott had not been received. "Have you the right address?" he demanded. They had—and they showed it to him.

crossed her knees, when reaching for a pen with which to sign her name.

Any intelligent hotel clerk knows a good deal about an incoming guest by the time he has finished signing his name on the register. If a man picks up the pen with a snap and self-confidence as if to say: "Gimme that pen; I know what I want," it is evident that he has his own ideas about the kind of room he desires. But if he writes his name half-timidly, and inquires, with embarrassment, "How much does it cost to stay at this hotel?" the clerk knows, of course, that he can sell that guest almost any room, and impose on him in any way he sees fit.

And when you go to a hotel, as a total stranger, you might be astonished at how readily the hotel is able to determine if your credit is good, without asking many questions. In the first place, the credit man at a well conducted large hotel probably has on file a copy of the latest telephone directory from every city, large or small, in the United States. If a man registers from Phoenix, Arizona and asks for credit at a hotel, or the privilege of cashing checks there, it may not be necessary to get any more from him than his street address. If the telephone directory from Phoenix shows him to be living at the address he gives, the chances are that he is truthful and fairly reliable. The mere fact of having a telephone in the house is not necessarily proof of bill-paying habits, but the chances are at least far better than in the case of a man who has no home or definite anchor. If there is anything suspicious about the man, that is, if there is reason to think that he is using some other person's name, he may be asked a few casual questions about the names of some of his neighbors back home. If the telephone book shows these names to be listed on his street, or wherever he says, the man's integrity is regarded as fairly well established.

A guest who excites suspicion leaves a trail as definitely as a man walking through the snow. Every telephone number that he calls becomes part of the record for possible investigation. If he sleeps until noon every day, and has an invariably mussed room, these may be telltale indications of his character. Most

hotels, by the way, are suspicious of guests who stay for a week or two and receive no mail. The average man is eager to be in touch with business or social acquaintances and a week without receiving a single letter is an exceptional circumstance. This, of course, does not prove anything against a man, but, if he is otherwise suspicious, it makes the hotel credit department disposed to look farther. I know of one man who stayed at a hotel penniless for a week, expecting a large check to arrive. When the check failed to come, he was going to take a chance on jumping his hotel bill. But, when the end of the week came, he was astonished to find that the hotel had taken special precautions to prevent him from removing his bags from his room without the fact being instantly reported to the cashier. The hotel people had known for two or three days that he was without funds. How did they know this? Because he had failed to tip his waiter after three or four meals in succession. This was not due to stinginess, because he had apologized to the waiter, and remarked that he had no change in his pocket, but would give him something the next day. The waiter, acting under the rules of the hotel, promptly reported this fact to the management.

Not long ago a woman sought to cash a large check at a Washington bank. As she was from out of the city it was necessary for her to identify herself, and she was referred to Mr. Avon Nevius, one of the cashiers. After about thirty seconds of conversation, Nevius readily O. K.'d the check. Why was he so confident that the woman was a perfectly good risk? Because, as a regular part of his job, Nevius makes it a point to read the society columns, not only in the Washington papers but in the papers of other Eastern cities. In this way he gets a line on the people of social position and wealth who are likely to come to his bank. In this instance he recalled reading, a day or two previous, that the woman before him was visiting a prominent family on Massachusetts Avenue. Moreover, she wore an old-fashioned locket on which was a monogram. On her handkerchief was an initial. These items tallied with her name; therefore, only a glance was needed by the trained eye of a bank (*Continued on page 138*)



Brothers

by

Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by

G. Patrick Nelson

MRS. NEWTON CRADDOCK, having indulged herself in twenty minutes of her favorite pastime of baiting Mr. Craddock, had retired to the front room, let down the folding bed, cast herself face down upon it and commenced to weep with great violence.

Mr. Craddock, realizing out of the depths of experience that presently Mrs. Craddock would finish her cry and return to the attack, and realizing further that his slow wits and slower tongue would be no match for his wife's, promptly seized upon this lull in the battle to make a hasty escape. He had no definite objective for the present. In a vague way he had decided to "bat around" for a few hours and then end all in a leap from Brooklyn Bridge, for he could not afford the expense of a divorce action any more than he could afford the expense of transportation to a point where his belligerent spouse could not find him. In his desperation suicide appealed to Craddock as the one way out.

At Forty-second Street and Broadway he alighted from the surface car upon which he had taken flight, his domestic tragedy for the moment forgotten in a sudden, unreasoning, devilish desire for life. Before him several rows of white electric bulbs spelled an announcement of a popular photoplay, so quite automatically Newton Craddock entered recklessly—the most abandoned madcap in the great city of New York. Here let us leave him to his enjoyment while we present a brief sketch of the Craddock family.

At the wholesale plumbing supplies house where he was employed as assistant shipping clerk at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, Newton Craddock's time was so valuable to his employers that they never wasted it. Consequently, it was only after half-past five o'clock, when he removed his blue bib-overalls and started the long walk to his three modest rooms in West Twenty-third Street, that Mr. Craddock would become acutely aware of the fact that his feet hurt him.

No matter how badly his poor feet ached, however, the pain could never quite eradicate his one vaunting ambition. Newton Craddock hoped in time to become the head shipping clerk at his place of employment, for in addition to the thirty-five dollars a week his sinecure afforded, it also offered numerous opportunities to its happy possessor to sit down.

Under Their Skins

*If you've ever had a quarrel with
your wife—or your husband—
you'll think this one of the truest
stories you've ever read*

Having thus touched lightly upon the economic side of the Craddock existence, we will dismiss it with the brief statement that the unfortunate shipping clerk had impaled himself on the High Cost of Living, and pass on to a more intimate introduction to our hero.

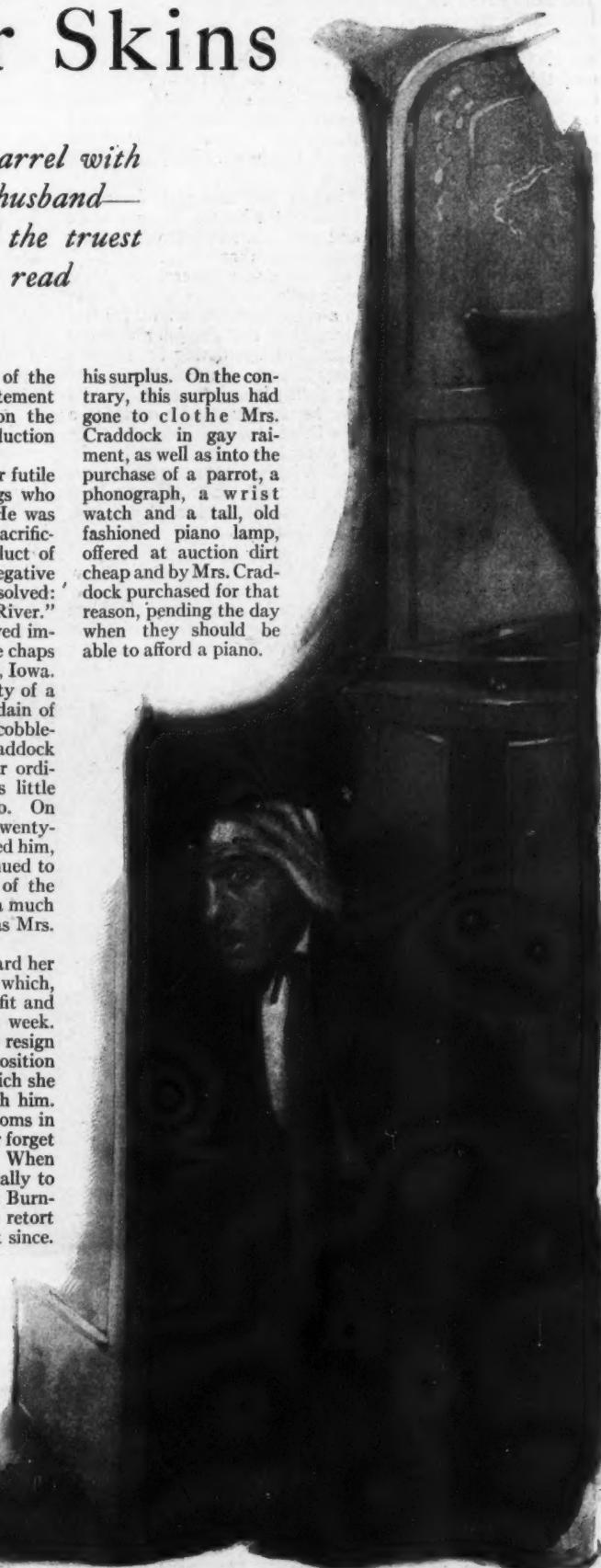
Ordinarily Mr. Craddock was a mild, inoffensive, rather futile poor devil, one of a couple of million similar under-dogs who manage, somehow, to exist in the city of New York. He was blond, ill-nourished, unimaginative, weak, patient, self-sacrificing, commonplace, ill-bred, conceited, arrogant. A product of the New York slums, he was allied staunchly on the negative side in all local debates in his block on the question: "Resolved: That there is considerable open space west of the Hudson River." A fairly steady patron of cheap cinema thrillers, he believed implicitly that the Old West still survived and that men wore chaps and six-shooters and bandana handkerchiefs in Davenport, Iowa.

Nature had endowed Mrs. Craddock with the mentality of a field mouse, the form of a Vere de Vere, the haughty disdain of a chorus girl promoted to a speaking part, the heart of a cobblestone and the tongue of a Xantippe. The unfortunate Craddock had married her for much the same reason that any other ordinarily decent, well-intentioned, tender hearted, spineless little man marries a termagant—because he had no business to. On her part, Mrs. C. had married her husband primarily for twenty-five dollars a week, although there is no doubt that she loved him, more or less, at the time, and probably would have continued to love him if he had not disappointed her so. The fact of the matter is that twenty-five dollars a week in perspective is a much larger sum than twenty-five dollars a week in retrospect, as Mrs. Craddock was not long in discovering.

As a result of this financial mirage the lady chose to regard her husband as a failure commercially—a bad investment which, by all the rules of the game, should be written off to profit and loss, were it not for the aforesaid twenty-five dollars a week. She bitterly rebuked him for his strange unwillingness to resign his assistant shipping clerkship and seek elsewhere a position more nearly calculated to maintain her in the state to which she had been accustomed prior to her indiscreet alliance with him. It is hard for a Fifth Avenue girl to be happy in three rooms in West Twenty-third Street, and Mrs. Craddock could never forget that formerly she had been in the gloves in Burnham's. When Newton Craddock would gather courage enough sarcastically to remind her of the pittance she had been wont to earn at Burnham's, Mrs. Craddock could always crush him with the retort that it was more money than she'd seen in any one week since. At least she had supported herself on it!

The rapidity with which his ten years' savings had melted under Mrs. Craddock's management immediately after their marriage had first shocked Craddock and then enraged him when he discovered that their furniture had been purchased on the "dollar down, dollar a week" plan, instead of being paid for out of

his surplus. On the contrary, this surplus had gone to clothe Mrs. Craddock in gay raiment, as well as into the purchase of a parrot, a phonograph, a wrist watch and a tall, old fashioned piano lamp, offered at auction dirt cheap and by Mrs. Craddock purchased for that reason, pending the day when they should be able to afford a piano.



Brothers Under Their Skins

Newton Craddock was not such a fool as he appeared to be. Too well he realized what the advent of that piano lamp meant. It meant a mechanical piano—on the instalment plan. And presently the collector would commence calling at the office of the wholesale plumbing supplies house, and—well, Mr. Craddock took that piano lamp up the street and pledged it in the sum of two dollars to a man of undoubted Hebraic antecedents. Then he returned home with the two dollars and announced to his amazed and heartbroken wife that thereafter he would supervise the financial affairs of the house of Craddock. Yes, sir! He'd show her . . .

An hour later Mr. Craddock had redeemed the piano lamp and abdicated forever his office as head of the house. He concluded it would be easier to skimp and scrape in an endeavor to keep peace with his wife's extravagance rather than arouse her ire.

Thus passed five years of cat and dog existence. He went without luncheon. For a time he had worked as a waiter during the rush of the dinner hour in a cheap restaurant until his feet failed him and tired nature warned him that one job a day was enough. On Saturday nights and Sundays during the summer he acted as a ballyhoo at Coney Island. He did the washing and cleared up the supper dishes nightly in order to save the dime Mrs. Craddock would otherwise have expended by engaging a neighbor's little girl to perform this hated task. In short, he immolated himself on the altar of conjugal infidelity, and at the moment of our introduction to him he had gone the limit, even unto the nethermost end, and was through at last. He could not manage her. Nothing he could do would please her. Therefore, why try? Let her go back to Burnham's . . .

II

As Newton Craddock emerged from his two hours' thralldom in the cinema palace his first coherent thought was that his feet hurt him. His next that it was about time to start home and get a night's rest. Then he remembered! Alas! He had made other arrangements.

He found himself outside the theater—homeless. Also, he wished he had an overcoat. The chill of early winter was in the air, carrying a hint of the first snowfall, and the idea of the final plunge into the icy East River was singularly unattractive. He longed to return to Mrs. Craddock and tell her the story of the photoplay. He was still thrilling with the picture of the "heavy" being chastised by the enraged fiancé of the heroine—the big, awkward, faithful, rejected country lover who had trailed the temperamental village belle to the Great City, whither she had gone to become a theatrical star in answer to an advertisement for such, and where he had rescued the city-weary girl just as she was about to end it all.

"I wish I had half the guts of that big hayseed lover of Marian's," murmured Craddock aloud as he turned up his coat collar and trudged north without any particular destination. "I'd own that plumbin' supplies house if I did."

A hand fell on his shoulder. Since he was a fugitive now, unconsciously he shrank and twisted out from under the hand.

"What ye want?" he demanded.

Before him stood three young men. They were garbed in

evening dress, and were evidently of that class of male society which, after donning its appointed dress at nightfall, wears it until morning. The fullest of these "full dressed" gentlemen addressed Craddock in response to that individual's second request for information as to his desires.

Said this amiable stranger, "How'd you like to earn fi' dollars?"

Instantly Newton Craddock forgot that presently he was to die and would have as small need for five dollars as he had now for earning it.

"Show me," he said briskly—and added, "sir."

"Take this letter, m' friend, an' deliver it at address on the envelope. Don't give it to anybody except party to whom the letter is addressed, unnerstan'?" Here's your fi' dollars."

"Thank you, sir," Craddock answered, and took the envelope and the bill. "Any answer?"

"No answer."

The three young men waved Mr. Craddock an airy farewell and stepped into a taxicab.

"Regular millionnaires," mused Newton Craddock as he gazed after them. "If me an' Millie had half the dough them wasters throws to waiters an' taxi drivers—"

He signed and glanced at the envelope. It was addressed to a person Craddock had never met in the Sunday supplements, at the Burton Apartments, 102nd Street and Riverside Drive, so he crossed over to Fifth Avenue and boarded an omnibus.

At the Burton Apartments he entered timorously and found a young man of color asleep at a telephone board. He awakened this individual and stated his errand.

"They don't answer the telephone. Maybe it's out of order," the negro informed him after a vain effort to announce Mr. Craddock via the customary apartment house route. "Better go upstairs and try the doorbell."

So Newton Craddock was whisked to the twelfth floor and told to present himself at Number Six. He pressed the button at the entrance and thrilled with importance as he heard the bell resounding within. He waited a minute, listening for footfalls, but hearing none he rang again—longer and louder this time. Again he waited. Still no answer. He continued to ring and listen alternately for five minutes.

"Nobody home," he murmured disgustedly, and thrust the missive under the door. Once outside the Burton Apartments, he turned east into Broadway. After the warmth of the apartment house the night air of Broadway pierced through his shoddy suit to his sallow skin and brought to his mind once more a vision of home comforts. It was nearly eleven o'clock now, and Mrs. Craddock he knew would be abed. It was a double bed, for the Craddocks had not arrived at that stage of social

progress when twin beds are considered the correct thing in a well ordered domestic establishment. Consequently, he knew his nest would be warmed for him. His better judgment told him that after a sleepy "So that's you, is it?" Mrs. Craddock would forbear further conversation and surrender to the sandman.

"I'll square it with Millie," he murmured and sought the nearest drugstore, where he made a small purchase of an article which, to Craddock's single mind, was calculated to please the most exacting feminine taste. He placed this votive offering in a rear pocket of his trousers.



G. PATRICK NELSON, who made the illustrations for this story, and who for fifteen years has been in the very front rank of American magazine artists, is one of the few living New Yorkers actually bred and born in New York City. He says that his hobbies are sleight of hand magic—his drawing shows that well enough!—and knocking around the South Seas.



"Take this letter," said the stranger, "and deliver it to the address on the envelope."

He was half way home before it occurred to him that fate had dealt him a good hand and he had played it like a fool. The idea of thrusting that envelope under the door! A total stranger had given him five dollars to deliver the note. Therefore, would it be at all unreasonable to suspect that a similar honorarium might have been his portion had he but had the common sense to await the return of the man to whom the letter was addressed, and deliver it in person? It would not. Moreover, he had been specifically instructed to deliver the note to none other than the person to whom it had been addressed. Perhaps it might not be too late to remedy his defective judgment. He could, at least, try.

Half an hour later Newton Craddock was back at the Burton Apartments. He walked boldly into the elevator, ascended to Number Six, got down on his hands and knees and peered under the door. A dim light burning within showed him the white envelope just out of reach, so he opened his pocket knife and

endeavored with the blade to regain the missive. His activities merely served to thrust it still further under the door, and in sudden peevish humor Newton Craddock seized the door knob and shook it. To his vast surprise the door opened.

The fact that the envelope was plainly visible against the old-rose velvet carpet indicated to Craddock that the dwellers in Number Six were still out. So, appreciating the inadvisability of being seen in the open doorway which was visible from the elevator, he stepped inside, closed the door after him and rescued the envelope.

He stood there a moment, pondering. His feet sank deep in the luxuriant carpet. On the wall before him hung an exquisite little pastel—a scene which brought to Mr. Craddock's eyes a vague wistfulness. It was a pond covered with water lilies, and around the edges some very good feed was growing, quite in the center of which stood a contented Holstein-Friesian heifer, while in the background appeared a vista of golden autumn woods.

Brothers Under Their Skins

For several minutes he stood there in that atmosphere of wealth, marveling that a man who owned a magnificent picture like this could possibly leave it alone and unprotected in the great city of New York. Craddock had all of a child's curiosity, and it is not a matter of great surprise that presently he should make a swift dash down the carpeted hall for a glimpse at the remainder of this splendor.

"Jerusalem!" he gasped, "seven rooms! An' every room as big as our three put together. Say, this feller must be rich!"

He stood in the entrance to the dining room, excited, quivering with a vague apprehension, panting a little. Never before had he seen the interior of a rich person's home. In the wildest flights of his fancy he had never dreamed of anything like this. There was a Jacobean sideboard heavy with silver; on the floor an oriental rug more beautiful than the one he and Millie had seen the day they purchased their instalment furniture—and that one had been worth a thousand dollars. It would have taxed the strength of Craddock's twenty-five rabbit-power body to lift the dining room table; the dining room chairs were beautifully upholstered in deep red mohair. On the walls hung pictures of rubicund gentlemen in red coats riding to hounds, and on the table were a seltzer bottle and an almost full quart of Scotch.

"I'll bet these geezers drink good licker," mused Craddock. A sudden, unconquerable desire came over him to sample that Scotch—the Scotch of the rich—and he knew it was useless to resist. Indeed, now that the country had gone dry he might never again have such an opportunity, for to the Newton Craddocks of the United States, our country is not merely dry, but arid. So he poured himself a libation.

While he was not a drinking man in any sense of the word, it did occur to him that even his limited knowledge of alcoholic stimulant proclaimed this as the best. It was very smooth. Craddock had often heard it said that good liquor never hurt anybody, and he believed it now. He took another drink and boldly investigated the territory behind a heavily brocaded screen where he found a very fine phonograph.

"Wow!" murmured Mr. Craddock. "They have music at their meals!"

He was so awed by this discovery that he had another wee nip of Scotch before passing to the living room where, finding nothing more interesting, after his first gasp of wonder, than some books without any pictures in them worth while and a box of cigars on the center table, he passed on to the kitchen. It was finished in white enamel with a white tiled floor, and Craddock marveled at the extravagance that dictated a dining room in addition to this kitchen. Why, there was ample room for a family dining table between the sink and the range!

Now, for some reason—possibly the smoothness of that Scotch whisky—fear and caution had completely fled Craddock's hitherto timid soul. It is true he realized he had no business in this house, uninvited; but on the other hand, it was quite probable he would not be discovered, and when he reached home he would have a most interesting story to tell Millie. He had forgotten his resentment against her and wished she was with him to share this adventurous prowl through the domicile of a swell. Moreover, he believed he was accomplishing no harm, since he intended none, for he planned, after a hasty tour of the apartment, to leave it, locking the door behind him—after which he would descend to the entrance hall downstairs and await the return of the tenants of Number Six.

Craddock reached this praiseworthy conclusion simultaneously with his arrival in what instinct told him was the boudoir of the lady of the house.

"Some joint!" he murmured approvingly, "some joint!" He had seen "ideal boudoirs" tastefully arranged in the show windows of furniture stores, but this room was beautiful beyond the wildest dreams even of Mrs. Craddock.

"If Millie could only see this!" he soliloquized sadly. "No," he added after a moment's reflection, "I guess it's just as well she ain't here. That'd only make it harder for me—"

In the midst of this innocent rumination an idea suddenly struck Craddock with such force that he gasped and turned pale with the impact of it. The door of a closet across the room was open; from a metal hanger in this closet was suspended a lovely

pink silk kimono, all frills and delicate ribbons and baby lace—the big sister of just such a garment as Mrs. Craddock had demanded of him that very evening.

She had said she ought to have one to wear to breakfast. Upon careful inquiry Craddock had ascertained that the reason for this strange desire arose from the fact that Mr. Bulger—the Bulgers lived just across the hall—had presented Mrs. Bulger with such a garment. Whereupon Craddock had called to his wife's attention the significant fact that Mr. Bulger was an inspector in the customs, with legal right of entry to all trunks presented at the port of New York. Also, he had denied the requisition, for he had a horror of debt and would not entertain Mrs.



Craddock's suggestion that they "put off the furniture man for a couple of weeks." The treasury could not withstand the drain and he had so informed her, kindly, frankly and with deep regret at his inability to make her happy with a simple little thing like a kimono.

"The guy that owns this dump is rich," Craddock cogitated, "an' his wife'll never miss this kimono thing. I gotta bring somethin' home with me to square meself with Millie."

Almost without his own volition he removed his coat and vest, raised the tails of his pink striped shirt to his arm pits, deftly swathed his torso in that gorgeous silk kimono, replaced his shirt tails, vest and coat, and prepared to flee. He decided, however, that prior to his departure he might venture to demonstrate the entire truth of a trite old slogan of the retail liquor trade, to wit: that another little drink never accomplishes any material damage.

Now, had Craddock been burglariously inclined by reason of

heredity, environment, or a blow on the head in early boyhood, he could never, by any possibility, have been aught but a pin-feather crook. The theft of that gorgeous kimono had been his first offense against the Seventh Commandment. However, it was the opening wedge. It seemed such a simple little thing to "lift," that after lifting it the act assumed such puerile proportions in the Craddock brain that naturally the ancient philosophy of the unaccustomed thief was not long in presenting itself for his consideration:

"If a feller's goin' to swipe somethin' he might as well make it somethin' worth while."

It will very readily be seen that the Scotch whisky was working in Newton Craddock, imbuing him with a passionate yearning to be kind to Mrs. Craddock with all her faults, and equipping him with the courage for this adventure. It was that brand of courage colloquially designated as Dutch, but Craddock did not realize this. He merely thought it a little strange that he had not discovered his heritage earlier in life. He was almost proud of himself, although it was not without a tinge of surprise at his newly acquired effrontery that presently he found himself stalking defiantly from room to room, brazenly switching lights on and off, peering into closets, inspecting bureau drawers, rummaging through clothing.

He discovered four pairs of silk stockings which he judged to be about Millie's size, and these he stuffed into his coat pocket. A glittering rhinestone butterfly barette followed the stockings, and in an upper bureau drawer

he found a roll of yellow-backed bills and a blue plush jewel case filled with valuable scarf pins. He did not take these, however.

He worked swiftly and industriously, always with the main idea of locating something that would be particularly pleasing to Millie. A rose-colored chiffon veil, some cobwebby lace-edged handkerchiefs, a vanity bag, a handsome pair of cut-steel slipper buckles, a hat pin, three pieces of dainty, pink-ribboned lingerie so sheer of texture that he almost blushed as he tucked them carefully inside his shirt with the silk kimono, a little lace boudoir cap and two pairs of long white kid gloves all caught his fancy. From at least a dozen pairs of shoes of assorted styles and colors he selected a pair of pretty little green silk pumps, stuffing one in each of his rear

trousers pockets where the tails of his coat would conceal them. When he had carefully effaced all trace of his visit and returned to the dining room for a parting raid on the Scotch, his figure presented an outline as knobby as a non-skid tire.

Having disposed of his nepen-

the, Craddock was surprised to find his courage mounting still higher. He was no longer an ordinarily courageous man, but a daredevil of supreme degree. He went to the entrance to the apartment, slipped the lock on the door to guard against intrusion, and returned to the dining room. Straight to the phonograph behind the screen he went, cranked the instrument and inserted a record and a new needle. He experienced some slight difficulty in finding the hole for the needle, but eventually all was in readiness and the disc commenced to turn.

The first articulate note was issuing forth when Craddock heard something. It was the clank and rattle of the elevator door opening and closing on the twelfth floor. Instantly he silenced the phonograph and stepped into the hall to listen, while his heart skipped two beats and the blood seemed to congeal around the roots of his sparse hair.

The sound of a key being inserted in the lock of the front door momentarily cleared the Scotch mist from Craddock's brain and left him capable of realizing his predicament. His escape was cut off. So, with the genius born of desperation, he dashed back into the dining room with the intention of whisking himself out of sight behind the screen that concealed the phonograph.

Now, the scene of Craddock's adventure was cursed with that serene ally of the Oriental rug—a polished, hardwood floor, and, as everybody of the slightest aesthetic pretensions knows, an Oriental rug on a polished hardwood floor is one of the most dependable combinations of utility and deviltry possible of conception. As Craddock sprang for his hiding place he trod sharply

"You bring that lamp back and set it down. And if you want to know who's boss around here, just try to pawn something else. Set it down, I said!"

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and half turned on the corner of the dining room rug, which instantly slid out from under him along the polished hardwood floor. For the thousandth part of a second he knew he had made a monkey of himself. Then, with violence and accuracy, he crashed to the floor on that portion of his anatomy where, under his own recent classification of himself, his tail should have been growing.

He groaned aloud, more with terror than pain, however, and crept in behind the screen. Here he sat, rubbing the afflicted spot, while the door opened and a woman's voice—cold, imperious, with a slight drawl, said in the accents of one born to command, "You may set the suitcase there. That will be all, thank you." A few seconds later a man's voice said, "Thank you," with so much emphasis on the "you" that Mr. Craddock realized the fellow had not been tipped. This knowledge and the chill of that feminine voice filled him with apprehension, and caused him to remark to himself, "That dame's voice is a dead ringer for Millie's when she's doin' the high an' mighty."

He realized his only hope lay in remaining where he was, perfectly quiet, until she should have retired, whereupon he would sneak down the hall on velvet feet and make his escape. Even his limited intelligence warned him that in all likelihood she would not discover his raid for some time. Hence he had little to fear of a search of the apartment by the police. He expected, of course, that she might come to the dining room, and in this he was not disappointed.

Through a crack in the screen where two sections hinged he had an excellent view of her as she entered. She stood in the doorway for fully half a minute, gazing calmly around her with such a superior air that Craddock was prejudiced against her instantly. In addition to her supercilious bearing, hers was not the style of beauty he favored anyway. He liked brunettes, and the mistress of this apartment was a golden blonde—like Millie, by the way. Her face was beautiful, but pale and cold, Craddock thought, and a man with half an eye could see she was quick-tempered. As she stood there, chin up, eyes flashing and the tip of her delicate nose wrinkling in a gentle sniffing movement, she did, indeed, offer a most logical basis for Craddock's silent soliloquy, "Some queen!"

The pain of his recent fall had now left him, and for some reason—the Scotch, doubtless—his fright had been merely temporary. Again he felt his courage mounting to ridiculous heights. His brain was capable of clear and concise thought. The very danger of his predicament filled him with a strange exhilaration. He felt an almost uncontrollable desire to thrust his head coyly over the top of the screen and call in honeyed accents, "Oh, you cutie!"

The lady walked to the dining room table. There were two glasses there. One contained the dregs of a drink Craddock had found on the table upon his arrival. The other, still reeking of his own potations, he had abstracted from the sideboard preliminary to sampling the liquor of the rich.

"Two of them," the lady murmured aloud—and Craddock cursed himself for his delinquency in not washing that glass and setting it back on the sideboard, for usually he was an orderly man in all household affairs. From a heap of cigar and cigarette butts on an ash tray he saw her select the stub of a gold-tipped cigarette, study it a moment and drop it as if it had seared her fingers. She sniffed again, and while he was wondering why she should sniff so disdainfully, her lovely short upper lip commenced to tremble and tears welled into her eyes. An instant later she had seated herself at the dining room table and commenced to weep—vociferously, as Mrs. Craddock wept, and not softly and tremulously, as Craddock believed a perfect lady should weep when her heart is broken.

Her unexpected action so completely dazed Craddock that in an endeavor to analyze it he scratched his head with a harsh, rasping noise. The sound frightened him, but the lady paid no attention to it, and Craddock was shrewd enough to realize that his fair jailer was in such a state of mind as to be oblivious of minor sounds. Therefore, inasmuch as she sat with her head bowed on her arms and was sobbing very gustily, it seemed reasonable to him to assume that three hasty, cautious steps across the thick carpet would carry him undiscovered to the hall entrance, when he would make his exit, leaving her alone with her grief.

He commenced moving the screen cautiously from one end in order to provide egress along the wall, when again the damnable elevator door clanged at the twelfth floor, and Craddock dodged back behind the screen. Again he heard a key inserted in the lock at the entrance; the hall door opened and a loud voice announced the impending arrival of a cheerful male person.

"Oo-hooo! Wifey!"

A dawning suspicion that this person was not unremotely connected with the fair lady's grief caused Craddock to apply his eye to the crack in the screen. He was not in error. The lady raised her face instantly, dabbed at her eyes, and with a heroism found only in women endeavored to hide all trace of her emotion. An instant later the man entered the room.

"Hello, old sweetheart," he said tenderly. "It's awfully good to see you again." He passed his arm around her with the certitude of absolute possession. To his great surprise, apparently, old sweetheart fended him away very rudely, sprang up with her back against the wall and faced him with flashing eyes. Craddock had seen Millie in many a wild tantrum, but never had he seen in Millie's eyes the look of fury he now beheld in the orbs of this dainty woman.

"You poor mutt," he murmured sympathetically to the man, "you're gonna get yours, a'right, a'right, a'right!"

"Tom Kirtland," she shrieked passionately, "how dare you?"

Tom Kirtland's face was a study in conflicting amazement, quick anger, disappointment and masculine stupidity. He gazed at her owlishly and in a matter of fact voice replied, after a slight silence:

"Dot, what the devil's run up your back?"

"Do you think I'm blind? Do you think I'm a fool?"

The man sat down in the chair vacated by his wife and Craddock had a splendid view of his face. It was obvious to that hen-pecked eavesdropper that the iron of married man's nervousness had entered Thomas Kirtland's soul to the very hilt, even as it had entered Craddock's. He was consumed with a great sympathy for the poor devil.

"Now, look here, Dorothy dear—" the husband began.

"Don't you 'dear' me."

"Oh, the deuce! Of course I'll dear you. Who has a better right?"

"You've forfeited the right."

"Well, suppose I have. Be sensible now, Dot, and don't fly into a rage. It's really too bad that after being away from me all summer you have nothing but tears and temper for me upon your return. What have I done to offend you?"

"You know very well what you've done. Why didn't you meet me at the Grand Central Station?"

"Oh, now, look here, Dot! Are you going to permit a little thing like that to throw you out of gear? I didn't think even you could be so childish. If you had wired me yesterday, or even this morning, of the exact hour of your arrival, I would have been there to meet you. As it was, your telegram reached me about the time your train was due. It seems I made the mistake of not hanging around the office all evening awaiting your sweet pleasure in wiring me. I went to the Grand Central as soon as I received the telegram, but arrived too late to meet you, so I hurried up here immediately. The colored boy down stairs says you had just gone up, so here I am and a fine little party you've fixed up for me."

He had been inclined to resent her anger at first, but after furnishing his explanation he deemed it would be acceptable. Following the fashion of all henpecked men he endeavored to wheedle her back into good nature. Again he advanced toward her with arms outstretched.

"Oh, come now, Dot, for goodness' sakes be cheerful and cut out that tragic pose! Come and give me a kiss and tell me all about the good time you've been having while you were away."

From his vantage point behind the screen Craddock missed nothing of this domestic cyclone. He marked the winning smile upon Tom's honest face as he advanced to certain destruction and knew it for the smile of the good old Fido brand of men who smiles even while he is being beaten. He and Tom had much in common and he hoped the latter would win, although he doubted it.

"Perhaps," Dot replied with that acid sweetness which, coming from a woman's lips, burns like a branding iron, "we might omit the kiss, while you tell me of the good times you've been having while I've been away."

"I got her number now," Craddock reflected. "She's jealous of poor old Tom." He shook his fist at her; he told her so twice she ought to be ashamed of herself.

"I haven't had any good times," Tom answered plaintively halting in his affectionate advance. "You never heard of anybody having a good time in New York during the summer, did you, Dot?"

Craddock wondered why anybody should make such a sweeping statement, with Coney Island running full blast. Tom continued:

"I've worked like a dog, with the market (Continued on page 12)



A PHOTOGRAPH of Norma Talmadge seems to
be a photograph of Norma Talmadge's soul.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

49



FLASHING Seena Owen
the Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed."

50

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL PITRICH



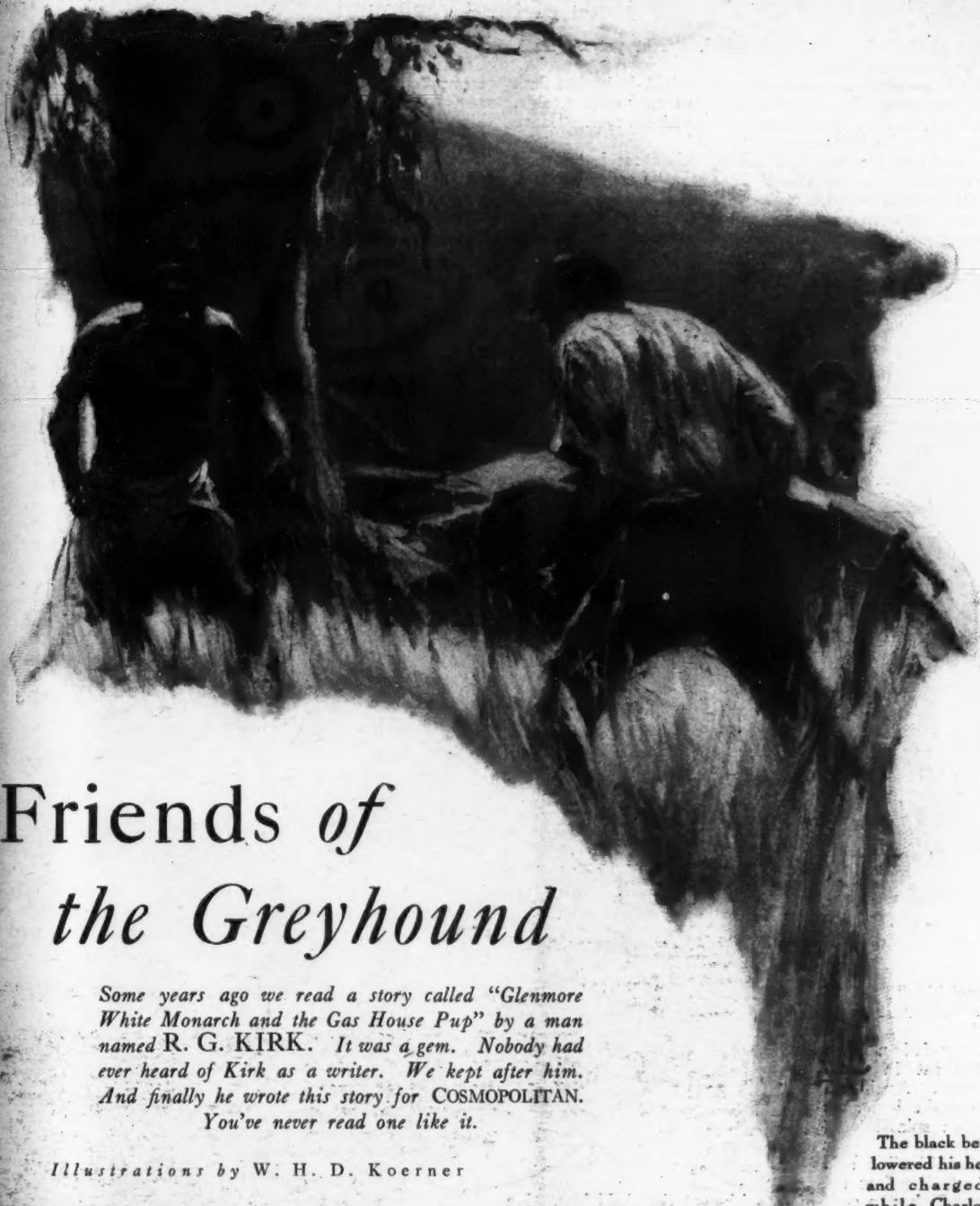
WHAT follower of stage or screen needs introduction to the elusive, the vivacious Billy Burke?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALFRED CRESSEY JOHNSON



IN LONDON Corone Paynter was voted the most beautiful American girl on the English stage.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



Friends of the Greyhound

Some years ago we read a story called "Glenmore White Monarch and the Gas House Pup" by a man named R. G. KIRK. It was a gem. Nobody had ever heard of Kirk as a writer. We kept after him. And finally he wrote this story for COSMOPOLITAN.

You've never read one like it.

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

BULL JAC ST. BOUVIER and big Pierre du Frenne, the Elephant, were Frenchmen. So am I. But then there is a difference. I, a Martel of the Martels, am a Creole Frenchman. They call me Lévrier, the Greyhound. I was born here on Madagascar. So when the world went crazy from that cursed Allemand viper bite, and the venom of it spread down the East Coast and crossed the Mozambique to our great island continent it acted differently upon us.

Bull Jac sold every hoof of his vast herds of humpbacked cattle to the government, at the government's price. Big Pierre du Frenne, the Elephant, leaving his black boys and his sugar fields to the mercies of an incompetent Malagasy foreman, started the fitting of his yacht for a long cruise.

I kept on growing coffee. Those two were going home to fight for France; I was staying home to fight for her. For certain things I knew held out the prospect of as lively work right here on Fragrant Island as any field in France might witness. That was the thing I had to make these two men see.

On Fragrant Island—or Nossi Andriamanitra, as the soft Hova tongue has named it—were my coffee groves, high on a

mountain slope. Northwest across the Nossi Kombi channel we could see the Madagascar mainland. Far below us, out in the roadstead, the slender gold and white hull of Pierre's yacht swung impatient at her anchor chains. Tomorrow one of her boats would beach, and then they would be gone—the mightiest two that ever blessed a man with friendship. But tonight was mine.

Dinner was dispatched. Tobacco undulations filled the air. Contentment was upon us. The silence that so often comes to friends hovered a long, long while, and I could feel the love of those tremendous men warming my heart like strong old wine. Now I could tell them why I must fight for France here—not there.

"Mbanu," I called out.

Neither Pierre nor Bull Jac had ever seen my Senegal and as he stepped out suddenly from the soft dusk that the candelabrum flung beyond the table, each of my two guests drew in a gasping breath.

The black beast lowered his head and charged—while Charlotte crouched still.

Friends of the Greyhound

"Don't choke," I said, and laughed. "Not yet, at least. Wait till you've seen the man."

"Strip," I commanded, and twice my weight in perfect flesh started to tremble. I laid my two hands empty on the table. "I have no lash, boy," I said, and tried to fix his eyes. "Have you done something to deserve the 'cat'?"

When first I got him he would look squarely at me, but now his glance shifted this way and that. So I said, "I only wanted to show you to these fiendish here."

His look of sullen fear gave way to a grimace of pleasure that gashed an ivory slit clean across his face, and in his proud haste it was only a moment until his few garments were piled about his feet.



"Touch him," I said to Pierre. "Size isn't everything."

But my friend the Elephant sat in dumb amazement. And Bull Jac dropped a half glass of cognac splashing on the table.

"Touch him," I said again. And at last the Elephant broke the spell of astonishment that held him. He stretched out a beamlike arm, and opening the digits of the mightiest fist I have ever seen attached to a human wrist, touched with inquiring finger tips the dusky thigh. He found the sensation not of grease, but of satin. So he tested with a little pressure the texture of the magnificent leg. And the muscles under their dark satin envelope yielded with springy softness.

I gave the black a covert sign of warning. Then I said to Pierre, "You might give him that little love pinch of yours."

So, in the casual way in which an island employer will often examine the quality of the goods presented by an Arab labor agent, my elephantic guest curved his immense fingers easily over the dusky, yielding leg. Then suddenly, without warning, the flexors of his great forearm and the tendons in his thick wrist leaped underneath the skin.

One time, he told me, using his grip in punishment, he had unexpectedly snapped off both bones in the forearm of one of his blacks. But now, Bull Jac and I, watching Mbanu's face for the flash of agony that would cross it, saw that in his eyes which made us shift our gaze quickly to his thigh; and there we saw the thick fingers of Elephant Pierre clamped with a grip that whitened

them like frost. That black leg might as well have been the Delhi Column. Pierre's great shoulder drooped, and the whole of his tremendous torso leaned out over the arm of his chair. His arm and forearm bent from straight line to right angle as he threw his utmost power into the grip. Above his head the negro's gleaming grin spread and spread in ill-concealed contempt, until it threatened to sever the bullet skull. And presently defeat came into the Elephant's pale gray eyes, and the purple of effort ebbed from his face, and, without having made the slightest dent in Mbanu's thigh, the powerful digits loosened, and fell swinging at the end of the pendulous, spent arm. At which, in answer to whatever manner of will dwelt back of that narrow brow, and under that kinky skull, the huge leg thews slackened and slipped under their cover of inky silk, and sank with an exquisite quiver into baby pliability again.

"By God on High, Martel!" cursed Bull Jac. "I never expected to live that long!"

The Elephant turned quiet eyes on Jac. "How long?" he inquired softly.

"Long enough to feast my eyes on the human animal my old

*Stroke by stroke
the death hammer
rose—and fell.*

friend the Elephant couldn't kill with his two bare hands," said Jac, and laughed an unmistakable challenge at Pierre.

But the Elephant instead of answering that inference at once, made his usual cautious, pachydermal survey of the ground before he advanced even so much as an opinion. He sat silent for a while with his arm dangling over the back of his chair like some thick, storm-broken branch; sat silent and looked at Mbanu with so coldly calculating an eye that the half-smile, half-sneer faded from the Senegal's face.

The broad, broad and short body. over the while M of each will always eyes. skeleton pelvic c stomach the mean "You phant g words. My own along w At my of his a theatric Instead strid o "The Pierre, "Rig explain of many. The E his eyes It's with the thought Then t

humility
fear.

"Re that sw rection, Mbanu tonight

The Elephant let his eye range slowly downward from the broad, black shoulders, on which there grew so marvelously thick and short a neck that the head seemed to sit down tight upon the body. Then deliberately he let his gaze travel back upward again over the beautiful animal, from heel to head. And then again, while Mbanu started to fidget under the inspection. And midway of each scrutiny his eyes rested a moment where a fighting man will always look after he has finished the first study of his enemy's eyes. There, where his inspection concentrated, man has no skeleton—no bone foundation. The rib frame has ended; the pelvic cradle not commenced. And there, at Mbanu's concave stomach ran ridge upon ridge of sinew, crawling, alive, to tell the measure of his ultimate physical strength.

"You'll have to live still longer, Bull!" was the way the Elephant gave us his quiet decision. Bull Jac's eyes flashed at the words. Death grips between those two! Michael and Abaddon! My own peace loving eyes, I fear, gleamed a man's joy in strife, along with Bull's, at thought of such an Olympian combat.

At my nod Mbanu gathered his several garments into the crook of his arm, and with the black man's natural aptitude in things theatrical, forebore the anticlimax of dressing himself before us. Instead, he moved out of the candle light, and with a leonine stride or two, disappeared into the enclosing dusk.

"The most magnificent body I have ever seen!" said Elephant Pierre, when the black had gone. "But his eyes, Martel!"

"Right there," I said, leaping to the opening that would let me explain the thing neither of them could understand, "is the best of many reasons why the yacht must sail without me tomorrow."

The Elephant's brows puckered with thought. Bull Jac opened his eyes in question.

"It's like this," I put in. "Two months ago his eyes were soft with the humility of a well treated laborer. Sometimes I even thought I saw a sort of affection for me starting to shine in them. Then they changed. You saw it. Little enough of love or

"At last report Grubl had sailed for sanctuary in German East Africa—for there was rumor of a French gunboat steaming around to the west coast from Antseranana. But the gunboat never materialized. And Grubl will be back. His first stop will be this island. I have his word for it. He has promised to return a call he owes us here."

Bull Jac St. Bouvier interrupted me with a snort of incredulous contempt. "A call he owes?" he repeated. "When did a white man ever pay a visit to that greasy boar?"

"Two years ago," I answered. "Two years ago we knew nothing about him but his nationality—and no man can be blamed for a thing over which he has as little control as that. A party of us from the island here went aboard his craft because we couldn't well refuse his invitation to dine with him on the ground that the Rhine ran past his native village. But late in the evening of our visit, I chanced upon him in the dark oblong of his open cabin door, with Charlotte Braeme struggling silently in his arms."

I saw Pierre's brows gather; and I heard Jac cursing softly to himself.

"The animal took his filthy hands away from her quickly enough when I touched him on the shoulder," I went on, "and for the sake of the gentle company present I was ready to smother my rage and let the matter stand until some more suitable time. I told him that, but his answer was to pull a long kukri out of his sash. La Savate!—I knew enough about the 'old shoe' to have maimed him for his lifetime where he stood; and there isn't a trick of that evil Apache art that I would have hesitated a second to use on him, had we been alone. But there was Charlotte Braeme—and not a stroke in that vicious science fit for a woman to see."

"So I whirled away from him and when he tried to follow what he thought was a retreat, I dropped my finger tips to the deck, sighted under my arm, and let fly. My hard heel caught him full under the jaw, and the gross bulk of him lifted clear of the



humility there now. Malignity, leering through a thin veil of fear.

"Reports have started to slip up the coast," I went on, "about that swine Grubl and his lousy Arab dhow. Tales of black insurrection, pillage, rape. Since those tales have come, the eyes of Mbanu and the rest of them have taken on the look you saw tonight."

low rail and somersaulted backward into the Mozambique.

"He was unconscious when his feet left the deck, I'm sure, but the plunge must have brought him to. His screaming brought a boat to him not a bit too soon, for as they heaved him overside, a flashing dorsal fin slashed by so close that Grubl's face went chalky through the brandy flush that permanently mottled it. On deck he made grotesque and sodden apologies for having so awkwardly stumbled overboard, the while his pongee garments clung wetly to him, revealing such a quaking abomination of flesh as made nausea shake the girl that was clinging to my arm.

"I managed so that we were the first to leave his boat, but he had the effrontery to take Charlotte Braeme's cool, white hand between his steaming palms, at a time, when without

Friends of the Greyhound

conspicuousness, she could hardly evade this little formality of farewell. My fingers itched to bury themselves in his throat.

"I shall be sure, with your permission, to return your call in person, Fräulein Braeme," he said with a filthy smile. "And your call also," he added, while I was still writhing under the use of his damned Allemand appellation for this delicious Creole girl. "Your call, also, Herr Franz Martel—in person," he repeated. His tone was soft and genial, for the benefit of the balance of his guests; but the eyes he turned on me were hard as glass; and he lapsed unconsciously into his natural sentence structure as he called down to me once more as I handed Charlotte Braeme into the small-boat. "Be very certain that Grübl shall your call return," he said.

I ended my defense, and a long quiet followed. Outside a bulbul tried his magic flute. "You see, I cannot go," I said, and looked in turn to the eyes of Jac St. Bouvier and Pierre du Frenne.

"I see," said each of them in turn.

"Charlotte Braeme will need defense—and Madagascar, too. The colony is worth fighting for," I ended.

They followed the sweep of my hand toward the side of my living room, which faced the broad piazza and the north. Below us lay the plain with its acres upon acres of sugar. And beyond the plain lay the Mozambique, distantly blue in the last dim light of day. Stretching northward, off to our right, the headlands of Madagascar threw up their illimitable redoubt. A continent! The great left footprint God had stamped upon this little ball of ours. A part of France. Room for the building of a race. Riches incalculable and untouched. Home!

Even as they gazed across the bay to the mainland I saw the charm and witchery of that warm island continent fall upon them suddenly; and as they sat and gazed, the tropic night fell upon us just as suddenly, and as fearfully sweet. To north the sea and the mainland were swallowed up in night, but below us the whole of the little Plain du Nord dimmed and flared in the fire of sugar kettles—so clear the blue night air that even the most distant of these conflagrations, close to the sea, sent the twinkle of their ceaseless industry up to us from both ends of the ten league stretch of coast.

"You see, I cannot go," I said again.

And Elephant Pierre turned round and looked at me. "It's home. I understand," he said.

And Jac? That Bull? He too had turned. But his eyes had halted on a spot above my fireplace, and what he saw there erased the present question completely out of that hard head of his. And as for sympathetic understanding of my situation—

"May I take down that mace?" he asked.

Against my wall, where he was looking, there hung a group of ancient arms. Heirlooms—most precious of all my worldly goods—weapons picked up by Charles Martel's own men off the red earth at Tours.

I placed a chair for Bull Jac, then turned and smiled at big Pierre.

"Pick out your favorite too," I suggested.

It was amusingly characteristic, the weapon each selected.

A needle pointed Berber lance was there, and a great two-wood bow of Saracen design. Beneath them, on the mantel, lay a half dozen daggers, one of them a long, blue-bladed misericorde, whose priceless handle of blue fetsui jade made my palm itch every time I thought of Gottlieb Grübl's jellyfish body. A grip as light as Charlotte Braeme's upon her crochet needle, and that misericorde would have found its way through the fat of that sickening paunch like a skewer through a roast of pork.

Given the need to work with these tools above my hearth, this dilettante pinking iron would have been my choice; more perhaps on account of its accordance with whatever mental and physical gifts for killing I might have than because of its perfection as a lethal instrument.

But all of these trophies that had been handed down through my long family from that field toward Poictiers, nothing approached in art or virtue the terrible Damascus scimitar that Elephant Pierre du Frenne had taken down. He swung it to and fro, delighting in the delicate balance that made it answer like a rapier to his wrist; and as the huge blade moved, the light crawled back and forth over the serpentine steel till the whole murderous weapon seemed quick with venomous life. It was with typical sagacity that the Elephant had chosen perfection from the weapons on my wall.

But Bull Jac—he stepped down off the chair with that great iron bludgeon in his hands that had won all the Moorish spoil that hung about it. He grinned a gleeful sort of grin as he weighed it in his hand a moment. Then with a gallant flourish he tossed

it upward, caught the ball end of the grim thing in his cupped hands, and searching out a space clear of the bristling spikes that nearly covered it, gave the rough sphere a great resounding kiss.

"As dainty a *femme de guerre* as ever shared a soldier's tent—eh, Lévrier, old devil?" roared out this lovable, thick-shouldered profligate.

I looked at him. That very same wrist thong had tied that mace to Carl Martel's right arm a dozen centuries ago.

I looked at the Elephant. Tradition had it that the Lion of Islam—Abd-er-Rahman himself—was found inside a ghastly rampart he had built about him with that very scimitar, the hilt of it tight in his rigid fingers, and a jade handled misericorde wedged to the hilt in one of the neck links of his hauberk.

Charles the Hammer and the Moslem Lion! But never, the thought came to my mind, did mightier men take hold of those two utterly masculine tools than the giant pair standing before me there in my broad living room. And this, I remember clearly, was the thought that was dwelling in my head when hell suddenly broke loose on Fragrant Island.

Back of the villa, in the wooded slope, the quavering, trolling chorus of the lemurs had broken forth and had risen in pitch and volume to a wild and terrifying banshee wail—and suddenly had come to an instantaneous stop. Silence!

We listened silently. Something was going to break that sinister quiet. A soft, uneasy snort and the muffled stamp of small hoofs where Jac's pair were tethered to my piazza rail. But that wasn't it.

Then it came. Out of the blackness that shrouded my wide veranda. Breathing. No sound of footsteps. Just breathing. The throttled whistling rattle in the throat of something that was coming across my porch. A racking, tortured inhalation. No deer, with strength for one last leap in his tottering legs, the staghound's muzzle at his flank, ever drew in a breath as terrible as that. Then suddenly the wreckage of what was once my neighbor Paul Lecointre fell sagging to his knees in the black rectangle of my doorway, a thing of tattered rags and pasty face—a drooling, driveling idiot.

His vacant and piteous gaze wandered about my dining room a while, and then, by chance, strayed upon me; and at once the most unutterably magnificent struggle began.

Back some place in the far recesses of that poor blasted brain there must have lived a little cell where sanity was making its last stand. And from this tiny, wavering bastion of will the immortal soul of Paul Lecointre put out such a desperate sortie that the three of us, watching marvel-struck, saw his hanging jaw pull up, with a slow, awful effort, until the bared teeth came together. The driveling lower lip next drew tight against the upper, and trembled loose again, uncovering teeth that ground and grated now in essay to keep the jaws tight clamped—as though this more outward, physical sign of unyielding resolution would help the soul stuff of him.

And so, by slow degrees the sagging shoulders of Paul Lecointre braced themselves square, and by long agonies that we suffered with him, his limp knees straightened, and lo! at length even his eyes ceased their wild staring at me, and into them all at once came flaming victory and glorious comprehension—and a great heart-crushing grief. He opened his mouth to speak; and something that chilled the blood to see came over his face, erasing the very lines of woe that seamed it.

"Grübl!" he snarled, and hate frothed on his lips.

"Grübl!" And a rational malevolence more dreadful than insanity glared in his eyes. "He brought no guns. His hold is full of rum. Black hell is loose."

Apollyon! Fiend! No firearms! Rum and machete! The monster! Men know how much more terrible than a rifle is the machete in a drunken sugar cutter's hands. Men, through long centuries, have learned to look Death in his hollow sockets, and laugh. But Grübl had no plans by which Frenchmen were to know the grim joy of sneering in Death's face. Grübl knew that while a black might kill a white woman with a gun, once let him get as close as he must come to her to use a cane knife on her throat—once let him touch her! Grübl knew some of the things at which men did not laugh.

"No guns?" I asked in white despair.

"One—on Grübl's hip!" he answered bleakly. Then a great tide of sorrow swept over him, and he stumbled toward me, calling, "François Martel, François Martel, François Martel!" The blessed tears of sanity welled to his eyes as I caught him in my arms; and with his terrible weeping there mingled a half-sob, half battle shout of sympathetic triumph that came up out of the great heart of Bull Jac St. Bouvier.

"Marie—four years—you knew her, little Marie, François?"

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The blacks were close behind—and Charlotte Braeme was three panting hours away.

he asked me pitifully. "And yet, thank God, she was not ten years older! For there was only one shot in my hunting rifle. Grübl himself was carrying her." He hid his face upon my shoulder, while his body twisted.

"Grübl leading the blacks, a long bamboo ox goad in his hands, with the baby high overhead. I aimed the piece at her. To gain a second for the Death Angel would be sweeter to me than to kill that goblin. But as I aimed, her little soul went whimpering over my head. God Himself saved that bullet, for a few steps behind my other Marie came into sight, imbecile with horror, dragged in the grasp of two of them. My rifle was as steady as a rock as I stood in the thicket by the road and drew the sights upon her.

"Then to kill Grübl! I gathered for the spring and then suddenly I turned and fled, fighting the madness as I ran—fighting to get to you before my reason fell. They tried to catch me in the jungle. It was amusing. For I had thought of Charlotte Braeme. Marie would have wanted me to send you to her."

"And now, old Lévrier," he said, hurrying his words as though he feared that insane fiend might assail him again before he got them out, "before you go to Charlotte Braeme, I must be paid my price for leaving Grübl for your hands." He glanced toward the compassionate face of giant Elephant Pierre du Frenne. "I will not live an idiot's life, or die his death," he looked me in the eye, "and suicide is a (Continued on page 123)

*A whirlwind
novel of a murder
mystery and a
girl who needed
friends*

by

ARTHUR
SOMERS
ROCHE

The First Night

*Illustrations by
GRANT T. REYNARD*



Cavasan could visualize Grant and Folly going home together

V

IT is perhaps the most dreadful word in language—murder. Even such a word as treason connotes no such horror. Possibly this is because treason, after all, leads up to the more dreadful thing.

And there is no one so blasé, so cynical, that the word does not bring to him an abhorrent shudder. Cavasan was no cynic; your true artist—and some day Cavasan would be reckoned such—cannot be a cynic. For the cynic has no sympathy; and without sympathy there can be no art, for art is nothing if it is not sympathetic understanding. His mind was immediately alert, but his heart felt numbed.

"You got your wish," he said abruptly.

Perry looked surprised.

"You wanted," Cavasan explained, "a real good murder. Thought it would be well for the circulation department."

The older man colored.

"I—I'm sometimes more of a newspaper man than a human being," he said. "I—anything that would reflect on Ffolliott Dare—I didn't really mean it, Cavasan."

The younger man smiled. "Of course you didn't. But—you've got it."

"So the police say," said Perry.

"But you don't believe it?"

"I certainly don't believe that Miss Dare knows anything about any murder," said Perry.

Cavasan's eyes, behind their thick spectacles, narrowed.

"Do they accuse her?" he asked.

Perry shrugged. "They accuse no one—yet. That's why Mr. Grant—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Grant!" Cavasan turned toward Ffolliott Dare's fiancé. He appraised the man with skilled eyes. A gentleman, a

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Folly Dare Fired the Shot—
THIS is the story of Ffolliott Dare, who on the opening night of the play "Folly," in which for the first time she is appearing as a Broadway star, shoots and kills Blanding, her leading man. It is the final scene. In the play she draws a revolver upon him—and for the honor of her sister, shoots! With blank cartridges, of course! But on the first night of "Folly" there are real bullets in the pistol—and Blanding falls actually dead. Blanding, during rehearsals,

man of brains, of culture—he recognized the name now. A young architect who, despite the positive handicap of too much money and unexceptionable social position, had really done things.

But it was not as a scion of a rich family or as a successful professional man that Cavasan eyed him. It was as the fiancé of Ffolliott Dare.

He, Stephen Cavasan, did not know Ffolliott Dare. Yet, merely judging by last night's stage performance and by her manner during the moments that followed the tragedy, he believed her to be the sort of girl who would marry for reasons other than material. She was a genius; because acting, whatever mentality it requires, certainly requires temperament, and there is genius of the emotion as surely as there is genius of the mind. And a genius is too unthinking of material things to sell himself—or herself—for them.

So, if Ffolliott Dare was engaged to marry Allan Grant it could only be—so reasoned Cavasan—because the girl loved him. What was it, then, about the young man that inspired love?

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after that terrible happening—but he refused to picture her surrender to her fiancé's embrace.

But Who Loaded the Pistol?

had insulted Ffolliott Dare. Had she substituted real bullets for the blanks? Had some one else done it? Allan Grant, her fiancé, goes to Perry, editor of the Moon, for help in the solution of the mystery—and Perry puts Stephen Cavasan—reporter, philosopher and unwilling detective—on the job. And late that night, just as both he and the police have decided that the shooting must have been an accident, Cavasan, haunting the theater, sees Folly Dare return to the scene of the crime.

Good looks, probably, formed one requirement. Grant had them. Ease of manner was another. Impeccable honesty, of thought as well as of word and deed; these would probably be requirements also, especially to such a girl as Miss Dare.

He colored. He was attributing to the young actress a standard that was high. By what right did he assay her thus? He didn't know her. Imperceptibly he shrugged. He did know her; he knew her as the one woman in all the world. And she was destined to the arms of this man whom Perry had brought here this morning.

Suddenly he felt resentful toward Perry. Why bring Allan Grant here? He, Cavasan, held no interest in the man. And then he put the resentment from him. He was interested in Ffolliott Dare, as a man and as a newspaperman. The fact that he lacked the good looks, the cosmopolitanism that was so evident, even this morning, in the manner of Allan Grant, was no reason why Cavasan should dislike him.

Into his eye crept a shrewd expression. It was the expression

of a man who is not only a good writer of the news but also a man who can get the news. Cavasan had not merely the gift of presenting facts; he had the ability to sift them.

He'd overheard Grant talking to another man at the "Trois Hommes" last night. It was easy now to understand to whom the young man had referred when he had mentioned "Folly." He had expressed a desire to kill some one. It amounted to that. Who was that some one? Cavasan took a new interest in his visitor, the bold nose, the round determined chin. These were features that denoted a man whom consequence would not deter.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Grant?" he asked.

Grant shrugged. "Heaven—and perhaps you—know, Mr. Cavasan. I rang up Mr. Perry—"

He paused, seeming to appeal to the editor.

"It's this way, Cavasan," explained Perry. "Outsiders have an idea that we newspapermen are omniscient and omnipotent."

Cavasan nodded.

"Well, the police called on Grant—"

"Not exactly that. Perhaps I'd better tell it, after all," suggested Grant. He turned to Cavasan.

"I saw the policemen enter the stage door of the Regent last night. I was waiting outside for Miss Dare. I asked one of them what was wrong and he immediately invited me inside. I looked suspicious, lurking around in the dark, I suppose.

"I went in with him. At once half a dozen men pointed at me and announced that I was the one. It transpired that Blanding had been shot—you know all that. Well, earlier in the evening—after the second act, to be exact—I'd bribed the doorkeeper to let me in. I—I—was mad to see Miss Dare. Inexcusable, I know, but—I wanted to."

His chin became slightly more prominent as he spoke. Into its contour Cavasan read something else now; a certain wilfulness so common to those who have inherited the softer things of life.

The First Night

"I'd entered," continued Grant, "just as an altercation was going on between Mannheim, the manager, and Blanding. Blanding said something that reflected on Miss Dare and I—well, I struck at him. He knocked me down and the stage hands quite properly threw me out."

Cavasan liked the way in which Grant stated that the actor had knocked him down. A lesser man, he decided, would have advanced some excuse for his defeat. He kept silence, waiting for the rest of the story. Quite dispassionately Grant went on.

"Outside, I realized what an ass I'd been. Worse than that. I'd put Miss Dare in a position of having been the subject of an exchange of blows. I felt like jumping into the East River or something like that. You can imagine."

Cavasan could, and he nodded. He liked Grant's simplicity of manner, of speech.

"But Miss Dare had promised to see me after the performance, and though I'd disgraced myself I hoped—"

"I understand," said Cavasan as the man paused embarrassed.

"Thanks," said Grant. "Well, the sergeant or lieutenant or whoever was in charge of the policemen immediately questioned me. They'd been telling him of this argument. But the doorman told them that after I'd been put out I'd remained across the alley, smoking a cigarette. He testified that I'd not entered the theater again, and so the man in command told me to beat it. I preferred, however, to wait for Miss Dare. I did so and after they questioned her I took her home."

Cavasan felt a momentary pang. He could visualize Grant and the girl going home. Grant was her fiancé. She had just achieved a tremendous triumph; a natural let-down would follow, a let-down most propitious for the pleading of a love suit. In addition, she had undergone a tremendous, tragic happening. He refused to think of the girl surrendering to the embrace of this youth. Ridiculously, it hurt.

"And then what?" he asked as Grant stopped talking.

The architect shrugged.

"I went home. Naturally I was a bit upset by everything. However, that doesn't matter. What does matter is that I was awakened this morning by a detective. Name of Henderson. Questioned me at length about the events of last night. I was as frank with him as I've been with you. He was quite aboveboard too. Told me that the police had come to the conclusion that there was more than accident behind the death, last night, of Blanding."

"By implication hinted that you might know something?" asked Cavasan.

Grant shook his head. "Not at all. My—alibi, you call it, don't you?—well, it seems strong enough even to satisfy a policeman."

Cavasan's forehead wrinkled. "Can't see the need of any alibi anyway," he said. "Miss Dare fired the gun."

"Of course," assented Grant. "But—it was a substituted gun. I might have done the substituting, you know. Only—all the stage hands testified that they'd put me out—I couldn't very well have entered her dressing room, abstracted the property gun—and put another in its place."

"I see," nodded Cavasan. "But the substitution—how was that discovered?"

"Mannheim noticed it last night—or rather early this morning, according to Henderson. Everyone, of course, assumed

that the gun Miss Dare had used was the property weapon. But Mannheim, in detailing the events leading up to the killing, spoke of Blanding's insistence on handling the stage properties. He mentioned that Blanding had bought the weapon at a certain shop, and mentioned the make. And the detective in charge immediately noticed that the weapon he held was of a different make. Which, of course, aroused suspicion."

"Naturally," Cavasan agreed dryly. "Go on," he invited.

"Well, after Henderson left me, I went to see Miss Dare as quickly as a taxi would take me there. I found that detectives were questioning her, and that I could not be admitted. I left and at once telephoned to my attorneys, who also, at my suggestion, have been handling Miss Dare's affairs. Contracts, you know—that sort of thing. The office informed me that Mr. Venable, head of the firm, was at present with Miss Dare—that she had telephoned him as soon as the detectives had called upon her."

"Sensible girl," commented Cavasan.

"Well," said Grant, "I felt that I ought to be doing something. It's a time when—well, I never was so conscious of my general all-around futility as I am this moment. I did the only thing that I could think of. I phoned Mr. Perry, asking him if he could advise what on earth I should do. Of course Venable is an excellent lawyer, but it seemed to me that he's a bit conservative, old-foggyish—excellent for contracts, office work—"

"Grant is a very sane young man," interrupted Perry. "He realized at once that the faintest cloud on Miss Dare's reputation would leave a permanent shadow. He had some idea of engaging a firm of private detectives. Then I thought of you."

"I'm no detective," said Cavasan.

Perry smiled. "Tom Carnaby would say otherwise."

Carnaby was a former public official now in Sing Sing. It had been Cavasan's masterly exposition of what was being done with certain municipal funds that had sent Carnaby there.

"Further," said the editor, "you were on the scene so early. Look here, Cavasan, this is a favor I'm asking."

Now Cavasan looked upon himself as primarily a writer. He disdained those analytical gifts that made him so valuable a reporter. It had been all very well to do Intelligence work during the war, considering that his eyes had barred him from anything more dramatic. But, after the armistice, when he had rejoined the staff of the *Moon*, he had done so upon the explicit understanding that he was to do no more of the so-called sleuthing that had won him his first newspaper spurs. Now, however, Perry was asking a favor. And the favor was really for a wonderful girl with violet eyes and black hair who—he told himself with a grimace—was engaged to marry another man.

Still, she was in trouble. . . .

"The idea, then, Mr. Grant, is that Miss Dare is under suspicion of having substituted a real gun, with real cartridges, and of deliberately killing Blanding. It's rather absurd on the face of it."

"It certainly is," agreed Grant, "but unless it is definitely disproved you can see the effect upon Miss Dare."

"Unless what is disproved?" asked Cavasan. "That she fired the gun? That, unfortunately for Miss Dare, was witnessed by hundreds of people."

"That she substituted the deadly gun," said Grant.

"H'm!" Cavasan broke a rule. He lighted a cigarette, and he had not yet had breakfast. He would suffer indigestion later, but he could not think at his best without tobacco. "Who else, do you happen to know, had access to the properties?"

"Blanding, according to Henderson, distributed the properties each evening.

He usually gave Miss Dare the stage gun before the first act. He'd done that on the road."

"Did he last night?" asked Cavasan.

"According to Henderson, he did."

"Nice talkative little man, this Henderson," commented Cavasan.

A gleam of mirth appeared in the architect's eyes. "I have a case of Scotch in my apartment," he said.

Cavasan grinned. "I understand." He threw his cigarette into the fireplace, then turned toward Perry.

"I take it this is not a *Moon* job," he said.

"You're a brave woman, Miss Dare."

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A young woman was waiting in his apartment—waiting for him.

Perry shook his head. "It's a private matter, Cavasan. Of course if there's a story in it—you needn't report—Grant's father and I were old friends—"

"And I'll gladly pay any expenses and whatever salary—" began Grant.

But Cavasan cut him short, tersely, almost angrily. "If there's any question of money, Mr. Grant; please understand that you are not involved in it."

"But, but—"

Cavasan cut him short again.

"Something else," he snapped. His voice sounded harsh, almost contemptuous. "Did you drink any of that Scotch?"

"Why, no! Why—what do you mean?" asked Grant.

"I mean did you do any talking on your own account or did you let this Henderson person do it all?"

"Why—I was—I've told you that I was quite frank," said Grant.

"Then you were different from Henderson," commented the reporter.

"What do you mean?" asked Grant.

"Mean?" Cavasan laughed. "Do you think a Headquarters man is a complete jackass? Do you think, if the police had anything on Miss Dare, that Henderson would have told you about it? He was pumping you."



She pirouetted on one toe and dropped him a mock courtesy. She seemed, amazingly, only twelve

"Why?" demanded Grant. His gray eyes were suddenly angry.

"To find out if you knew anything. Why," and Cavasan laughed, "I'll bet you anything you like that Mannheim never said that the gun Miss Dare used was not the property gun."

For a moment his two visitors were silent. Then Perry spoke.

"Then you don't think, Cavasan, that another gun was substituted. You think that real bullets were used in the property gun?"

"No," said Cavasan. "I don't think that it was the property revolver with real bullets. I think it was a substituted gun. But," and his eyes flashed behind their thick lenses, "I don't think Mannheim ever said so!"

VI

PERHAPS the most amazing thing about Stephen Cavasan was his ability to see the truth. Without apparent reason he would make a definite statement. When challenged to show cause, he would slowly, deliberately outline a course of reasoning so obvious that his auditor usually felt self-contempt because he likewise had not seen and followed that procession of arguments. And the auditor frequently went away marveling, not merely at the intellectual capacities of Cavasan, but at the speed with which he could draw upon them.

Wherein the auditor gave Cavasan more credit than was his due. For Cavasan was unique. Instead of arguing from cause to result, he argued from result to cause. Not exactly that, either. He differed from the two schools of philosophy in that his reasoning was not exactly that of either. It was something more intuitive than reasoning.

In the present case, when he stated his conclusion that a substituted gun had been used but that Mannheim had not said so, he could not, two seconds before having made the remark, have given you any reasons for such a belief. But two seconds after he had made it—ah, that was different! He had recognized the truth.

But when Perry and Grant both asked him for his reasons he shook his head impatiently. It was not that he liked to work in the dark, to appear as some mysterious super-person. It was simply that he was not a talkative young man. His moments of expression were when he sat down before a typewriter. They were not vocal.

So when Grant would have asked questions, Perry, who knew his man, warned the young architect to silence. When Cavasan rang a bell which would cause the woman from whom he rented his apartment to send up a modest breakfast, the editor said good by. He almost dragged the reluctant Grant with him.

"A great mathematical mind was lost when Cavasan decided to be a writer," Perry explained. "His logic is the most perfect thing I've ever known. Now let him alone. All that you—or I, for that matter—can do is annoy him with questions. You want his help. You'll get it."

Back in his room, Cavasan found, however, that his mind seemed incapable of looking at facts as such. Facts had violet eyes, blue-black hair, slim, lissome limbs.

Breakfast made a difference, as it always does with temperamental persons, and Cavasan for all his overstrained blue eyes was as stored with temperament as even Ffolliott Dare. He was even able after his orange juice and toast and coffee to dismiss the charms of Ffolliott Dare from his thoughts. He faced . . .

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years old—yet at this minute she was under suspicion of murder.

problem now, a distasteful problem, one not nearly so interesting as the composition of a piece of fiction, but—a problem.

A substituted gun had been used, of course. Granted that Blanding distributed the properties each evening before the first act—and doubtless that was what he did—who could have had access to Ffolliott Dare's dressing room save persons connected with the production of "Folly"?

Now, then, it takes time—not much, but some seconds—to eject the shells from a revolver and substitute new ones. It would be much quicker to substitute a new revolver. Now, suppose that one of the company had inimical aims toward Blanding—wished his death. That person would be clever enough to know that the quicker he—or she—worked, the less danger of discovery there would be. If the would-be murderer were clever enough to think of making the stage killing a real one, that murderer would be clever enough to know that the quicker the change from blank cartridges to ball the more certain the success of the deadly scheme. And if, for the sake of argument, one conceded that an outsider not connected with the company had planned the murder, then all the arguments that had just raced through Cavasan's brain were all the more apposite.

Suppose that Ffolliott Dare had planned the killing; she too would have used another revolver instead of changing merely the cartridges. She could explain a different revolver; she could say that she had not known the difference. But ball cartridges in the property gun—! Cavasan shook his head. She would have been under the same disabilities as anyone else, particularly with her maid in and out of the room all the time. How much easier to whip from handbag or from under cloak a new weapon . . .

Now, then, if it had been a deliberately planned murder, with Folly Dare as the conscious or unconscious instrument, the property gun had not been used. But that Mannheim had said so to the police—Cavasan smiled. No one but a fool—and although a madman may have planned this murder, no fool had done so—would have substituted anything but a gun exactly like the one to be used in the play. It would have been recognized so quickly, that different weapon.

Wherefore, Henderson, Grant's detective visitor, had done some lying. Of course, to draw out Allan Grant. And he had failed to do so, for all Grant's frankness.

There was grimness in Cavasan's smile as he thought of that frankness, on which Allan Grant had laid, so Cavasan thought, an undue stress. About whom was Grant talking in the "Trois Hommes"? Could it, by any chance, have been Blanding? That was one little thing that Stephen Cavasan intended to find out. Before this, murderers had attempted to evade detection by pretending to help in the solution of the mystery.

Of course Grant had, as he himself had stated, an alibi. But if a doorkeeper could be bribed once he might be bribed a second time. Doorkeepers have been known to loaf on the job. A man might have passed through the stage door of the Regent . . .

He must be very careful not to let prejudice interfere with his mental processes!

The mere fact that the police were dissatisfied with the hasty conclusion of accident did not mean that an accident had not occurred. There had been, during

the past year, a score or more of unsolved murders within the boundaries of the city, not to mention bond thefts involving millions, and burglaries and highway robberies galore. The newspapers, the *Moon* among them, had been jeering at the police for months. The police were on their mettle. They would read murder into any violent killing, so suspicious of their own abilities had they become.

And here was a perfect case for the police. A man is killed shortly after he has had a fist fight with another man. Could anything, according to the police mind, be plainer? Only Allan Grant's high social and financial standing, and also the fact that after all, Ffolliott Dare had fired the fatal shot, had saved him from arrest already.

But that did not prove that a murder had been committed. A murderer, even though he is insane, knows that he takes tremendous chances. The risk he runs is not lightly incurred. And there was only the slightest chance that, even if Ffolliott Dare should be equipped with a deadly weapon, she would aim directly at Blanding. Still—a maniac—! It would be well to look among the Blanding acquaintance for an unbalanced mentality.

But yet he must bear in mind that it might have been an accident, in which case all his carefully constructed reasoning came to nothing. An accident—Blanding having made, in the excitement of a New York *premiere*, an error in loading the revolver. Suddenly he wondered that, last night, he had conceded the possibility of such an error. No man, unless blind with liquor or crazed with drugs, could make such a mistake.

No, it was murder. And with a substituted weapon. Then who?

The First Night

He hated to let his mind travel back over a certain time last night. But Ffolliott Dare had paid a surreptitious visit to the stage of the Regent Theater. She had been frightened, furtive. Just like the police—he smiled contemptuously—to have swallowed the accident theory last night and to have kept no one watching the building wherein the accident had occurred. Yet he must not sneer at the police. He, too, had thought of it as an accident. He had only changed his mind himself this morning.

Like lightning the question flashed through his mind: When had the police decided that it had not been an accident? And why? What was their later bit of evidence? It had caused the police to send a detective to Grant, who told Grant that Mannheim had stated that Ffolliott Dare had not used the property weapon. Why? Because the police had suddenly discovered—or suspected—that the property weapon had not been used.

He shrugged as, pushing his chair away from the table, he lighted another cigarette. That last question was something that he must answer for himself. One thing was certain: the police, with a score of amazingly unsolved murder mysteries, would not admit that any death which could be attributed to accident was a murder unless—unless the police were *sure*.

Well, if the police were sure, it was up to Stephen Cavasan to be certain; and there is a subtle difference, even though that difference exists only in the colloquial uses of the two words.

Yes, he'd make certain. His blue eyes that, being weak, always looked so amiable, seemed hard now. It was always thus with Cavasan. When a problem interested him, aroused his intellect, he became a different person.

He realized it, too, and realization irritated him. He wanted to be a writer of novels, short stories and plays. He hated his own interest in matters such as this. He felt that somehow it hindered him in his growth as an artist. He was too young to understand, as fully as he would later on, that interest in *anything* means advancement to the artist, whether he be writer or painter or sculptor or musician. For it is by interest that understanding comes.

But now, for a moment, he was the human Cavasan, not the machine-like person that he had been as he coldly went over, in his mind, the events of last night and this morning. And that human person cursed the machine-like Cavasan for that he had harbored, even for a moment, a doubt of Ffolliott Dare. Then he shrugged, though his lips were the least bit tremulous.

Sympathy for Ffolliott Dare had made him embark upon the quest, the quest for the murderer of Stewart Blanding. It would be silly to blind himself to certain inevitable facts. If any action of Ffolliott Dare were suspicious, then it was his part to concede the suspiciousness, find out what lay behind it, and—

Suppose, some evil demon asked him, you find out that Ffolliott Dare murdered Blanding?

But he refused to answer such an absurd question. He didn't like to admit to himself that if Ffolliott Dare had committed murder, then he, Stephen Cavasan, would quite cheerfully make himself an accessory after the fact and do his utmost to save her from any consequences whatsoever. For he could be a machine only up to a certain point; that point was reached when his sympathies were involved. And suddenly he realized that this was to be a unique experience for him. He was going to bend his mind to the obtaining of sufficient proof, not as to who was responsible for the killing of Stewart Blanding, but toward the more vital matter of establishing the fact that Ffolliott Dare was not.

And that could not be done in the seclusion of his Bryant Park rooms. So lighting, this time, a cigar, he left the building and walked toward Sixth Avenue. A few blocks above Forty-second Street he turned west and entered the offices of the Regent Theater.

Mannheim was in and received him. The little manager had spent a sleepless night, and his nervous gestures, his all-too-evident excitement, showed that he was on the verge of collapse. Cavasan essayed a crude humor. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder, indicating the morbid throng who were lined up on the sidewalks before the theater.

"You'll have a big house to-night if they all come, Mannie."

"It's a joke, hey?" cried Mannheim. "My God, Cavasan, I am your friend! Would I let you in here to-day—you, a newspaperman—if I wasn't? And you make fun of me. Me, your friend, Benny Mannheim, who has always said that Stevie Cavasan has a play in his system and that I wanted it when Stevie dug it out. Isn't it the truth?"

"You're a good guy, Mannie, and I didn't mean to kid you," Cavasan apologized.

Mannheim buried his face in his hands. "I know, Cavasan.

Ain't I the rotten-lucker though? Here I got it a knockout, sc help me, and she goes blooey. What a fool that Blanding was to load the revolver with real bullets."

Now Cavasan knew Benny Mannheim very well. He could detect a different tone in Mannheim's voice in that last sentence. It was as though he were reciting something learned by heart.

"Oh, so that's it, eh? Going to stick to that yarn so's not to arouse suspicion, eh?"

Mannheim's face came out of his hands. He stared at the reporter.

"What you mean, Cavasan?"

Cavasan laughed. "Why, nothing, Mannie. Only, I'm an old friend, and you shouldn't hold out on me. Whom do the police suspect?"

Mannheim's mouth opened. It closed. Then he spoke.

"I don't get you, Cavasan. Why should the police suspect anyone for an accident?"

"Why should they?" echoed Cavasan. "All right, Mannie, you know best. Only if you think a lot of fat-witted Headquarters men can do you more good than Stephen Cavasan, why—go to it, Mannie. So long."

He turned on his heel and made for the door. But Mannheim was after him, seizing him by the lapel of his coat.

"Wait, Cavasan. Now wait."

Cavasan turned. He sat down on a chair close to Mannheim's desk. The little manager eyed him for a moment. Then:

"They think Miss Dare did it, Cavasan."

"Do they?" Cavasan was nonchalant. "Why, of course she did. A thousand people saw her fire the revolver."

Mannheim shook his head, impatient at such stupidity. "I mean, Cavasan, that she did it purposely, loaded the gun—everything."

"That so? Make a great story. What do you think, Mannie?"

"Think?" The little manager leaped to his feet and glared down at the reporter. "I think that no one but damn scoundrels would even dream such a thing. The finest woman—my God, Cavasan, there ain't a man I know fit to be a carpet for her! And those police—!" He fell back into his chair again, staring angrily at his visitor. "And you think so too," he added bitterly.

Cavasan slowly shook his head.

"No, I don't. I'll bet my last cent that she's as innocent as I am."

Mannheim leaned across the desk. He seized Cavasan's hand in both his own. He shook it up and down. "I always said it, that Cavasan was the finest man— You write a play, Cavasan—the rottenest play that ever was written, and I'll produce it."

The reporter grinned. "Does she get all men the same way, Mannie?"

Mannheim stared a moment, uncomprehending. Then over his sallow face crept a blush.

"Cavasan, you said it. All men. Because she's the finest girl that ever breathed. Me, I haven't got a chance. No more than you have. But it's enough to know her, to breathe the same air. Cavasan, will you help her?"

"Me? How?" asked Cavasan innocently.

"Oh, write something—good—nice—friendly—about her. She won't play. The show is closed. She's upset—Cavasan, you go and see her. Talk to her—help her."

The reporter stared at the manager. Then, slowly, he spoke.

"I'll do that, Mannie, on one condition."

"Anything," agreed Mannheim.

"Well, then, what did you tell the police? Not what you meant to tell them, Mannie, but the break you made?"

The blush that had still lingered on Mannheim's cheek faded into pallor. His eyes grew round.

"How do you know?" he demanded.

Cavasan shrugged. "Somebody made a break. It might have been you. The police stumbled on something or other to make them change their minds about its having been accident. Was it something you said?"

The tears stood in the little Jew's eyes.

"A fool my father always said I was when I wouldn't go into the suit business. He was right. He was always right. I did make a break, Cavasan. They were asking me, long after Miss Dare had gone home, about all the things that had happened during the evening. Just to make a police record, that was all. And I'm nervous, you know. I'm always playing with something. Last night I pulled something out of my pocket and began twisting it around. It was one of Miss Dare's gloves."

He groaned, calling down some indistinguishable malediction upon himself.

(Continued on page 134)



The bull elephant
went down with
a mighty crash.

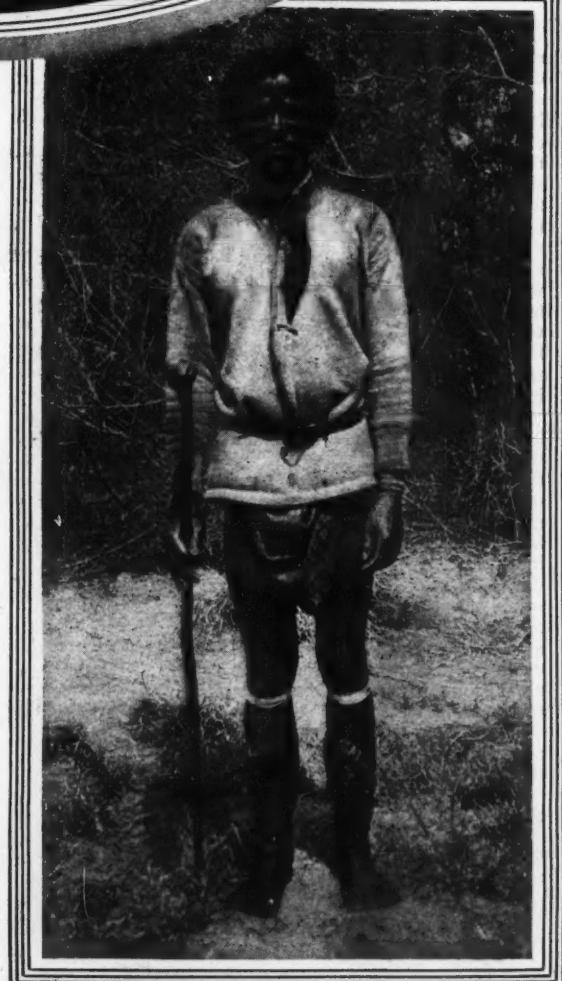
STALKING *Three Tons of* DEATH

The most dangerous beast in the world is also the biggest, and the craftiest—the elephant. In this thrilling article George Agnew Chamberlain makes his kill.

Illustrated with photographs taken by Charles Anderson Cass and the Author

To the restless spirit or even to that methodical activity which thinks it can get the most out of the passing hour only by being up and doing, the idleness which is almost inseparable from elephant hunting is extremely irksome. During the weeks preceding the establishment of the great camp at Gumbo there had been not a day and scarcely an hour when one could not slog with some definite object in view whenever the spirit moved and as long as flesh could stand the pace.

Both Cass and myself had been exceptionally diligent. As a result we had combed an enormous extent of country and practically completed our bag of all the possible antelope of the region. To be specific, he lacked only a bull eland and I a kudu. We had thus acquired a habit of packing the twelve hours of daylight chuck-full of action, and to Cass, at least, the sudden lull of patient waiting in camp for news of fresh elephant spoor came as an unwelcome revulsion. By nine o'clock of the first idle morning he was like an addict cut off from his daily allowance of snow.



A spoor scout before an elephant bush.

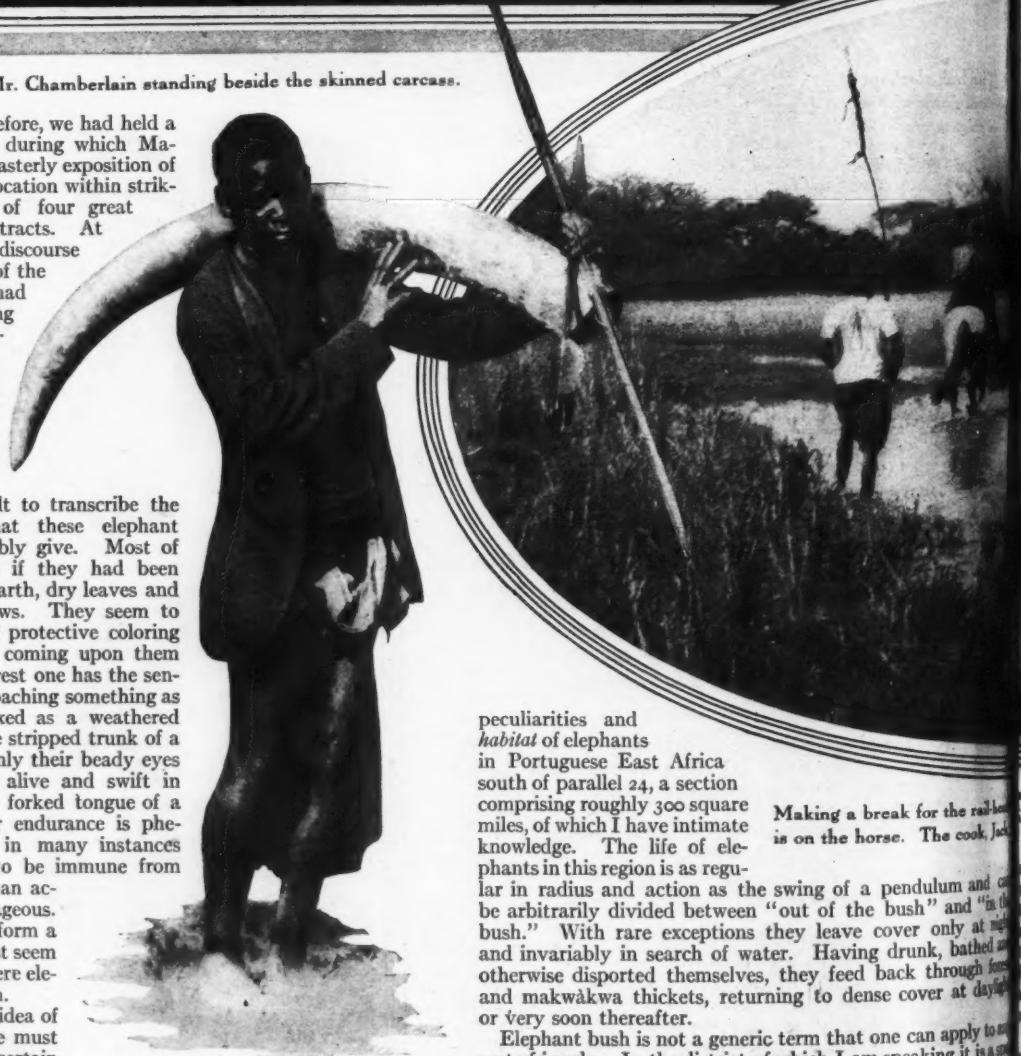


Mr. Chamberlain standing beside the skinned carcass.

The night before, we had held a mighty indaba during which Madaida gave a masterly exposition of our strategic location within striking distance of four great elephant-bush tracts. At the end of his discourse six local men of the forest who had been crouching near by, listening to every word that fell from his lips, were ordered forward to receive their instructions.

It is difficult to transcribe the impression that these elephant scouts invariably give. Most of them look as if they had been molded from earth, dry leaves and neutral shadows. They seem to belong back of protective coloring itself, so that coming upon them deep in the forest one has the sensation of approaching something as native and fixed as a weathered ant-hill or the stripped trunk of a dead tree. Only their beady eyes are burningly alive and swift in motion as the forked tongue of a snake. Their endurance is phenomenal and in many instances they appear to be immune from fear rather than actively courageous. They do not form a guild; they just seem to happen where elephants happen.

To form an idea of their work one must understand certain elemental factors connected with the



A carrier bringing in a tusk.

peculiarities and habitat of elephants in Portuguese East Africa south of parallel 24, a section comprising roughly 300 square miles, of which I have intimate knowledge. The life of elephants in this region is as regular in radius and action as the swing of a pendulum and can afford no

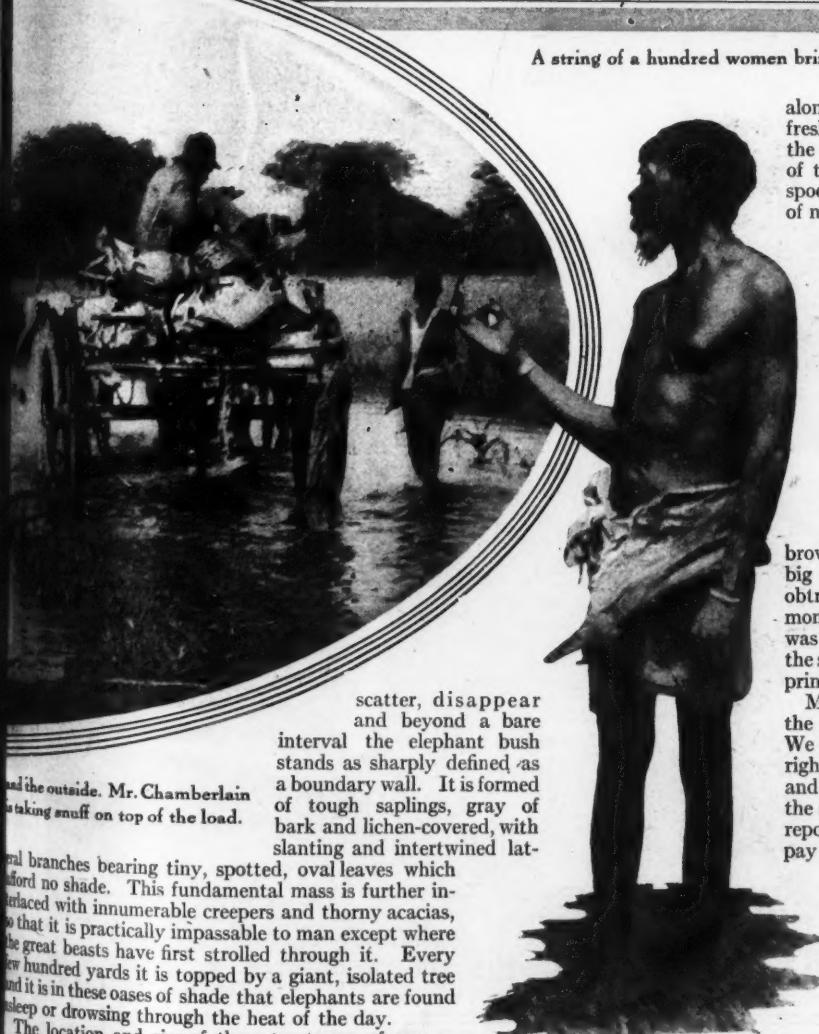
be arbitrarily divided between "out of the bush" and "in the bush." With rare exceptions they leave cover only at night to go to that it and invariably in search of water. Having drunk, bathed and otherwise disported themselves, they feed back through forest and makwâkwa thickets, returning to dense cover at daylight and it is in or very soon thereafter.

Elephant bush is not a generic term that one can apply to any sort of jungle. In the district of which I am speaking it is a specific growth which once seen and experienced is never forgotten. If approached through a forest, the great trees suddenly dwindle

Making a break for the rail-head and the out is on the horse. The cook, Jack



A string of a hundred women bringing in elephant meat.



scatter, disappear and beyond a bare interval the elephant bush stands as sharply defined as a boundary wall. It is formed of tough saplings, gray of bark and lichen-covered, with slanting and intertwined lat-

eral branches bearing tiny, spotted, oval leaves which afford no shade. This fundamental mass is further interlaced with innumerable creepers and thorny acacias, so that it is practically impassable to man except where the great beasts have first strolled through it. Every few hundred yards it is topped by a giant, isolated tree and it is in these oases of shade that elephants are found asleep or drowsing through the heat of the day. The location and size of these tracts are, of course, well known to the scouts. It is their duty to be at the edge of the bush at the first peep of dawn and to travel

We saw him hold up three fingers of his right hand.

along its margin until they come upon fresh spoor, either the outgoing spoor of the night before or the returning track of the morning. Having come upon the spoor, they must determine whether it is of males or females and, in the case of the former, decide if any of the bulls are worthy of the white man's attention. Having found a spoor to his satisfaction, the scout measures it, breaks a switch to show its exact longest diameter and hurries into camp with his news. If the hunter has grown restless and slipped away after reedbuck or guinea fowl for the larder, he misses a chance which may not reoccur for a month.

Our first day of waiting was a dead blank. The second was enlivened by the lion hunt. But on the third day, the most earthy of our brown men turned up with news of three big elephant. He slipped into camp unobtrusively and stood in silence for some moments beside Magudogudo, who, to us, was merely Cass's first tracker, but to the scout was hereditary chief, uncrowned prince of a long line of kings.

Magudogudo greeted him quietly and the man replied in the same low tone. We saw him hold up three fingers of his right hand, realized that he brought news and began to get excited, but not until the scout had finished every detail of his report did Magudogudo or his henchman pay the slightest heed to our summons.

Then they came to us, followed by Maoia, Madada, Bongo and a great troop of lesser hunting lights, and asked formally for an interpreter. We applied the Socratic method to determine the following points: the number of the elephants, the size of the spurs, for what bush they were headed, what time they had passed, and how long, by the sun,

Stalking Three Tons of Death

it had taken the scout to reach camp after his discovery.

While we talked, Edy and Mohamet wiped the grease out of the guns and stacked them, got out ammunition, prepared two pocket-lunches of biscuits and chocolate, filled the water canteens and ordered the horses. It was not until we were mounted and ready to start that Madada, bleary-eyed from a tremendous drunk in celebration of the death of the lion, announced that he could not possibly leave camp. His excuse was that he dared not trust the flaying and curing of the lion pelt to any other hands.

We did



Each hair at the end of the elephant's tail is prized as bringing more luck than a rabbit's foot.

.318 accelerated express, Cass's a .350 Rigby magnum, and behind the bearers of these came the usual string of retainers headed by the horseboys, Rungo and English.

A little before noon we came on the spoor and after the trackers had checked it up and found that the report brought in by the scout was true in all essentials, we dismounted to take up the trail of the three bulls, one of them an exceedingly large beast, judging by the size of his footprint, which measured twenty-three inches from toe to heel. It was a cloudy day and, as we struck into the bush a few drops of rain fell, dampening our spirits far more than they did the ground, because we knew that half an hour's downpour would ruin our chances.



Mr. Cass with his bull elephant. (In the circle) Another link in the dash for the rail-head—a flivver.

not attach any special importance to his defection, as during the indaba it had been announced that Cass was to have the first elephant. Such being the case, Magudogudo was to be the main tracker of the day and all other experts would act simply as his aids. Old Maoia, Madada's father, and in his own right the most famous elephant killer of the Panda country, stood ready to assume the post of chief adviser.

By ten o'clock we were off. In the van walked the little brown man who had brought in the news of the spoor. After him followed Magudogudo and Maoia, each carrying a glistening .470 double-barreled cordite elephant gun. Then came Cass mounted on Bertie and myself on Hawthorne. Behind us were the second guns, mine a

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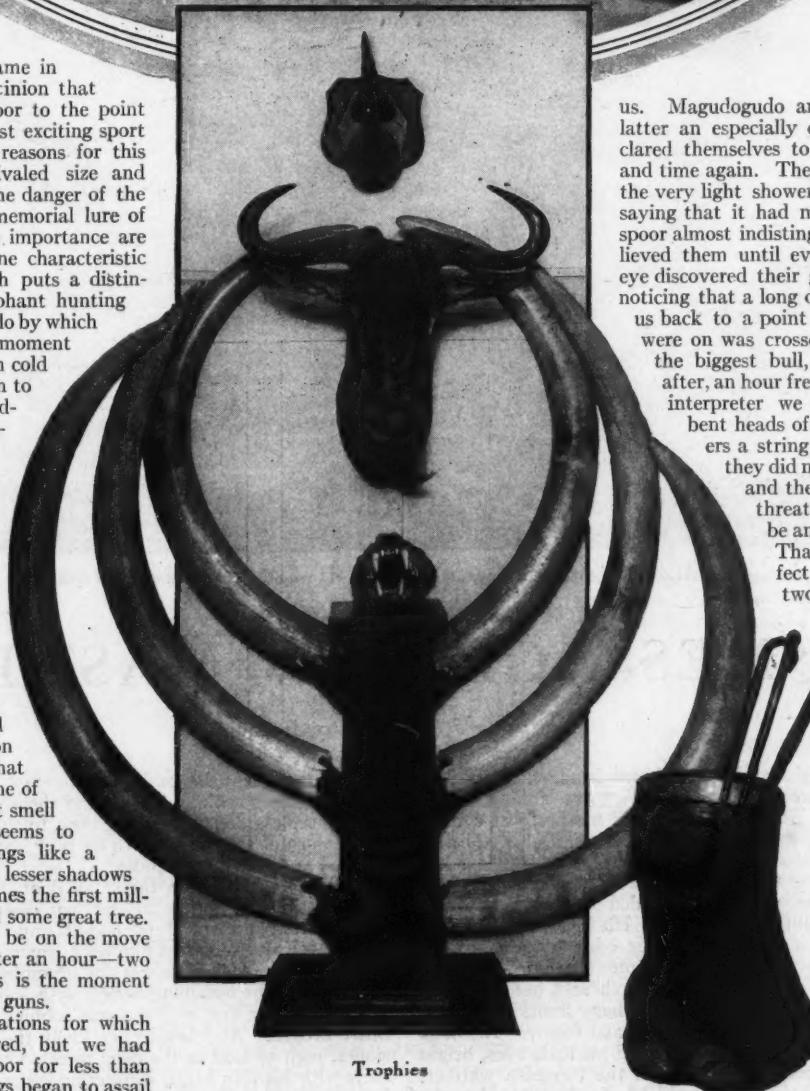


With the exception of leopard, I have hunted every species of dangerous game in Africa and it is my opinion that following elephant spoor to the point of encounter is the most exciting sport known to man. The reasons for this are many. The unrivaled size and power of the quarry, the danger of the enterprise and the immemorial lure of ivory are factors whose importance are self-evident, but the one characteristic above all others which puts a distinguishing stamp on elephant hunting is the measured crescendo by which one passes, moment by moment and hour by hour, from cold blood to warm and then to hot and finally to a sudden white blaze of internal turmoil.

Every stage in the emotional curve is ponderously marked. First the spoor, hours old but mighty, sets the note of the hunt. A torn bush, a felled tree a foot in diameter, a branch ripped from a breath-taking height, a shoulder-rub ten feet from the ground, lead one up and on through the diapason until one reaches what might be called the zone of presence. The pungent smell of the animal itself seems to assume body and hangs like a heavy cloud within the lesser shadows of the forest. Then comes the first milling of the beast around some great tree. The elephant may yet be on the move and the actual encounter an hour—two hours—away; but this is the moment for taking over the big guns.

Such were the sensations for which Cass had been prepared, but we had been on the actual spoor for less than an hour when misgivings began to assail

Packing up trophies for the long carry.



Trophies

us. Magudogudo and old Maoia, the latter an especially expert tracker, declared themselves to be at a loss time and time again. They laid the blame to the very light shower which had fallen, saying that it had made old and fresh spoor almost indistinguishable. We believed them until even my amateurish eye discovered their gross negligence by noticing that a long detour had brought us back to a point where the trail we were on was crossed by the spoor of the biggest bull, the one we were after, an hour fresher. Through the interpreter we loosed upon the bent heads of the two old trackers a string of epithets which they did not mind in the least and then mocked them by threatening to put Quambe and Five in the lead. That insult had its effect, but even so, the two famous hunters seemed to work reluctantly and with a hang-dog air so different from their usual keenness that we were even more puzzled than annoyed.

There is no telling what subterfuge they would have brought into play had not the silence been pierced by the squeal of an elephant off to the left. Abandoning the spoor against every rule. (*Continued on page 142*)



After the lightning flashes, when the world was darkest, Peter could hear only the stumbling tread of

A MESSAGE to his MASTER

Illustrations by Walt Louderback

IN Peter's scraggly and undeveloped head, with its bristling mop of Airedale whiskers and its two cranium bumps inherited from his Mackenzie hound mother, was a brain as keenly alive tonight as the lightning flashes splitting the blackness of the storm-filled sky. Peter, who was four and a half months old, was the product of a strange adventure, the physical aftermath of what blue-blooded dog fanciers would have called an undoubted *mésalliance*. His high-toned Airedale father, coming from a great city to the edge of the Canadian wilderness, had met his big-footed, soft-throated Mackenzie hound mother, down from out of the North with her half-breed master—and Peter was the result. The bony knobs of the pup were still in his tail. His ears were limp and flappy. His body was angular, his feet big and clumsy, and his little eyes, bright as garnets, were almost hidden behind the trampish whiskers he had inherited. These eyes were like fire as he listened to the

swirl of storm and the crash of thunder over the roof of the little old Missioner's cabin. And behind them was his brain, equally alive, sleepless and vaguely fighting to understand the strange happenings of this night, with its inky darkness and its tumult of wind and rain and thunder.

His eyes were still on the cabin door, through which, a few minutes ago, his outlaw master had disappeared in the black chaos of rain and wind. He had attempted to follow, but Jolly Roger McKay had thrust him back, commanding him to remain with the girl. And Nada was still crumpled with her head in her arms, where she had-flung herself with Jolly Roger's last kiss of worship on her lips, and she was sobbing like a child with its heart broken. And beside her knelt the little old gray Missioner, man of God in the deep forest, who stroked her shining curls with his thin hand, whispering courage and consolation to her, with the wind and rain beating overhead and the windows



her feet behind him. Nada must reach Jolly Roger!

—and how Peter carried it toward The Country Beyond, as told with a heart-tug
by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

rattling to the accompaniment of ghostly voices that shrieked and wailed in the treetops outside.

Peter trembled at the sobbing, and he whimpered softly under his breath, but his heart and his desire were with the man who had gone. He loved the girl who was crumpled beside the chair in the middle of the floor. He had played with her, and had lived with her, and had fought for her. And because of that first puppyish fight, when he had buried his sharp little teeth in the naked flesh of Jed Hawkins, her one-eyed foster-father, he would always bear his twisted shoulder and the limp in his gait. Three people stood out above all others in his world, Nada, and Jed Hawkins and Jolly Roger the outlaw. In his unreasoning little soul it was Jed Hawkins who was rattling the windows with his unseen hands and who was pounding at the door with the wind, and who was filling the black night with its menace and fear. He hated this man, who lay back in the trail with his lifeless face

turned up to the deluge that poured out of the sky. And he was afraid of the man, even as he hated him, and he believed that Nada was afraid of him, and that because of her fear she was crying there in the middle of the floor, with the little old Missioner patting her shoulder and stroking her hair, and saying things to her which he could not understand. He wanted to go to her. He wanted to feel himself close against her, as Nada had held him so often in those hours when she had unburdened her grief and her unhappiness to him. But even stronger than this desire was the one to follow his master, Jolly Roger McKay.

He went to the door, and thrust his nose against the crack at the bottom of it. He felt the fierceness of the wind fighting to break in, and the broken mist of it filled his nostrils. But there came no scent of Jolly Roger McKay. For a moment he struggled at the crack with his paws. Then he flopped himself down, his heart beating fast, and fixed his eyes inquiringly on Nada and the Missioner.

His four and a half months of life in the big wildness, and his weeks of constant comradeship with Jolly Roger, had developed in him a brain that was older than his body. No process of reasoning could impinge upon him the fact that his master was an outlaw, but with the swift experiences of tragedy and hiding and never ceasing caution had come instinctive processes which had told him almost as much as reason. He knew that something was wrong tonight. It was in the air. He breathed it. It thrilled in the crash of thunder, in the lightning fire, in the mighty hands of the wind rocking the cabin and straining at the windows. And vaguely the knowledge gripped him that the dead man back in the trail was responsible for it all, and that because of this something that had happened his mistress was crying and his master was gone. And he believed that he should also have gone with Jolly Roger into the blackness and mystery of the storm, to fight with him against the one creature in all the world he hated—the dead man who lay back in the thickness of gloom between the forest walls.

And the little old Missioner was saying to Nada, in a quiet, calm voice out of which the tragedies of years had burned all excitement and passion:

"God will forgive him, my child. In His mercy He will forgive Roger McKay, because he killed Jed Hawkins to save you. But man will not forgive. The law has been hunting him because he is an outlaw, and to outlawry he has added what the law will call murder. But God will not look at it in that way. He will look into the heart of the man, the man who sacrificed himself—"

And then, fiercely, Nada struck up the Missioner's comforting hand, and Peter saw her young face white as star dust in the lampglow.

"I don't care what God thinks," she cried passionately. "God didn't do right today. Mister Roger told me everything, that he was an outlaw, an' I oughtn't to marry him. But I didn't care. I loved him. I could hide with him. An' we was coming to have you marry us tonight when God let Jed Hawkins drag me away, to sell me to a man over on the railroad—an' it was God who let Mister Roger go back and kill him. I tell you He didn't

A Message to his Master

do right! He didn't—he didn't—because Mister Roger brought me the first happiness I ever knew, an' I loved him, an' he loved me—an' God was wicked to let him kill Jed Hawkins—"

Her voice cried out, a woman's soul broken in a girl's body, and Peter whimpered and watched the Missioner as he raised Nada to her feet and went with her into his bedroom, where a few minutes before he had lighted a lamp. And Peter crept in quietly after them, and when the Missioner had gone and closed the door, leaving them alone in their tragedy, Nada seemed to see him for the first time and slowly she reached out her arms.

"Peter!" she whispered. "Peter—Peter—"

In the minutes that followed, Peter could feel her heart beating. Clutched against her breast he looked up at the white, beautiful face, the trembling throat, the wide-open blue eyes staring at the one black window between them and the outside night. A lull had come in the storm. It was a quiet and ominous stillness, and the ticking of a clock, old and gray like the Missioner himself, filled the room. And Nada, seated on the edge of the Missioner's bed, no longer looked like the young girl of "seventeen goin' on eighteen." That afternoon, in the hidden jackpine open, with its sweet-scented jasmines, its violets and its crimson strawberries under their feet, the soul of a woman had taken possession of her body. In that hour the first happiness of her life had come to her. She had heard Jolly Roger McKay tell her those things which she already knew—that he was an outlaw, and that he was hiding down here on the near-edge of civilization because the Royal Mounted were after him farther north—and that he was not fit to love her, and that it was a crime to let her love him. It was then the soul of the woman had come to her in all its triumph. She had made her choice, definitely and decisively, without hesitation and without fear. And now, as she stared unseeingly at the window against which the rain was beating, the woman in her girlish body rose in her mightier than in the hour of her happiness, fighting to find a way—crying out for the man she loved.

Her mind swept back in a single flash through all the years she had lived, through her years of unhappiness and torment as the foster-girl of Jed Hawkins and his broken, beaten wife; through summers and winters that had seemed ages to her, eternities of desolation, of heartache, of loneliness, with the big wilderness her one friend on earth. As the window rattled in a fresh blast of storm, she thought of the day months ago when she had accidentally stumbled upon the hiding place of Roger McKay. Since that day he had been her God, and she had lived in a paradise. He had been father, mother, brother, and at last—what she most yearned for—a lover to her. And this day, when for the first time he had held her in his arms, when the happiness of all the earth reached out to them, God had put it into Jed Hawkins' heart to destroy her—and Jolly Roger had killed him!

With a sharp little cry she sprang to her feet, so suddenly that Peter fell with a thump to the floor. He looked up at her, puzzled, his jaws half agape. She was breathing quickly. Her slender body was quivering. The thick, radiant mass of brown curls which Jolly Roger had worshiped fell in a disheveled glory about her arms and shoulders. Suddenly she swept them back from her face, and Peter saw the violent fire in her eyes and the flame that was rushing into her white cheeks. Then she turned to him, and panted in a wild little whisper, so low that the Missioner could not hear:

"Peter, I was wrong. God wasn't wicked to let Mister Roger kill Jed Hawkins. He oughta been killed. An' God meant him to be killed. Peter—Peter—we don't care if he's an outlaw! We're goin' with him. We're goin'—goin'—"

She sprang to the window, and Peter was at her heels as she strained at it with all her strength; and he could hear her sobbing: "We're goin' with him, Peter. We're goin'—if we die for it!"

An inch at a time she pried the window up. The storm beat in. A gust of wind blew out the light, but in the last flare of it Nada saw a knife in an Eskimo sheath hanging on the wall. She groped for it, and clutched it in her hand as she climbed through the window and dropped to the soggy ground beneath. In a single leap Peter followed her. Blackness swallowed them as they turned toward the trail leading north—the only trail which Jolly Roger could travel on a night like this. They heard the voice of the Missioner calling from the window behind them. Then a crash of thunder set the earth rolling under their feet and the lull in the storm came to an end. The sky split open with the vivid fire of lightning. The trees wailed and whined, the rain fell again in a smothering deluge, and through it Nada ran, gripping the knife as her one defense against the demons of darkness—and always close at her side ran Peter.

He could not see her in that pitchy blackness, except when

the lightning flashes came. Then she was like a ghostly wraith, with drenched clothes clinging to her until she seemed scarcely dressed, her wet hair streaming and her wide, staring eyes looking straight ahead. After the lightning flashes, when the world was darkest, he could hear the stumbling tread of her feet and the panting of her breath, and now and then the swish of brush as it struck across her face and breast. The rain had washed away the scent of his master's feet, but he knew they were following Jolly Roger, and that the girl was running to overtake him. In him was the desire to rush ahead, to travel faster through the night, but Nada's stumbling feet and her panting breath and the strange white pictures he saw of her when the sky split open with fire held him back. Something told him Nada must reach Jolly Roger. And he was afraid she would stop. He wanted to bark to give her encouragement, as he had often barked in their playful races in the green plainlands on the farther side of Cragg's Ridge. But the rain choked him. It beat down upon him with the weight of heavy hands, it slushed up into his face from pools in the trail and drove the breath from him when he attempted to open his jaws. So he ran close—so close that at times Nada felt the touch of his body against her.

In these first minutes of her fight to overtake the man she loved Nada heard but one voice—a voice crying out from her heart and brain and soul, a voice rising above the tumult of thunder and wind, urging her on, whipping the strength from her frail body in pitiless exhortation. Jolly Roger was less than half an hour ahead of her. And she must overtake him—quickly—before the forests swallowed him, before he was gone from her life forever.

The wall of blackness against which she ran did not frighten her. When the brush tore at her face and hair she swung free of it, and stumbled on. Twice she ran blindly into broken trees that lay across her path, and dragged her bruised body through their twisted tops, moaning to Peter and clutching tightly to the sheathed knife in her hand. And the wild spirits that possessed the night seemed to gather about her, and over her, exulting in the helplessness of their victim, shrieking in weird and savage joy at the discovery of this human plaything struggling against their might. Never had Peter heard thunder as he heard it now. It rocked the earth under his feet. It filled the world with a ceaseless rumble, and the lightning came like flashes from swift-loading guns, and with it all a terrific assault of wind and rain that at last drove Nada down in a crumpled heap, panting for breath, with hands groping out wildly for him.

Peter came to them, sodden and shivering. His warm tongue found the palm of her hand, and for a space Nada hugged him close to her, while she bowed her head until her drenched curls became a part of the mud and water of the trail. Peter could hear her sobbing for breath. And then suddenly there came a change. The thunder was sweeping eastward. The lightning was going with it. The wind died out in wailing sobs among the treetops, and the rain fell straight down. Swiftly as its fury had come, the July storm was passing. And Nada staggered to her feet again and went on.

Her mind began to react with the lessening of the storm, dragging itself out quickly from under the oppression of fear and shock. She began to reason, and with that reason the beginning of faith and confidence gave her new strength. She knew that Jolly Roger would take this trail, for it was the one trail leading from the Missioner's cabin through the thick forest country north. And in half an hour he would not travel far. The thrilling thought came to her that possibly he had sought shelter in the lee of a big tree trunk during the fury of the storm. If he had done that he would be near, very near. She paused in the trail and gathered her breath, and cried out his name. Three times she called it, and only the low whine in Peter's throat came in answer. Twice again during the next ten minutes she cried out as loudly as she could into the darkness. And still no answer came back to her through the gloom ahead.

The trail had dipped, and she felt the deepening slush of swamp-mire under her feet. She sank in it to her shoetops, and stumbled into pools knee-deep, and Peter wallowed in it to his belly. A quarter of an hour they fought through it to the rising ground beyond. And by that time the last of the black storm clouds had passed overhead. The rain had ceased. The rumble of thunder came more faintly. There was no lightning, and the treetops began to whisper softly, as if rejoicing in the passing of the wind. About them—everywhere—they could hear the run and drip of water, the weeping of the drenched trees, the gurgle of flooded pools, and the trickle of tiny rivulets that splashed about their feet. Through a rift in the breaking clouds overhead came a passing flash of the moon.



She had made her choice for the man she loved. In her girl's body now exulted the soul of a woman.

"We'll find him now, Peter," moaned the girl. "We'll find him—now. He can't be very far ahead—"

And Peter waited, holding his breath, listening for an answer to the cry that went out for Jolly Roger McKay.

The glory of July midnight, with a round, full moon straight overhead, followed the stress of storm. The world had been lashed and inundated, every tree whipped of its rot and slag, every blade of grass and flower washed clean. Out of the earth rose sweet smells of growing life, the musky fragrance of deep moss and needle-mold, and through the clean air drifted faintly the aroma of cedar and balsam and the subtle tang of unending canopies and glistening tapestries of evergreen breathing into the night. The deep forest seemed to tremble with the presence

of an invisible and mysterious life—life that was still, yet wide-awake, breathing, watchful, drinking in the rejuvenating tonic of the air which had so quietly followed thunder and lightning and the roar of wind and rain. And the moon, like a queen who had so ordered these things, looked down in a mighty triumph. Her radiance, without dust or fog or forest smoke to impede its way, was like the mellow glow of half-day. It streamed through the treetops in paths of gold and silver, throwing dark shadows where it failed to penetrate, and gathering in wide pools where its floods poured through broad rifts in the roofs of the forest. And the trail, leading north, was like a river of shimmering silver, splitting the wilderness from earth to sky.

In this trail, clearly made in the wet soil, were Jolly Roger's



footprints, and in a wider space, where at some time a trapper had cleared himself a spot for his tepee or shack, Jolly Roger had paused to rest after his fight through the storm—and had then continued on his way. And into this clearing, three hours after they left the Missioner's cabin, came Nada and Peter.

They came slowly, the girl a slim wraith in the moonlight; in the open they stood for a moment, and Peter's heart weighed heavily within him as his mistress cried out once more for Jolly Roger McKay. Her voice rose only in a sob, and ended in a sob. The last of her strength was gone. Her little figure swayed, and her face was white and haggard, and in her drawn lips and staring eyes was the agony of despair. She had lost, and she knew that she had lost as she crumpled down in the trail, crying out sobbingly to the footprints which led so clearly ahead of her.

"Peter, I can't go on," she moaned. "I can't—go on—"

Her hands clutched at her breast. Peter saw the glint of moonlight on the ivory sheath of the Eskimo knife, and he saw her white face turned up to the sky—and also that her lips were moving, but he did not hear his name come from them, or any other sound. He whined, and foot by foot began to nose along the trail on the scent left by Jolly Roger. It was very clear to his nostrils, and it thrilled him. He looked back, and again he whined his encouragement to the girl.

"Peter!" she called. "Peter!"

He returned to her. She had drawn the knife out of its scabbard, and the cold steel glistened in her hand. Her eyes were shining, and she reached out and clutched Peter close up against her, so that he could hear the choke and throb of her heart.

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" she panted. "If you could only talk! If you could run and catch Mister Roger, an' tell him I'm here, an' that he must come back—"

She hugged him closer. He sensed the sudden thrill that leapt through her body.

"Peter," she whispered, "will you do it?"

For a few moments she did not seem to breathe. Then he heard a quick little cry, a sob of inspiration and hope, and her arms came from about him, and he saw the knife flashing in the yellow moonlight.

He did not understand, but he knew that he must watch her carefully. She had bent her head, and her hair, nearly dry, glowed softly in the face of the moon. Her hands were fumbling in the disheveled ripples and curls, and Peter saw the knife flash back and forth, and heard the cut of it, and then he saw that in her hand she held a thick brown tress of hair that she had severed from her head. He was puzzled. And Nada dropped the knife, and his curiosity increased when she tore a great piece out of her tattered dress, and carefully wrapped the tress of hair in it. Then she drew him to her again, and tied the knotted fold of dress securely about his neck; after that she tore other strips

from her dress, and wound them about his neck until he felt muffled and half smothered.

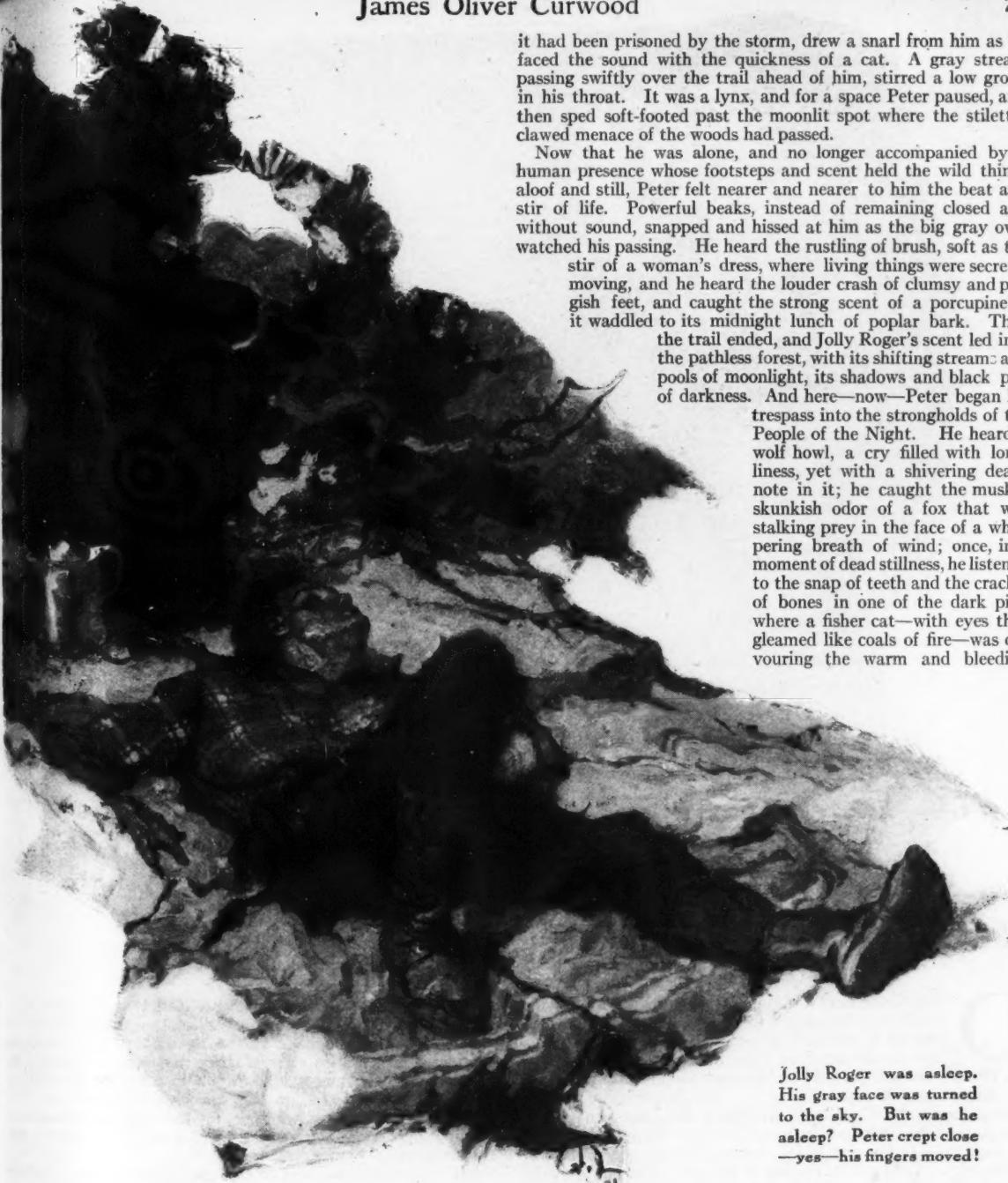
And all the time she was talking to him in a half sobbing, excited little voice, and the blood in Peter's body ran swifter, and the strange thrill in him was greater. When she had finished she rose to her feet, and stood there swaying back and forth, like one of the spruce-top shadows, while she pointed up the moonlit trail.

"Go, Peter!" she cried softly. "Quick! Follow him, Peter—catch him—bring him back! Mister Roger—Jolly Roger—go, Peter! Go—go—go—"

It was strange to Peter. But he was beginning to understand. He sniffed in Jolly Roger's footprints, and then he looked up quickly, and saw that it had pleased the girl. She was urging him on. He sniffed from one footprint to another, and Nada clapped her hands and cried out that he was right—for him to hurry—hurry—

Impulse, thought, swiftly growing knowledge of something to be done thrilled in his brain. Nada wanted him to go. She wanted him to go to Jolly Roger. And she had put something round his neck which she wanted him to take with him. He whined eagerly, a bit excitedly. Then he began to trot. Instinctively it was his test. She did not call him back. He flattened his ears, listening for her command to return, but it did not come. And then the thrill in him leapt over all other things. He was right. He was not abandoning Nada. He was not running away. She wanted him to go!

The night swallowed him. He became a part of the yellow floods of its moonlight, a part of its shifting shadows, a part of its stillness, its mystery, its promise of impending things. He knew that grim and terrible happenings had come with the storm, and he still sensed the nearness of tragedy in this night world through which he was passing. He did not go swiftly, yet he went three times as fast as the girl and he had traveled together. He was cautious and watchful, and at intervals he stopped and listened, and swallowed hard to keep the whine of eagerness out of his throat. Now that he was alone every instinct in him was keyed to the pulse and beat of life about him. He knew the Night People of the deep forests were awake. Softly padded, clawed, sharp-beaked and feathered—the prowlers of darkness were on the move. With the stillness of shadows they were stealing through the moonlit corridors of the wilderness, or hovering



it had been prisoned by the storm, drew a snarl from him as he faced the sound with the quickness of a cat. A gray streak, passing swiftly over the trail ahead of him, stirred a low growl in his throat. It was a lynx, and for a space Peter paused, and then sped soft-footed past the moonlit spot where the stiletto-clawed menace of the woods had passed.

Now that he was alone, and no longer accompanied by a human presence whose footsteps and scent held the wild things aloof and still, Peter felt nearer and nearer to him the beat and stir of life. Powerful beaks, instead of remaining closed and without sound, snapped and hissed at him as the big gray owls watched his passing. He heard the rustling of brush, soft as the stir of a woman's dress, where living things were secretly moving, and he heard the louder crash of clumsy and pig-gish feet, and caught the strong scent of a porcupine as it waddled to its midnight lunch of poplar bark. Then the trail ended, and Jolly Roger's scent led into the pathless forest, with its shifting streams and pools of moonlight, its shadows and black pits of darkness. And here—now—Peter began his

trespass into the strongholds of the People of the Night. He heard a wolf howl, a cry filled with loneliness, yet with a shivering death note in it; he caught the musky, skunkish odor of a fox that was stalking prey in the face of a whispering breath of wind; once, in a moment of dead stillness, he listened to the snap of teeth and the crackle of bones in one of the dark pits, where a fisher cat—with eyes that gleamed like coals of fire—was devouring the warm and bleeding

Jolly Roger was asleep.
His gray face was turned
to the sky. But was he
asleep? Peter crept close
—yes—his fingers moved!

gray-winged and ghostly in the ambuscades of the treetops, eager to waylay and kill, hungering for the flesh and blood of creatures weaker than themselves. Peter knew. Both heritage and experience warned him. And he watched the shadows, and sniffed the air, and kept his fangs half bared and ready as he followed the trail of Jolly Roger McKay.

He was not stirred by the impulse of adventure alone. Without the *finesse* of what man might charitably call reason in a beast, he had sensed a responsibility. It was present in the closely drawn strips of faded cloth about his neck. It was, in a way, a part of the girl herself, a part of her flesh and blood, a part of her spirit—something vital to her and dependent upon him. He was ready to guard it with every instinct of caution and every ounce of courage there was in him. And to protect it meant to fight. That was the first law of his breed, the primal warning which came to him through the red blood of many generations of wilderness forefathers. So he listened, and he watched, and his blood pounded hot in his veins as he followed the footprints in the trail. A bit of brush, swinging suddenly free from where

carcass of a mother partridge. And beaks snapped at him more menacingly as he went on, and gray shapes floated over his head, and now and then he heard the cries of dying things—the agonized squeak of a wood mouse, the cry of a day-bird torn from its sleeping place by a sinuous, beady-eyed creature of fur and claw, the noisy screaming of a rabbit swooped upon and pierced to the vitals by one of the gray-feathered pirates of the air. And then, squarely in the center of a great pool of moonlight, Peter came upon a monster. It was a bear, a huge mother bear, with two butter-fat cubs wrestling and rolling in the moonglow. Peter had never seen a bear. But the mother, who raised her brown nose suddenly from the cool mold out of which she had been digging lily bulbs, had seen dogs. She had seen many dogs, and she had heard their howl, and she knew that always they traveled with man. She gave a deep, chesty sniff, and close after that sniff a *whoof* that startled the cubs like the lashing end of a whip. They rolled to her, and with two cuffs of the mother's huge paws they were headed in the right direction, and all three crashed off into darkness.

(Continued on page 140)



They were not on the road, but
floating a little above it.

The last—and most gripping—instalment of

The Empty Sack

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

DURING the next few months, the necessity for bracing Teddy and his sisters to meet Fate threw Bob Collingham's personal preoccupations more and more into the background. All that was implied by the fact that Jennie was his wife and he was her husband went into this single supreme task.

Habit came to his aid by fitting them all to the situation as though they had never been in any other. They grew used to the fact that Teddy was in jail, and might come out of it only by one exit. Teddy grew used to it himself. The family, once more at Marillo, grew used to the odd arrangement by which Bob and Jennie worked together and lived apart. The Collinghams grew used to the thought of the Folletts, and the Folletts to that of the Collinghams.

"You get used to anything," Junia commented to her husband, as one who has made a new discovery. "It seems to me as if Edith's living in that flat on Cathedral Heights and keeping only one maid is all I'd ever dreamed for her."

To Bob, this wonting of the mind was the easier because Wray stayed in California, his absence making it possible to leave in abeyance the subjects that couldn't yet be touched upon.

The first chance of fortifying the three girls seemed to present itself on a night in that autumn when it was still warm enough to sit on the screened piazza. His car was as usual before the door, and in an hour or so he would be making his way to Marillo. As he had returned to his work at the bank, his spare time was now in the evenings.

"If you want to do something for me, Gladys, there's a way."

He said this in reply to an aspiration of all three, in which the youngest sister had been spokesman.

Gladys's voice was eager and affectionate.

"What way, Bob? Tell us. We'll do anything."

Smoothing Pansy's back as she lay on his crossed knees, he considered how best to make it clear. Gladys sat close to him, as the one who most easily took him fraternally. Gussie, in whom he stirred an unusual self-consciousness, kept herself more aloof. Altogether in the shadow, Jennie was seemingly withdrawn, and yet more intensely aware of him than anyone.

"It's this way," he tried to explain. "Living is like climbing a mountainside. You drag yourself up to a ledge where you can stand and take breath, and feel that you've reached somewhere. Then, just as you think that you can camp there and be comfortable for the rest of your life, you find yourself summoned to move to the next ledge higher up. At that, some of us get discouraged; some fall off and go down; but most of us brace ourselves for another great big test. Do you see?"

Gladys answered doubtfully,

"I see—a little."

"Well then, the thing we need for the test is pluck, isn't it?"

Gussie spoke dreamily.

"We need pluck for everything."

"So we do; and I often think that we don't make enough of it. Pluck is different from courage, because it's—how shall I say?—it's a little more cheery and intimate. Courage is like a Sunday suit that you wear for big occasions; but pluck is your every-day clothes, which you need all the time and feel easy in. Courage is noble and heroic—something we'd be shy about claiming. Pluck is the courage of the common man, which anyone can feel he has a right to."

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Bob jammed on his emergency brake
but they stood facing him.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Life is like climbing a mountain. You drag yourself to a ledge, and just as you get comfortable you find you have to struggle on to the next ledge higher. Some of us get tired and fall off—but most of us make the test. This, in essence, is the philosophy which caps this remarkable novel by BASIL KING

"I can't," Gussie confessed. "I'm the awfulest coward." With this Gladys agreed.

"Yes, Gus is a regular scarecat. I'm not afraid of hardly anything."

"We're all cowards in our way; but we could all be plucky when we mightn't like to call ourselves brave. Do you get what I mean?" Gladys made a sound of assent which seemed to answer for all three. "Well, what I'm trying to say is this: That the time has come when we're all being summoned—you three—and me—and Teddy—and all of us—to pull up to another ledge. It's going to be tough, but we can make up our minds that we can go through with it. I don't mean just knowing that we *must* go through with it, but knowing that we *can*."

There was silence for the two or three minutes, during which the girls thought this over.

"You said," Gladys reasoned, "that it was something we could do for you. I don't see—"

"You'd do it for me, because it's easier to pull with strong people rather than with weak ones. You see, this is something which no one of us can meet alone; we must all meet it together, and the stronger each of us is the stronger we all are. Being strong is a matter of knowing that you're strong, just as being weak is the same. If I was sure that none of you was going to break down, I could be stronger myself, and we could all buck up Teddy."

After another brief silence, Gladys sighed.

"All the same, it would be terrible—if they did anything to him."

"Not more terrible than what millions of sisters faced in the last few years, with their brothers blown to bits. They were able to bear it by getting the idea that they could."

Jennie spoke for the first time.

"Ah, but that was glory, and this is disgrace."

"Then it calls for more pluck—that's all. The test comes to one in one way and to another in another. Real glory is in meeting it."

It was still Jennie who urged the difficulties.

"But when it's the hardest test that ever comes to anyone in the world!"

"Why, then, it's pluck, and pluck again, and still more pluck. It is the hardest test that ever comes to anyone in the world. It's harder than when women hear their boys are missing, and never know what becomes of them; and that's pretty hard. But, Jennie, hard things are the making of us, and if we come through the hardest test in the world and still keep our kindlier feelings and our common sense, why, then, we come out pretty strong, don't we?"

Jennie said no more. She liked to have him talk to them in this way. It took for granted that they were worth talking to, and to become worth talking to had been a secret aim since the day when she first learned the value of pictures and books. A good many times she had stolen in to confer with the genial custodian at the Metropolitan; a good many volumes she had hidden in her room to study after she went to bed. She had proved to herself that she had a mind; and now Bob was hinting at unknown resources of strength. It nerved her; it put new heart in her. Having always been taught to consider herself weak, the suggestion that she could come through her test victoriously—that she could help him and Gussie and Gladys and Teddy and her mother to do the same—thrilled her like a sudden revelation.

To Bob himself, the theme was not a new one, though it was

The Empty Sack

the first time he had ever got any of it into words. He had been mulling over it and round it ever since the war first called him from a state of mental lethargy. Needing then a clue to life, he had cast about him without finding one. Neither Groton nor Harvard had ever given him anything he could seize. His parents hadn't given him anything, nor had their religion. Mentally, he had gone to France much as a jellyfish puts to sea, to be tossed about without volition of its own, and get its support from the food that drifts its way. Nothing much had drifted his way till he found himself in the hospital.

There, in the long, empty days and sleepless nights, the "why" of things played in and out of his brain like a devil's tattoo. He hated to think that all he had witnessed was futility and waste, and yet no explanation that anyone gave him made it seem otherwise. The question of suffering was the one that most perplexed him. What was the good of it? Why had it to be? Even the agony of his slashed head and crushed foot was almost beyond bearing; and what was that in comparison with all the pain, physical and emotional, at that minute in the world? What was the idea? How did it get you anywhere?

In as far as he received an answer, it came one night when he waked from a light doze. He waked repeating certain words which he recognized as vaguely familiar:

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

He said them over two or three times before getting their significance.

"That's it," he thought then. "That's why we have to go through all this rumpus. 'Thou therefore endure hardness! Endure it! Accept it! Rub it in! That's it, by gum!' The expletive was the strongest in which his feeble state allowed him to indulge; but he continu'd: "That's what's the matter with me. I'm not hard. I'm soft. I'm soft inside. In my mind, in my heart, I'm like putty, like dough. It isn't that I'm tender; I'm just soft. If I've ever had to bear anything hard, I've kicked like the dickens; and that's why I'm such an ass now. 'Thou therefore endure hardness!' I'll be hanged if I won't try."

So the trying came to be a kind of religion—not a very vital religion, or one as to which he was very keen, and yet a religion. During the winter he was seeing Jennie, and the spring he married her, and the summer he spent in South America, he had fumbled with it without getting hold of it. Not till he began his strivings with Teddy, and his efforts to divert the minds of Teddy's family, did it grow sharply defined to his vision as a way of life.

Perhaps it was Teddy who taught him. Perhaps they mutually taught each other. He couldn't tell. He only became aware that something was working in the boy like the might of the spirit in the inner man. Possibly Teddy was learning more quickly than himself because his lessons were more intensive.

He noticed this first on the day when he went, at the lawyer's suggestion, to back up the argument that to plead guilty was the only hope.

"I've done all I can with him," Stenhouse declared. "Now it's up to you. He thinks you're God; and so you may have some influence."

"But I never will," Teddy answered coolly. "I'd never have done society—as the chaplain calls it—any harm if society

hadn't done me harm to begin with. I may be guilty in the second place, but society is guilty in the first, and no one will make me say anything different from that."

"That's all very well, Teddy; but society won't accept the plea."

"Then it can do the other thing."

Bob's tone became significant.

"And you realize what—what the other thing might be?"

"You bet I do! You can't live in Murderers' Row without having that rubbed into you."

They talked softly, in a corner of the visitors' room, because other little groups were scattered about, each centering round some sullen, swarthy man, wreathed in mystery and darkness.

"That's all right, old chap," Bob agreed; "but you see, don't you, that it's only a stand for an idea?"

"It's a stand for telling the truth, isn't it?"

"The truth—as you see it?"

"The truth as it is—as I'm willing to bank on it."

"Banking on it in a way that—that may call for a great deal of pluck."

"Well, I've got a great deal of pluck."

"Yes—if you've got enough. It's one thing to say so now, and another to prove it when the time comes."

In his suppressed vehemence, Teddy grasped Bob's wrist, as the hands of both lay on the small table above which their heads came together.

"I've got the pluck for anything but to go before their court and say what you want me to say. I took the money because my father and mother, after slaving for society all their lives,

had a right to it; I shot a man because they'd got me so jumpy with all the wrongs they'd done me that I didn't know what my hand was up to. If they won't let me have my kind of justice, they'll just have to dope me out their own, and I'll swallow it."

Another conversation, in the same spot, and with heads together in the same way, was gentler.

"I know pretty well what they're going to hand me out—and it'll be all right. What kind of life would I have now, even if they acquitted me? What could I have had even if I'd never got into this scrape at all? I'm not cut out for big things. I'm just the same size as poor old dad, and I'd have gone the same way. Ma's got it straight—it's not good enough. Think of rotting in an office all your life just to reach the gorgeous sum of forty-five a week, and when you've got it to be chucked into the hell of the unemployed! Say, Bob, why can't everyone have enough in a world where there's plenty to go round?"

"I guess it's because we haven't the right kind of world."

"But why haven't we? We've been at it long enough."

"Perhaps not. That may be where the trouble lies.

When life came on this planet to begin with, it took millions of years to get it anywhere. Nobody knows how long it was before the thing that lived in the water could creep on the land; but it was time to be reckoned by ages. When you come to ages, the human race is young. It's made a life for itself which it doesn't know how to swing. In a few more ages it may learn; but it hasn't learned as yet."

Teddy reflected.



"There it is, Bob." "Yes, there it is again, Jennie. Look!"

"So you've just got to take it as it is."

"That seems to be the number. We may kick because it isn't perfect, but we don't know how to make it perfect, and that's all there is to say."

"It's easier for your kind to say than for ours."

"It's not as easy as it seems for any kind. I don't see any one, rich or poor, who hasn't to spend most of his energy in bucking up. The poor think it's easier for the rich, because they have the money; and the rich think it's easier for the poor, because they haven't the responsibilities. So there you are. I begin to think that making yourself strong—*hard*—tough in your inner fiber—is about the biggest asset you can bring to life."

"Or death," Teddy said softly.

"Or death," Bob agreed.

It was inevitable that, in the long run, speculative questions should lead them further still.

"What do you suppose God is?" Teddy said unexpectedly one day.

Bob smiled.

"Ask me something easier."

"But you must have some idea."

"I'm not sure that I have."

"Don't you believe in God? I should have thought that you'd be the kind of cuss who would."

"I don't know that you can call it believing. It's more like—like having a kind of instinct—helped out by a little thinking."

"Have I got the instinct?"

"Can't you tell that yourself?"

"If I told you you'd howl."

"No, I shouldn't. Go to it."

Teddy laughed sheepishly, as if he had ventured to peer into secrets which were none of his business.

"I'll tell you the way God seems to me—it's all come to me

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shucks! I haven't got it straight yet. Now, look! This is the way it is. Suppose that everything we see was alive—that these chairs were alive, and the walls, and the table—that every blamed thing we ever touch or use was alive, and had a voice. See?" Bob nodded that he saw.

"Now, suppose every voice was trying to make you understand things. The table would say, 'This is the way God wants you to work'; and the chair, 'This is the way God wants you to rest'; and the walls, 'This is the way God stands round you and backs you up.' Everything would be helping you then, instead of putting itself dead against you the way we have it here."

"I get the idea; but would that be God?"

Over this question the boy's face brooded thoughtfully.

"It mightn't be God in the way that you're you and I'm me. It would be more like a way of *knowing* God. It's like my case in the courts. It's set down as 'The People against Edward S. Follett.' But I don't see the People; I only feel what they do to me. It's something like that. I don't see God; but I kind of feel—" He broke off with another apologetic laugh. "Oh, I guess it's all wrong. Gussie'd call me a gump. It just kind of gets you; that's all. It makes me feel as if I was moving on into something—but I guess I'm not."

The pensive silence that followed was broken by Bob's saying:

"That's what I mean by instinct."

Teddy resumed as if he hadn't heard. "When I wake up in the night—and waking up in the night in that place, with snores and groans and guys

talking in their sleep and having nightmares, is some stunt, believe me—but when I do, it's just as if I had great big arms round me, and some one was saying: 'All right, Teddy, I'm holding you. Keep a stiff upper lip. I'll make it as easy as I can for you and everyone else. I'm just drawing you—drawing you—drawing you—a wee little bit at a time—over here, where you'll get your big chance.' What's more, Bob," he went on, as if he touched on the heart of his interest, "it says it'll take care of Flynn and his wife and his poor little kiddies, and do the things—" Once more he broke off with his uneasy laugh. "Ah, what's the use! You think I'm a quitter, don't you?"

"Why should I think that?"

"Oh, I don't know. I talk like a quitter. But it isn't that. If I could still do anything for ma and the girls—"

"I'm looking after them, old boy."

"So there you are. What'd be the good of my staying?" He added, between clenched teeth, "God, how I'd hate to go back!"

"Back into the world?"

He spoke as if to himself: "You see—that day—the day the thing happened—and they came and caught me—and did all



JESSIE MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"As long as it isn't my sister-in-law I don't care who it is!"

while I've been in there." He nodded toward the cells. "I don't seem to get him as a great big man, the way the chaplain says he is. He's all right, the chaplain, only he don't seem to know anything about God. He can gas away to beat the band about law, and society, and the good of the community, and hell to pay when you don't respect them; but when it comes to God—it's nix."

"Well, what do you make out for yourself?"

"I haven't made it out exactly. It's as if some great big hand had pulled aside a curtain—but it's a curtain that I didn't know was there. See?"

"Yes; I see. And what does it show you?"

"That's the funny part of it. I can't tell you what it shows me. I don't exactly see it; I only know—mind you, I'm just telling you how it seems to me—I only know that it's God."

"But I suppose, if you know that it's God, you have an idea of what it's like?"

"Ye-es; it's like—like a country into which I'm traveling—not with my body—see?—but with my self. No," he corrected, "that's not it. It isn't a country; it's more like a life. Oh,

those things to me—and I saw Flynn lying by the road—it was—it was a kind of sickness. If putting me out of the way is the thing in the wind, it was done right there and then. Right there and then I seem to have begun—moving on." He drew a long breath. "And I'd rather keep moving, Bob—no matter to where—no matter to what—than turn back again to face a bunch of men."

XXVII

TEDDY was not called on to face a bunch of men till going to the courtroom for his trial. Dressed long before the hour in a new dark blue suit, fresh linen, and a dark blue tie, his prison pallor, a little like that of death, put him out of the list of the active and free. As he sat on the edge of his bunk, somber with dread, he was nevertheless obliged to find suitable jocosities with which to answer the good luck wishes that came slithering along the walls from the neighboring cells. It was half-past nine before two guards whom he had never seen before, stalwart fellows well over six feet, came to the door and unlocked it.

"Ready, Follett? Time's come."

Springing to his feet, he found handcuffs slipped round his wrists before he was aware of what was being done. It was an unexpected indignity. He had never been handcuffed before.

"Say, fellows," he protested, "I'll go all right. I don't want these on me."

"Come along wid ye."

The words were friendly rather than rough, as was also the hand of a guard on each shoulder as they steered him along the corridor. The Breckinridge jail is a rambling building, or succession of buildings, with courthouse and house of detention under the same series of roofs. The pilgrimage was long—up-stairs, down-stairs, through passages, past offices, past courtrooms, with guards, police, clerks, lawyers, litigants, loungers standing about everywhere. The sight of a man in handcuffs arrested all eyes for the moment, and stilled all tongues. With his glances flying from right to left and from left to right, Teddy again began to feel the sense of separation from the human race which had struck to his soul that day on the marshes.

Of his other impressions, the chief was that of squalor. It seemed as if all the elements had been brought together that would make poor Justice vulgar and unimpressive. Out of a squalid cell he had been pushed along squalid hallways, through groups of squalid faces, into a squalid courtroom, where he was ushered into a squalid cage, long and narrow, with a seat hardly wider than a knife blade. Once within the cage the handcuffs were taken off, the door was locked, and each of the stalwart guards took his stand at one end. The cage being raised some six or eight inches above the level of the floor, the boy was well in sight of everyone. It was like being on a throne—or a Calvary.

Before taking his seat, he was vaguely conscious of a bank of faces, tier above tier, at the back of the courtroom. Before him some fifteen or twenty officials, reporters, and lawyers lolled at their tables, walked about, yawned, picked their teeth, or told



"Don't you recognize
whose portrait that is
—that shameful thing?"

anecdotes that raised a smothered laugh. Most of them struck him as untidily dressed; few looked intelligent. Among them a portly man, whom he afterwards saw as the district attorney, in a cutaway coat, with a line of piqué at the opening of his waistcoat, seemed like a person in fancy costume. Everyone paused as he entered the cage, but a glance having satisfied their curiosity they paid him no further attention.

The trial lasted three days, passing before his eyes like a motion picture film of which he was only a spectator. Try as he would, he found it hard to believe that the proceedings had anything to do with him. "All this fuss," he would comment to himself grimly, "to get the right to kill a man." The strain of being under so many cruel or indifferent eyes sent him back with relief to his cell, where during the nights he slept soundly.

His one bit of surprise came from Stenhouse's final argument in his defense. Up to that point, both defense and prosecution had struck him as more or less silly. The state had tried to prove him a desperado whom it was dangerous to let live; the defense had done its best to show him a youth of arrested

The Empty Sack

intelligence, not responsible for his acts. He grinned inwardly when Jennie, Gussie, and half a dozen of his old chums testified to foolish pranks, forgotten or half forgotten by himself, in the hope of convincing the court that he had never had the normal sense.

But Stenhouse in his concluding speech transcended all that, taking Teddy's own stand as the only one which offered the ghost of a chance of acquittal. He began his final appeal quietly, in a tone little more than colloquial.

"There's an old saying, a variant on something said by Benjamin Franklin, which we might remember oftener than we do. It's terse, pithy, humorous, wise. Some one has called it the finest bit of free verse composed in the eighteenth century. Listen to it. '*It is hard to make an empty sack stand upright.*' So it is. The empty sack collapses of its own accord. It can't do anything but collapse. It was not meant to stand upright. To demand that it shall stand upright is to insist on the impossible. A full sack will stand as solid as a tree. A group of full sacks will support one another. Put the empty sack among them and from the very law of gravitation it will go down helplessly. Now, gentlemen of the jury, you're being asked to bring in a verdict against the empty sack—the sack that's been carefully kept empty—because it hasn't the strength and stability of that which all the coffers of the country have combined to fill."

With this as a text, Stenhouse drew a picture of the industrious man who is limited by the very nature of his industry. He is not limited by his own desire, but by the use society wishes to make of him. Serving a turn, he is schooled to serve that turn, and to serve no other turn. This schooling takes him unawares. He doesn't know it has begun before waking to find himself drilled to a system from which only a giant can escape. Few men being giants, the average man plods on because he doesn't know what else to do. There is rarely anything else for him to do. Having taken the first ill-paid job that comes his way, he hasn't meant to give himself to it all his life. He dreams of something bigger, more brilliant, more productive. The boy who runs errands sees himself a merchant; the lad who becomes a clerk looks forward to being a partner; the young man who enters a bank is sure that some day he will be bank president.

"Sometimes, gentlemen, these early visions work out to a reality. But in the vast majority of cases, the youth, before he ceases to be a youth, finds himself where the horse is when he has once submitted to the bridle. He can go only as he is driven. Life is organized not to let him go in any other way. Needing him for a certain purpose, it keeps him to that purpose. Work, taken as a great corporate thing, is made up of hundreds of millions of tiny tasks each of which calls for a man. The man being found, he must be trimmed to the size of his task."

Stenhouse had no quarrel with methods universally followed by civilized man. To criticize them was not his intention, as it was not his intention to complain because man had not yet brought in the Golden Age.

"But I do claim that the smaller the task to which a man is nailed down, and the smaller the pay he is able to earn, the greater the responsibility of collective society toward that individual."

There was a time, he declared, when much had been said to the discredit of slavery; but one thing could be urged in its favor. The man who had been kept throughout his life to one small job was not thrown out in his old age to provide for himself as he could. Having worked for society, as society was constituted then, society recognized at least the duty of taking care of him. Stenhouse disclaimed any comparison between free American labor and a servile condition; he was striving only for a principle. Men couldn't be screwed down during all their working lives to the lowest wage on which body and soul could be kept together and then be judged by the same standards as those who had had opportunity to make provision for themselves and their families. The same interpretation of the law couldn't be made to cover the cases of the full sack and the empty one.

"And yet," he went on, changing his tone with his theme, "the empty sack is of value because it can be filled. Coarse, cheap, negligible as it seems, it is much too good to throw away. It is an asset to production, to the country's trade, to the whole world's wealth. And, gentlemen, what shall we say when we call that empty sack—a man?"

The value of the human asset was the next point to which he led his listeners.

"It is only a truism to say that among all the precious things with which the Almighty has blessed his creation the most precious is a human life; and yet we live in a world which seems to believe this so little that we must sometimes remind ourselves

that it is so. Within a few years we have seen millions of men reckoned merely as *stuff*. As productive assets to the race, they haven't counted. We could read of a day's loss on the battlefield running up into the thousands and never turn a hair. We came to regard a young man's life as primarily a thing to throw away. It is for this reason, gentlemen of the jury, that I venture to remind you that a young man's life is primarily a thing to save. It may be a truism to say that a human life is the most precious of all created things; but it is a truism of which we are only now, to our bitter and incalculable cost, beginning to realize the truth."

He went on to draw a picture of the contributions to the general good made by the Follettes, father and son. Their work had been humble, but it had been essential. Essential work faithfully performed should guarantee an old age protected against penury. He reminded his hearers that he was not opposed to the law of supply and demand, which was the only known method by which the business of the world could be carried on. He only pleaded for the same humanity to a man as was shown to a broken-down old horse. From his one interview with Lizzie, Stenhouse had got what he called "the good line": "*Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.*" Of this he now made use, following it up with St. Paul's explanation: "Dost God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth may plow in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope."

"Gentlemen, so long as we live in a society in which the vast majority of us can never be partakers of the hope with which we started out, so long must Justice take account of the suffering of the poor muzzled brute that treadeth out the corn. If he goes frenzied and runs amuck, he cannot be judged by the standards which apply to him who has been left unmuzzled and free to satisfy his wants. It is not fair; it is not human. It is true that to protect your own interests you have the power to shoot him down; but when he lies dead at your feet, no more muzzled in death than he was in life, there is surely somewhere in the universe an avenging force that is on his side, and which will make you—you as representatives of the society which has placed its action in your hands—and you as twelve private individuals with duties and consciences—there is somewhere in the universe this avenging force which will require his blood at your hands and make you pay the penalty. Surely you can find a better use for that valuable asset, a young man's life, than just to take it away. For the sake of the public whose honor is in your keeping, you must play the game squarely. For the sake of your own future peace of mind, you must not add your own crime to this poor boy's misfortune. Your duty at this minute is not merely to interpret the dead letter of a law; it is to be the voice of the People whom you represent. Remember that, by the verdict you bring in, that People will be committed to the most destructive of all destructive acts, or it will get expression for that deep, human common sense which transcends written phrases to act in the spirit of the greatest of us all, judging not according to the appearance—not according to the appearance, gentlemen, and you remember who counseled that—but judging righteous judgment."

He fell back into his seat exhausted. He was so impressive and impassioned as to convince many of his hearers that he believed his own plea, while to some who had considered the verdict a certainty it was now in doubt.

Among Teddy's friends a hope arose that, in spite of all expectation to the contrary, he might be saved. Bob looked over and smiled. Teddy smiled back, but mainly because he rejoiced in what he felt to be his justification. He couldn't see how they could convict him after such a setting-forth as that, though for the consequences of acquittal he had so little heart.

On the excitement of the courtroom, the judge's voice, when he began to give the jury their instructions, fell like cool, quiet rain on thunderous sultriness. He was a small man, with a leathery, unemotional face, framed by an iron-gray wig of faultless side parting and long, straight, unnaturally smooth hair. He had the faculty of seeming attentive without being influenced. Listening, reasoning, asking a question, or settling a disputed point, he gave the impression of having reduced intelligence to the soulless accuracy of a cash register.

He reminded the jury that the law was not on trial; society was not on trial; the industrial experience of one Josiah Follett was not a feature in the case. They must not allow the issue to be confused by the social arguments which befogged so many of the questions of the day. It was quite possible that the world was not as perfect as it might be; it was (*Continued on page 102*)

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*A story
of
two people
who played
with fire*

She found herself wondering whether his wife really understood him, really cared as much as she herself did



The Girl in the Scandal

by DANA GATLIN

Our bitterest hate is not for those who wrong us but for those we wrong; and our tenderest love is not for those who serve us but for those we serve.—(Excerpt from Crittenden's column of paragraphs.)

LUTIE DARK got a significant glimpse of the inner Phil Crittenden the first time she ever talked to him. She had seen him before, of course, for in the *Star* office, where she had recently come to work, Crittenden was a prominent figure. His daily column of paragraphs, philosophic or satirical or epigrammatic or purely lyrical as his mood swayed him, was of such merit as to keep people prophesying, "Phil Crittenden'll do something really big one of these days." As yet, his nebulae of talents had produced not one thing "really big," no one knew just why, though it had sustained that aura of golden promise for years. But his friends didn't seem to hold against him his lack of fulfilment. His extreme lovability made them find excuses. Lutie Dark, from her humble corner desk, could see how genuinely beloved he was. She would watch him enter the city-room, swift-moving and buoyant and eager-eyed, and note the way he was greeted from managing editor down to office boy. Unconsciously she watched him more than she should have—even during those days before she knew him. And unconsciously she would sigh when the ground-glass door of his little private office swung shut after him. She could still visualize him after he'd gone from sight. Phil Crittenden was not especially handsome, but he didn't need to be handsome. Lutie Dark liked him even without knowing him. But she felt she would like to know him.

Illustrations by Will Foster

Then, one afternoon, she chanced to be at the Sunday editor's desk when Crittenden came up, and was presented. Then, later, he chanced to pass near her desk, glanced at her, then quickly turned and approached. Perhaps it was the gleam of her hair that attracted him in the first place—it had brought more than one man in that office to a momentary pause.

Lutie Dark has not yet been described. The task is not easy because, without being distinctly pretty, she was more pleasing than is many a downright beauty. The office boys, sternest of critics, conceded her to be "all right"—maybe because of her merry infectious smile. The younger reporters voted her "a peach"—doubtless because of her hair. The Sunday editor, for whom she did "specials," approved her unobtrusive, businesslike manner. The star reporter, who wore *boutonnieres* and who was a Lothario of sorts, approved the flutter of her eyelashes—though her candid manner did not entirely carry out the promise. Old man Williams, who kept the office "graveyard," loved to talk to her because he too liked her eyes, though in a different way; he liked their gray quietude and the shy, wise thoughts that seemed to fit just behind. But the reason she made appeal to Phil Crittenden, as he told her early in their friendship, was because she was "*so simpatica*." Perhaps it was this quality, often as tritely misapplied as it is hard to define, that was the real secret of unassuming Lutie's charm. She could be glad with your joy or grave with your sadness, and she had the kind of gift for listening that makes you pour out more of your secret self than you've intended.

Nothing momentous seemed to be set stirring when Crittenten

The Girl in the Scandal

den, chancing to catch that sheen of afternoon sun on a bent brown head, turned and moved over to speak to the girl he had just met. And nothing at all momentous in his remark as he paused companionably before her desk.

"You seem busy," was what he said.

Lutie glanced up with her direct, friendly look.

"I am. I'm writing a Sunday piece about a French surgeon who says he can make old people young again—been hobnobbing with medical journals and eminent surgeons for two days. I feel awfully scientific and learned and wise just at present."

Crittenden gazed down at her, his bold eyes softening.

"Learned and wise," he repeated. "I was just thinking you look about sixteen' with that sunlight tumbling about in your hair."

"And you say that as if you were about a year older than sixteen," she replied, laughing. "I dare say I feel older than you do; I'm nearly twenty-five—almost elderly."

"You don't know what the word 'elderly' means. Twenty-five! You're a child, an infant." He stared at her with exaggerated solemnity. "I had a birthday yesterday and I feel sad yet. I am forty-three."

"That is bad"—smiling. "But perhaps you'll read my piece and learn how to get rejuvenated."

"You're making fun of me," he reproached, "but I'm serious—dead serious." And she observed, too, how tired, how burned-out his eyes suddenly looked when that customary glow left them. "I got in a funk yesterday," he went on, somberly confiding. "I don't know just why. They were having a celebration for me at home—an awfully nice little party. But instead of feeling the contented glow I should have felt, all of a sudden I was acutely unhappy. A sort of resentment against comfortable middle-age. With youth and adventure slipping out of your grip." Lutie said nothing, but Crittenden proceeded just as if she'd made a sympathetic response, and as if they'd known each other for years instead of for minutes.

After that first talk, at the conclusion of which Crittenden apologized for so unwarrantably "unbosoming himself," he formed the habit of coming over to Lutie's desk and perching on its edge. And, despite that first half-laughing apology he continued to unbosom himself. Idle chat of the day's work, little anecdotes of the office, that casual but good-natured gossip which obtains in a community of co-workers—all these natural beginnings of conversation would veer somehow to a more personal trend.

But more than the recounted episodes themselves, the listening girl enjoyed the varied, vivid lights they cast upon the narrator. By the end of a month there was an element of intimacy in their friendship that often is not achieved by years of close acquaintance. Now it seemed but a natural thing, occasionally, for the two of them to dine together in one of the downtown restaurants frequented by their ilk—and then, as the weeks went on, some eating-place not quite so familiarly patronized. But a fine spirit of comradeship irradiated these meals together. They would see their fellow-diners with kindred eyes, deriving some peculiar need of joint satisfaction out of a timid little spinster-body reveling in her surroundings as an exotic excitement before embarking—they were sure!—on the homeward tube to Newark, or out of a rouged girl who sought to feed her fat, bald escort with assiduous flattery, or out of a fresh, pretty girl and her ruddy, clear-eyed young man, both blissfully unconscious of the food they were eating.

And somehow, to Crittenden and Lutie themselves, it never mattered if the food was indifferent, or the table-cloth spotted, or the "music" wailing jangle. The right kind of congeniality offsets these gustatory defects better than the most potent cocktails, and Crittenden, warming up on the subtle elixir, would start off talking, else grant himself the even more delicious indulgence of drawing Lutie out.

Lutie was shy about talking of herself: anyway, to her, there seemed so little to tell—nothing really interesting. But Crittenden seemed to think otherwise. He persuaded her to talk about the far-Western farm where she was born; the homely life of "chores" from dawn to sunset, of bustling preparation for the threshing crews, of crops which, when good, meant "good times" and extra Sunday finery and a new pleasure buggy; of bobsledding in red mittens and, as one grew older, strawrides through the summer moonlight.

Again and again she had to pinch herself to make sure it was herself, Lutie Dark, who was sitting across the table from him—this clever, successful, popular, fascinating, lovable product of the great city of cities. To many her position would not have seemed so distinguished, but to her it was almost like a fairy-tale.

Yes; though to many she might have seemed obscurely placed, to herself she was living in a fairy-tale. She worked hard on a trying schedule of hours, lived in a boarding house, and had few acquaintances outside her office associates; yet, those days, she was a fairy princess, almost. And, being young, she never paused to wonder what might be the end of the princess's story.

Once Crittenden asked how she spent her spare time, then, ascertaining her solitary situation, said he must have his wife ask her up to dinner.

Now, during the course of his several "unbosomings," Crittenden had still found repeated opportunities to introduce his wife and children into the conversation; in fact, he often seemed deliberately to make the opportunities. This is a trick not uncommon in men of Crittenden's type, impressionable but domesticated men. In speaking of his wife, he had always connoted the most affectionate admiration, and, the night he made good his word and had Lutie invited to dinner, the latter could but admire her also. She knew at once that she would never like her in the same way she liked Crittenden, but her practical feminine instinct told her that here was a most admirable housewife and mother. And a very handsome woman too—in that dark, large-built, well-groomed way.

Mrs. Crittenden was extremely kind to the stranger, brought in the two younger children to be presented, and treated her quite as an old friend of the family. But Lutie felt an odd stir of discomfort, almost of hostility, once when her hostess turned to another guest and, with an air bantering yet complacent, observed:

"Miss Dark is Phil's latest crush, you know. He really has a violent attack—but I don't think he's much to be blamed, do you?"

Nor did Lutie enjoy the way the other guests received this remark. Not that there was anything unfriendly in their attitude—on the contrary, they were treating her in a warm, one-of-ourselves fashion that made her suddenly realize how lonely her city life had really been; and she had already accepted an informal invitation to another party; but she somehow resented the genial assumption of that "latest crush" and "violent attack," and resented all the implications behind those tolerant phrases.

After that night, she went several times to the Crittenden flat and became more and more at home in their circle of family friends. Mrs. Crittenden continued unusually kind to her, but Lutie continued aware of some lack in the other woman which would ever prevent any real intimacy. What was it? A lack of some spiritual poignancy, some throbbing vital spark such as, in her husband, drew you toward him irresistibly? And then, again, Lutie would catch herself up shamefacedly as she found herself wondering how close a sympathy existed between this so-different wife and husband.

The tête-à-tête dinners downtown continued, also—unpretentious little feasts passed off in a matter-of-course way; but, for some reason, Lutie enjoyed them far more than she did one of those comparatively elaborate affairs uptown.

Luckily, these twosomes aroused no unfavorable comments in the office. For Lutie, always merry and impersonal and business-like, now and then went out with some of the other men as well. But the office knew nothing of that little festival in a certain gorgeous uptown restaurant to celebrate Lutie's twenty-fifth birthday—and things might have turned out better (or worse) if this party à deux had never come to Mrs. Crittenden's knowledge either.

It was a gem of a little party, such as only a Phil Crittenden could plan and execute. And Lutie, flushed and sparkling in her pink chiffon—he had exhorted her to dress her prettiest—was so thrillingly happy that she had an odd sense of smarting tears just back of her eyes—a stabbing regret because, tomorrow, this rapture would be over with and vanished, a sort of vague haunting sorrow that all halcyon beauties are elusive and cannot endure forever.

"Happy?" queried Crittenden, smiling across the flowers.

She nodded, misty-eyed.

"You don't mind if I adore you, do you?"

"No; I don't mind—not on my birthday"—striving to make the retort sound light.

"Well, I'll try to temper my adoration at other times. Though you deserve to be adored every day of the week. You really deserve it, you know."

Stressed banter still, but the air electrically atingle through it all. Perhaps it was a half-frightened look in her eyes, a tremulousness she couldn't entirely control; or perhaps it was some prick of awareness and conscience in himself, the more experienced of the two, that made him then, all of a sudden, straighten up and withdraw his eyes to send them wandering over the room.



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The doctor was waiting to take Mrs. Crittenden to her husband when she interrupted the girl with a frigid restraint.
"My desire now is to be with my husband. We needn't detain you any longer."

"Just look at them," he exclaimed, "the bored sad diners! Do you wonder I'm a bit set up to have found a windflower in pink chiffon for an eating-companion?"

Crittenden's eyes flitted from table to table in the brilliantly crowded room. Then, suddenly, Lutie saw his expression change; or, rather, a certain stiffening, freezing, of his attention so peculiar that it made her instinctively ask,

"What is it?"

Crittenden brought his eyes back to her, half amused, half rueful.

"It's funny," he said. "I find myself in something of a pickle. I think I'll tell you."

"Yes, do," urged Lutie.

"Well, you see," his manner unwontedly embarrassed, "my wife has some relatives in town—she was planning some kind of shindig for them and picked on tonight for it." He hesitated and looked rather foolish. "I asked her to put it off—said I had to go to the publishers' banquet at the Waldorf."

"Oh!" cried Lutie. "Why did you do that?"

"Well, she was making rather a point of this particular date. And I'd set my heart on just the right kind of birthday party." Lutie said nothing, only stared at the champagne glass and fingered it nervously. She too was now embarrassed—an odd, quenched, abashed, almost guilty feeling that was not pleasant. "The dickens of it," Crittenden went on, "is that the stellar couple are sitting at this minute over by that corner window."

The Girl in the Scandal

They'll twit me everlastingly about how my speech went at that banquet."

He laughed, and Lutie laughed back, but it was not spontaneous, joyous laughter.

"I think I'll just run across and speak to them," said Crittenden, "if you'll excuse me a second."

"Of course I will!" said Lutie, trying to speak with warm naturalness.

Crittenden had already risen; turning to go, he turned back a moment.

"Perhaps I should ask them to join us for dessert and coffee. Would you mind?"

"Why, of course I wouldn't mind!"—again striving for a tone casual, cheerful and unrestrained. She watched him depart, threading his way amongst the tables with that swinging litheress. When he came back, to report that the family connections were hurrying off to a theater, she tried to smile as brightly as ever, but, though their *fête à deux* was not interrupted, the tingling atmosphere had gone stale.

Lutie had hard work getting to sleep that night. Phil had lied to his wife; he had been embarrassed when caught in the lie, and she herself had felt—still felt—somehow abased.

She told herself there was no real reason for feeling guilty—but she felt guilty just the same. And all the more guilty each time she attempted to recapture that enchanted earlier hour.

Next day she bent her head sedulously over her work when Crittenden entered the office and when he passed near her desk. But she was terrifically aware of him—and she couldn't have told whether she most feared or prayed he would intrude upon her apparent preoccupation.

But Crittenden did not intrude; he walked straight to his own office—while her heart gave a dive, then a plunge—and then closed his door with a resounding bang.

That bang may have been Crittenden's expressed ultimatum to his own soul. He had had a bad half-hour with his wife; she had listened to the elaborate explanations with which he hoped to anticipate any gossip from the outside, with an attitude satirically unsympathetic, and then, at the end, she had, in a measure, floored him by asking if he realized how funny he sometimes was. And he had repeated the word funny in a sort of inane interrogation.

"Yes, funny—ludicrous—amusing. Only perhaps it isn't so amusing, after all."

"What do you mean?"

She gave him a level look.

"I believe you're more than half in love with this girl. Are you?"

At the direct attack Crittenden blinked; but he tried to laugh scoffingly.

"Who's being ludicrous now?" he countered. "Don't be foolish, Anna."

"That's exactly what I don't intend being." Then, as he stared at her, she proceeded, "I've stood for a great deal, and, knowing you as I do, I'm prepared to stand for a great deal in the future—up to certain limits. That is just to warn you that there are limits. And please remember that I'm not an utter fool."

This little episode had such a sobering effect on Crittenden as to cause him to walk straight to his private sanctum next day and to close his door with that unnecessary bang. Whether or not he had made any definite "good resolutions," whether or not he recognized any concrete peril in the situation into which he had been pleasantly drifting, at all events, for the succeeding several days, he avoided contact save the most casual with the girl for whom he'd given the birthday dinner. Meanwhile, the girl, so far as any outer eye might observe, was the same busy blithesome worker as always.

But could any eye have penetrated through that doggedly cheerful surface, a very different Lutie Dark would have been exposed. During that week she was appalled, frightened at the sweep of her own emotions. Sometimes it would seem to her as though her soul were a desert. Then at other times hot conflagrations would blaze up; her sense of humiliation revivified, a humiliation which, even as she told herself she must deserve it, sent even fiercer flames scorching up at the thought of his indifferent withdrawal. Did he presume to blame her for any domestic "pickle" he might find himself in?

A spiritual waste and too many hours of solitude do not accord well with a young heart. Had Lutie been living in a home environment, or even had she possessed a wider circle of close friends, she might have suffered less. But she was a solitary waif in a great city. Outside her business associates and the Crittendens' coterie, she knew almost nobody.

So she went on being lonely. And she was young. And it was spring. Especially it was spring.

Perhaps Lutie knew just what was at the root of her ache; and perhaps she set herself a rigorous formula of conduct should Crittenden ever, foregoing his aloofness, reapproach the old intimate footing. But a fig for all self-appointed rules of conduct! We make them—so we may break them.

It was about ten days after the ill-omened birthday party that, one late afternoon at the hour the sun stole in to glorify her hair, Crittenden came up to Lutie's desk.

"I'm in a blue funk," he announced. "There's absolutely nothing that's right with the world."

"You really are a pathetic object"—bantering, yet with a shine in her eyes that held little banting. "I wish I could say something to cheer you up."

Suddenly Crittenden leaned forward. "Do you mean that?"

"Why, of course!" she said, a little nervously.

"Then say you'll put the bonnet on that typewriter and your own bonnet on your head and come out for a little spin. I've got my car downstairs."

"Oh, I—I—really I ought—" fumbled poor Lutie, taken unawares.

"Now you're backing down on your Good Samaritan declaration," he reproached. "You said you'd like to cheer me up. And you can—being with you always rests me. I'm a pathetic object—come, be a good Christian and rout the demon of gloom."

He was smiling now, leaning eagerly toward her, and Lutie shrank back as if something in those mesmeric bold bright eyes confused her. She knew she had no business to go, knew that she was playing traitor to all her resolutions. But she went.

They were very gay as they drove fleetly up the drive that hugs the bank of the Hudson. It was just before sunset and the strong April wind was driving masses of dark cloud across the vivid west. The wind rushed up to meet them and smote their cheeks as it passed. The people on the pavement, on the park benches and in the other cars gliding by were pale shades, unreal and remote. The world, the hour, the beauty, belonged to them alone. It

was all more beautiful than one can imagine, though sad in a way too. And Lutie, jesting and laughing, caught that under-note of sadness. No beauty, no joy can be made to stay—any more than could that shimmering river hold the sun's image after the sun was gone.

But she jested and laughed. And the man beside her jested and laughed. The gaiety was almost too unflagging—it savored of strain.



At last old man Williams found the thing he was looking for.



"It isn't that I mind their seeing me here with you," he said. "It's that I lied to my wife—told her I had an important business dinner on tonight."

Finally he turned to her, his eyes daring.
"I've a good mind to carry you off for dinner. I know just the right place——"

"Oh, no!" she cried quickly. "I can't—I must go back!"
"It's your duty to see this missionary job through."
"But I really must go back now."

"I don't want to lose you till I'm an absolute cure," he persisted. Then seriously, "I wonder if you realize how restful you are? When I'm with you, all my tiredness drops away. Why is it, I wonder?"

"I don't know—but I think I ought to go home."

But she didn't. She went with him to that "just the right place" for dinner. He promised to hurry her back home immediately after, and sincerely intended to keep the promise. But Fate intended otherwise.

It was just before Fate showed her hand and wrought unforeseen complications that they had decided there must never be any more rhapsodic excursions, that they must, definitely, break off their "friendship." For events had swept rapidly, tumultuously up to this climax—a climax arrived at because Lutie admitted she cared for him. The virtue of the decision was primarily hers, not his, but at last he soberly agreed to her dictum.

Neither of them could ever have told just how the cataclysm had, stealthily, steadily gathered and burst and engulfed them. At dinner, they had at first maintained their gaiety and then had relapsed into lengthening stretches of silence. But in those silences an increasing invisible tumult!

That invisible tumult accompanied them outside into the wider spaces of the night, rode with them as they sped back toward the city. They talked little. Lutie was afraid to talk; frightened yet all at once, she felt a stranger to herself. And the world through which they sped seemed a strange and different world. The night had deepened and brightened to a fantasy of black and silver.

It was the wind that precipitated the cataclysm. It viciously caught up her scarf; she caught it back with a sudden gesture and met his hand—just that, no more; she didn't even lose the scarf. But all in a breath the car was at a standstill, his arms were round her, his eyes glowing close to her own, and his kisses hot upon her lips.

For just a second she stirred, unconsciously, so as to be more completely engulfed by those tense, quivering arms. Then, remembering, she gave a little stifled cry and sought to break away. But those arms hemmed her in closer, and those eyes, so near and excitedly shining, held her helpless too.

"Please—please—" she murmured desperately. But he would not release her. "You're not yourself——"

"I was never so much myself in my life!" He gave a low, reckless, exultant laugh.

"Phil—you must not—oh, you confuse me so!"
"I want to confuse you! I want you to feel confused as I feel confused. Oh, you bonny sweet thing with the wind in your hair and the moon in your eyes—I want to confuse you!"

The Girl in the Scandal

"Oh, why are you so cruel to me? Can't you take me home—now—don't you see I must go home?"

There were tears in her eyes, and she was not a girl who readily cried. Those tears and the something underlying them that was in her voice recalled him in a measure to himself. But a note of pleading, of reproach, was in his voice as he asked:

"You don't care for me, then?"

"Yes, I do care," she admitted bravely. "That's why I must go home—why you must never kiss me again."

"Oh, Lutie, don't say that! I can't bear to give you up—just when I've found you. Oh, Lutie!"

"We each have to give the other up, Phil. We have to." Then she went on talking, arguing, her words incoherent but her voice vibrant with tenderness because she loved him—because it hurt her to watch his hurt.

But in the end she convinced him. Crittenden, because he really loved her, and because he realized she was not the kind to defy her conscience and be happy, and because the way she placed the happiness of his wife and children above her own appealed to his idealistic side, in the end agreed with her dictum that they must, in future, see as little of each other as possible.

Ironic that immediately on the heels of this meritorious resolve Fate should play them a malevolent trick! After that brief but eventful pause they had continued homeward swiftly and silently. Out of the blur of pain which was her sensation of that hour Lutie afterward remembered but one remark he made. They were passing an orchard, a dim stretch of blossom flinging incense to the wind.

"Smell that," he said—"Spring! Well"—with a bitter edge to his laugh—"I'll try not to mind growing old now—knowing it's to the young and foolish that spring tells her lies!"

It was only a few moments after he said that that the catastrophe occurred. They were now passing through one of the suburban villages that dot the Hudson. A big scurrying cloud had caught up with the fleeing moon and was jealously veiling her face at just the moment Crittenden's car neared a crossway—and an old-fashioned sign-post stood in the very center of the intersecting roads.

If Crittenden saw the post at all—which later, bedazzled, he couldn't recall—he must have thought it a shaft of shadow. At any rate, he drove furiously ahead.

Accidents of this sort are too swiftly over to permit the registering of any definite impressions. Lutie only knew that one moment she was gazing unseeingly ahead, and then, the next, that there was a terrific impact, and then, screaming instinctively at the sudden, unknown horror, that she was hurtling through space.

She picked herself up from the ground, hardly hurt. For a minute, she stood looking round confusedly. Then, with a sharp little cry, she ran toward the car. Crittenden was bent motionless over the wheel, his head wedged through a jagged aperture in the shattered glass.

But she could not afford herself the relief of fainting. She must fight to keep her eyes open on that ghastliness, must strive precariously to dislodge that beloved, lacerated head from that cruelly keen and gleaming ambuscade. As she worked she kept entreating him to speak—but she thought he was dead.

She didn't know whether it was minutes or hours before a

pedestrian appeared. The two of them succeeded in getting the victim free of the wind-shield and wheel. Lutie tried to staunch that ceaseless red flow with her handkerchief. Then the stranger volunteered to stay with the victim while she ran to the nearest drug store to inquire about hospitals. She ran with every nerve at full stretch, lost her way.

Then the drug store at last, a telephone-booth, a frenzied period of looking up number after number, but each time in vain! The youth who was tending the store that night was too ignorant to warn her beforehand about the peculiar regulations governing accident cases. Lutie had to find out for herself, while invaluable minutes slipped by, that unless a hospital has the word "emergency" tacked on to it somehow, a human life might ebb away at its very door and no doctor or nurse might emerge to lift a saving finger. And the ones she successively tried were enclosed in red tape such as preliminary examination, doctor's recommendation, registration, and so forth; they politely but firmly declined to be "emergent."

There seemed nothing to do but return to the scene of the accident. But at the door, discouraged and panicky, she paused. A thought which had been torturing the background of her already tortured mind pushed its way to the front; it was her duty to notify Mrs. Crittenden. He might be dying—might already be dead. His wife ought to know—it was her duty to notify her.

So she turned back to the telephone booth. When she got her number and heard Mrs. Crittenden's distant "Hello!" she hadn't formulated how she was going to announce the news. She was in no state to summon tact. She said,

"Your husband's been hurt—his car collided with a sign-post."

She heard an inarticulate cry at the other end of the wire. Then:

"Please tell me at once if he's—"

"No; he's alive. But I think you ought—"

"Yes; I'll come at once. Where is he?"

"I don't know just what town this is—it's one of the Hudson suburbs—"

"You don't know!" Then, in a sharp, quick demand, "Who are you?"

"This is Lutie Dark speaking." Then, even in that anxious moment, there fell a little tense pause. Lutie sensed the suspicion, the hostility, which surged over the wire hand in hand with frightened apprehension. But she made herself proceed. "I'm trying to find a hospital—doctors. I'll phone again in just a

Miss—Not Mister—

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few minutes and tell where you can reach him."

"All right. I'll call a car and be ready to start." The voice was controlled—too controlled for naturalness.

Then Lutie hung up the receiver and sped back to the injured man. She found a considerable crowd gathered, several halted cars. Into the tonneau of one of these Crittenden had been removed, and a man was working over him with bandages. From the deft sure play of this newcomer's hands Lutie knew he was a surgeon and a skillful one. Her heart throbbed a prayer of thankfulness.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here, doctor!" she gasped. "Is he terribly hurt?"

The doctor flashed her a brief, keen, sidewise look.

"You're the lady who was with him in the accident?" She nodded.

(Continued on page 110)





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December Love

(Continued from page 20)

"Do you ever go traveling—ever—without a secret hope of romance meeting you on your travels, somewhere, somehow, wonderfully, suddenly? Do you?"

He thought for a moment. Then he said:

"Honestly I don't think I ever do."

"There!" said Miss Van Tuyn, triumphantly. "Nor do I."

She looked half defiantly, half inquisitively at Lady Sellingworth.

"I had no idea Americans were so romantic," said Lady Sellingworth, with just a touch of feather-weight malice.

"Americans! I believe the longing for romance covers both sexes and all the human race."

She let her eyes go into Craven's.

"Only up till a certain age," said Lady Sellingworth. "When we love to sit by the fire we can do very well without it. But we must be careful to lay up treasure for our old age, mental treasure. We must cultivate tastes and habits which have nothing to do with wildness."

And then an unexpected thing happened. It appeared that Miss Van Tuyn had asked a certain famous critic, who though English by birth was more Parisian than most French people, to call for her at the restaurant and take her on to join a party at the Café Royal. She, therefore, could not go yet, and she begged Lady Sellingworth to stay on and to finish up the evening in the company of Georgians at little marble tables. But Lady Sellingworth laughingly jibed at the Café Royal.

"I should fall out of my environment there!" she said.

"But no one is ever surprised at the Café Royal, dearest. It is the one place in London where—ah! here is Jennings come to fetch us!"

A very small man, with a pointed black beard and wandering green eyes, wearing a Spanish sombrero and a black cloak, and carrying an ebony stick nearly as tall as himself, at this moment slipped furtively into the room, and without changing his delicately plaintive expression came up to Miss Van Tuyn and ceremoniously shook hands with her.

Lady Sellingworth looked for a moment at Craven.

"May I escort you home?" he said. "At any rate let me get you a taxi."

"Lady Sellingworth, may I introduce Ambrose Jennings," said Miss Van Tuyn, in a rather firm voice.

Lady Sellingworth bent kindly to the little man far down below her. After a word or two she said,

"Now I must go."

"Must you really? Then Mr. Craven will get you a taxi."

"If it's fine I will walk. It seems more suitable to walk home after dining here."

"Then let us all walk together and we'll persuade you into the Café Royal."

"Garstin Dick will be there," said Ambrose Jennings in a frail voice. "Iris Blunt, and a Turkish refugee from Smyrna who writes quite decent verse, Manos, Penitence Murray, who is just out of prison, and Smith the sculptor with his mistress, a round faced little Russian girl. She's the dearest little Bolshevik I know."

He looked plaintively, yet critically at

Lady Sellingworth, and pulled his little black beard with fingers covered with antique rings.

"Dear little bloodthirsty thing!" he added to Lady Sellingworth, "you would like her. I know it."

"I'm sure I should. There is something so attractive about Bolshevism, when it's safely tucked up at the Café Royal. But I will only walk to the door."

"And then Mr. Craven will get you a taxi," said Miss Van Tuyn. "Shall we go?"

They fared forth into the London night, Craven last.

He realized that Miss Van Tuyn had made up her mind to keep both him and Jennings as her possessions of the evening, and to send Lady Sellingworth, if she would go home early, back to Berkeley Square without an escort. Her cult for her friend, though doubtless genuine, evidently stopped short when there was any question of the allegiance of men. Craven had made up his mind that he would not leave Lady Sellingworth until they were at the door of No. 4-A, Berkeley Square.

At the door of the Café Royal they stopped and Miss Van Tuyn laid a hand on Lady Sellingworth's arm.

"Please—please!" pleaded Jennings from under his sombrero. "Dick would revel in you. You would whip him into brilliance. I know it. You admire his work surely?"

"I admire it very much."

"And he is more wonderful still when he's drunk. And tonight—I feel it—he will be drunk. I pledge myself that Dick will be drunk."

"I'm sure it would be a very great privilege to see Mr. Dick drunk. But I must go home. Good night. Good night, dear Beryl."

"But the little Bolshevik! You must meet the little Bolshevik!" cried Jennings.

Lady Sellingworth shook her head, smiling.

"Good night, Mr. Craven."

"But he is going to get you a taxi," said Miss Van Tuyn.

"Yes, and if you will allow me I am going to leave you at your door," said Craven, with decision.

A line appeared in Miss Van Tuyn's low forehead, but she only said:

"And then you will come back and join us."

"Thank you," said Craven.

He took off his hat. Miss Van Tuyn gave him a long and eloquent look, which was really not unlike a Leap Year proposal. Then she entered the café with Jennings. Craven thought that at that moment that her back looked unusually rigid.

"What a lovely girl Beryl Van Tuyn is!" said Lady Sellingworth as they drove off.

"She is—very lovely."

He got out at Berkeley Square. She followed him, looking immensely tall in the dimness.

"I am not going back to the Café Royal," he said.

"But it will be amusing. And I think they are certainly expecting you."

"I am not going there."

She rang. Instantly the door was

opened by the handsome middle-aged butler.

"Then come in for a little while," she said casually.

When Lady Sellingworth joined him in the big room he noticed that she had not changed her dress, which was a simple day dress of black. She had only taken off her fur and hat, and now came towards him still wearing white gloves and holding a large black fan in her hand.

"What's that you have got?" she asked. "Oh—my book!"

"Yes. I took it up because I wondered what you were reading. I think what people read by preference tells one something of what they are. I was interested to know what you read. Forgive my curiosity."

She sat down by the fire, opened the fan and held it between her face and the flames.

"I read all sorts of things."

"Novels?"

"I very seldom read a novel now. Here is our tea. But I know you would rather have a whiskey and soda."

"As a rule I should, but not tonight. I want to drink what you are drinking."

"And smoke what I am smoking?" she said, with a faintly ironic smile.

"Yes—please."

She held out a box of cigarettes. The butler went out of the room.

And then she changed the conversation to criticism in general and to the type of clever mind which, unable to create, analyses the creations of others sensitively.

"But I much prefer the creators," she presently said.

"So do I. They are like the fresh air compared with the air in a carefully closed room," said Craven. "Talking of closed rooms, don't you think it is strange the passion many brilliant men and women have, both creators and analysers of creators, for the atmosphere of garish or sordid cafés?"

"You are thinking of the Café Royal?"

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"Don't tell Beryl—but I have never been in it. Nevertheless I know exactly what it is like."

"By hearsay?"

"Oh no. In years gone by I have been into lots of the cafés in Paris."

"And did you like them and the life in them?"

"In those days they often fascinated me, as no doubt the Café Royal and its life fascinates Beryl today. The hectic appeals to something in youth, when there is often fever in the blood. Strong lights, noise, the human pressure of crowds, the sight of myriads of faces, the sound of many voices—all that represents life to us when we are young. Calm, empty spaces, single notes, room all round us for breathing amply and fully, a face here or there—that doesn't seem like life to us then. Beryl dines with me alone sometimes. But she must finish up the evening with a crowd if she is near the door of the place where the crowd is. And you must not tell me you never like the Café Royal, for if you do I shall not believe you."

"I do like it at times," he acknowledged. "But tonight, sitting here, the mere

Over
600,000
owners



DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

thought of it is almost hateful to me. It is all vermillion and orange color, while this . . ."

"Is drab!"

"No indeed! Dim purple, perhaps, or deepest green."

"You couldn't bear it for long. You would soon begin longing for vermillion again."

"You seem to think me very young. I am twenty-nine."

"Have you ceased to love wildness already?"

"No," he answered truthfully. "But there is something here which makes me feel as if it were almost vulgar."

"No, no—but it must be young. Nothing is more pitiable, nothing is more disgusting even, than wildness in old age. I have a horror of that. And I am certain that nothing else can affect youth so painfully. Old wildness—that must give youth nausea of the soul."

She spoke with a thrill of energy which

What was the great mystery in the life of Lady Sellingworth? What happened to make her "give up"—permit herself suddenly to grow old? Who stole her jewels? And why did she make no effort to recover them? . . . Here is a remarkable story, all in itself—and it is only a part of this remarkable novel. Mr. Hichens tells you the life story of Lady Sellingworth in the next instalment of "December Love." You suddenly come upon this wonderful woman's great mystery. Read it, and then go further into the lives of these people of the story as they are today.

From the Ground Up

(Continued from page 25)

IV

SEVERAL papers mentioned Giluley's valorous deed, and barring the fact that they all spelled his name wrong and he was docked half a day's pay for appearing as a witness and receiving a witness fee from a grateful government, he had no reason to resent his impetuous honesty.

The work with the concrete gang proved fascinating. It was wonderful to see the way the big mixer took sand and cement and gravel into its huge gullet and poured it out as concrete after a very noisy digestive process. It was a pleasant sport, too, to trundle the "buggies" of concrete along the teetering boards to the holes where the vires were set and to dump them there with a grand splash.

He was so willing and so gay about everything that he was the first man selected for a hurry-up job or an important message to the superintendent. And one day he found himself elevated to be boss of a gang. He had nearly a dozen men under him, and he walked as if on stilts.

The superintendent saw that Giluley's gang stepped a bit livelier than the others. They had music to their task, and music has always been the best elbow grease there is.

By now the building had emerged from its dugout like some new kind of saurus or other coming up for air. It was going on up, each floor sprouting a new forest of steel, on which another floor was riveted and cross girdered and poured.

The Mortimer Building meant something wonderful to the Irish cub who now had fifty men under him and was a boss of bosses. But Mr. Mortimer was as much a nobody to him as he to Mortimer; and he did not know what tragedy was being enacted in Mortimer's office and in the offices of banks and trust companies and of

penetrated Craven in a peculiar and fascinating way. He felt almost as if she sent a vital fluid running through his veins.

Suddenly he thought of the Old Guard. And he knew that not one of the truly marvelous women who composed it could hold him or charm him as this white-haired woman, with the frankly old face, could and did.

"After all," he thought, "It isn't the envelope that matters—it is the letter inside."

Deeply he believed that just then. He was indeed under a sort of spell for the moment. Could the spell be lasting? He looked at Lady Sellingworth's eyes in the lamplight and firelight and, despite a certain not forgotten moment connected with the Hyde Park Hotel, he believed that it could. And Lady Sellingworth looked at him and knew that it could not. About such a matter she had no illusions.

And yet for years she had lived a life

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cloudy with illusions. What had led her out from those clouds? Braybrooke had hinted to Craven that possibly Seymour Portman knew the secret of Lady Sellingworth's abrupt desertion of the Old Guard and plunge into old age. But even he did not know it. For he loved her in a still, determined, undeviating way. And no woman would ever tell such a secret to a man who loved her, and who was almost certain, barring the explosion of a moral bombshell, and perhaps even then, to go on loving her.

No one knew why Lady Sellingworth had abruptly and finally emerged from the world of illusions in which she had lived. But possibly a member of the underworld, a light fingered gentleman of brazen assurance, had long ago guessed the reason for her sudden departure from the regiment of which she had been a conspicuous member; possibly he guessed, or surmised, why she had sent in her papers. But even he could scarcely be certain.

What was the great mystery in the life of Lady Sellingworth? What happened to make her "give up"—permit herself suddenly to grow old? Who stole her jewels? And why did she make no effort to recover them? . . . Here is a remarkable story, all in itself—and it is only a part of this remarkable novel. Mr. Hichens tells you the life story of Lady Sellingworth in the next instalment of "December Love." You suddenly come upon this wonderful woman's great mystery. Read it, and then go further into the lives of these people of the story as they are today.

From the Ground Up

(Continued from page 25)

various financiers to whom Mortimer went imploring loans in vast quantities and securing them in small.

Terence did not even know that the dollar-girl (for whom he scoured the town in his off hours) was the daughter of Mr. Mortimer. He knew only that he still kept that damned dollar for her; though there were times when it was hard not to break it after an unlucky run at pool, or when the day was hot and the Italian who went about among the men at the dinner hour offered him a tempting bottle of pop or pseudo beer. Terence had a grand thirst on him, but his grandest thirst was for revenge.

Many things helped sustain the Mortimer women in their hour of humiliation: first, that they had excellent company and a lot of it. The rich were going broke in droves, stocks were rolling over Wall Street in a landslide; vast industrial plants were shutting down, and great families were curtailing their luxuries. But sympathy was the chief stimulant of the Mortimer women; for the husband and father, whom they both loved in spite of their extravagances with his money, was suffering throes of mortal woe as he saw the triumphs of a lifetime falling about him in wreckage. Even Sam Roper might have felt a twinge of pity for him if he had known.

Mortimer's pride fell with a crash. He had to give up his building and make an assignment of all his rights to Henry Carswell, who bought up the claims and enlarged his own upstart fortunes with the ruins of Mortimer's company.

Carswell was one of those curious men who get rich when nearly everybody else is getting poor. He found money somewhere to push his own buildings along while other structures stood stark and idle like derelicts. Mortimer had snubbed him

once when Carswell was in the piratical stage of his career, and it pleased the reformed financial cutthroat to change the name of the building from The Mortimer to The Carswell.

Old Mortimer wept when he heard of this final disgrace. He was dazed to find that his shameful weakness brought his wife and his daughter to him with tender endearments and a passionate devotion he had never received in his hours of pride.

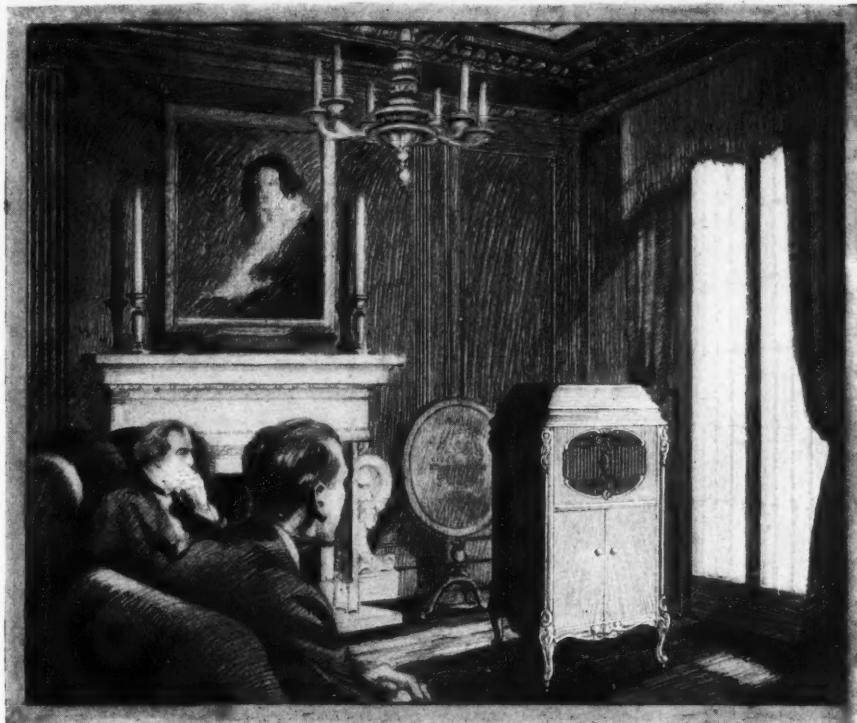
His wife startled him by her grim determination to rent their house to advantage and move at once to a small apartment. What he would never have dared ask her to do, she insisted on now in spite of his protests that he would soon be on his feet again.

And Philena, who had wrung her father's heart with her wild addiction to reckless sports, aviation stunts, motor races, horse show exploits, raids on dressmakers and devotion to the dance—his untameable Philena began doing housework and groping for a way to earn money, talking big about going in for interior decoration or opening a teashop or a beauty parlor—or something equally solemn.

The prospect was not pleasing however. To be a shopgirl, a sewing woman, or that literary classic, the companion of a sickly old lady—no, thank you. She might be a stenographer, of course; but she found that stenography is a complicated art demanding long study and painful toil. Still her heart was in ferment, and her father saw that she was in a torment to aid him. And this gave him a strange delight in her.

Carswell was experiencing an opposite thrill. As he had risen in the world, he had grown more honorable in his dealings, more eager to gain a reputation for integrity, more careful of his dignity. But his son who had been distressed by the old man's sharp practices suddenly grew

All photo
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ideality in
pression.



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Manufacturers—Established 1845

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Any phonograph can play
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BRUNSWICK

PHONOGRAHES AND RECORDS

riotous. People as they push through life have a way of encountering strata of various sorts. Young Carswell had come upon quicksands. He grew unstable to the last degree, scandalous, drunken, cynical. He would not listen to his father's appeals, whether they were couched in pleas, threats, or philosophy. He laughed at everything and had no ambition but to be the most notorious young rake in town.

Carswell spent restless hours wandering about the Carswell (*née Mortimer*) Building, watching the skeleton climb and brooding over his son. He fell to watching young Giluley who was about the age of his own boy. Giluley was everywhere, with a joke for the willing ones, a taunt for the scowlers, a hand of help for the overburdened, and a curse and a blow for the loafers.

As an old builder Carswell knew that a way with the workmen is as important as a technical skill. Giluley had the genius of push. He made a lyric of the day's work, and Carswell felt that he was a man worth keeping an eye on.

A successful builder surrounds himself with a permanent family of swift hard workers and Carswell was just deciding that he would find out the name of this cheerful lad and give him a bit of encouragement when a yell in Giluley's voice led him to turn his head. He was startled to see that Giluley was glaring at him ferociously, making violent gestures and howling something that a flock of deafening riveters prevented him from hearing.

As Carswell answered this amazing insubordination with a fitting scowl, Giluley dashed straight at him and flung himself on the old man with the ruthless violence of a football tackler.

Carswell rolled on the dirty floor and cursed and struck at his assailant, but was held down in a sputtering suffocation of rage and bewilderment.

Then a dark shadow passed just above their heads, and a great steel I-beam swept past. One of the cranes was swinging it into place on a long arc and Carswell realized that if he had not been knocked out of its path, his skull would have been crushed in like the derby hat that had fallen under him.

Giluley lifted him, and begged his pardon and brushed him off with the loving care of a Pullman porter at the end of a long trip. But when Carswell drove his hand in his pocket, pulled out a fistful of bills, unrolled one and poked it at Giluley, it was refused with a touch of insolence.

"Ah, forget it. Is it a Pullman car porter you take me for?"

And he was gone about his business and helping a rheumatic old toiler with a too heavy burden. If Giluley had not been so haughty, he would have been promoted on the spot.

On another day, after Carswell had long and vainly besought his son to take an interest in the new work, he was surprised to learn that the young man was making a tour of the building. From the look in the eyes and the quirks about the mouth of the superintendent, who told him, the elder Carswell judged that his boy was in no condition to wander about a network of steel where even the most sober brain might topple.

Anxiety made him frantic. He set out to find his son and lead him home. He sent the superintendent in one direction

and ran in the opposite, stumbling, climbing over heaps of tiles, tie rods, column drums and steels of every shape. He clambered ladders, edged along stairways without treads, ventured across rattling planks and so mounted from floor to floor. On his way he met Giluley and remembered his impudent face but not his name.

"Hay, you! Have you seen my son?" he cried.

"Hay yourself, I have not! Divil the one of me knows what he might be like, belike."

"He's tall, handsome, good-looking——"

"I haven't seen um."

"—and tipsy."

"Oh, yes, he wint past me a few minutes back. He was talkin' to himself, not to me, so I didn't answer. Could that be the felly up there?"

Carswell looked through the steel mesh of the floor above and all but collapsed at what he saw.

For there against the sky he saw his son, silhouetted upon a glare of light. He was walking boozily along the highest girder yet erected. Beneath him space gaped. Beneath him and beyond him was empty sky. If he lost his balance he would fall hundreds of feet. And the top of the cross-piece was so narrow that his feat was almost that of a tightrope walker.

Blondin crossing above Niagara Falls on a rope had no more dangerous task. And Blondin was not drunk, as Carswell was.

Perhaps that was what saved the youth for he made the passage successfully and reached a solitary upright standing at the angle. He leaned against that as if it were a lamppost on a quiet corner. And beneath his feet one could see birds flying.

While the father and an increasing throng about the building and in the street below watched him in stupefied amazement, it amused his alcohol to make ready for a nap. He tossed his hat away with a spendthrift gesture. It circled and drifted downward like a broken-winged pigeon. Then he threw off his coat and let it fall carelessly. It landed in a heap four stories below.

He unbuttoned his waistcoat but remembered his watch and began to wind it before lying down on the girder to sleep.

His pause set a number of frozen spectators in motion. His father and Giluley and others mounted in a frenzy of haste to the nearest platform, a small space of uneven planks laid across two girders.

A little group crowded there and waited for death to reach out and drag the poor witless youth from his perch. The father set foot on the lone girder himself. The very act of snatching him back endangered the knot of men there.

Carswell took from his pocket a knob of bills and tried to bribe somebody to attempt the triply difficult task of crossing the girder and bringing back the unwieldy freight.

The nearest ironworker sniffed at the wealth. "That wouldn't do me no good when I lit."

Even Giluley laughed uncomfortably, "I got no wife or mother to leave it to."

But a third, a young man named Gadder, who had been wont to walk on his hands across similar threads, nodded and growled: "I'll go git him."

He set out calmly and made no difficulty of the passage, but when he reached young Carswell laid hold of his shirt sleeve,

"Come along o' me, now, or I'll break your face."

Young Carswell dealt him a swift kick in the stomach that sent Gadder whirling through space, clutching at thin air and wondering at the uprushing world.

That kick seemed to have jolted the stomachs of all the beholders and they closed their eyes to the horror. But with a loud thump and a hollow grunt the stupefied Gadder fell on his belly across a projecting stringpiece three floors below.

When he had recovered his breath he crawled limply to safety and lay down to recover his nerves.

Young Carswell returned to the important task of winding his watch. Then Giluley had an inspiration.

"Hay, young felly, have you any sportin' blood in you?"

Carswell's drowsy eyes opened and stared across the abyss with a vague curiosity. Giluley went on:

"If you have, I'll bet you you can't walk from there to here and back without slippin'."

Carswell pondered heavily before he answered.

"How mush'll you bet?"

Giluley answered, "All I got."

"How mush you got?"

Giluley pulled out his purse. He had paid his board bill and bought some clothes the night before, and today was payday. He had nothing important to show but that all-important dollar. With regretful magnificence he waved it in air.

"Wan dollar!"

Young Carswell sneered:

"Piker!"

And began to shrug out of his waistcoat.

Old Carswell thrust all his cash into Giluley's hand and Giluley, without looking at it, thought of the biggest sum his picayune experience could imagine:

"A hundred dollars, thin. A hundred to wan! Come on, or you're a bum sport."

Young Carswell nodded:

"Oh, very well! You're on! Watch out, for here I c-come!"

And he ran gaily along the razor edge as if no gulf were below. He struck the crowd on the platform with such impact that he nearly knocked the further men off the billiard table. But they clutched and held.

Young Carswell put away his father's embracing arms and said:

"I got to go back to win the money."

Giluley said:

"Ah, I know you can do it. Here's your hundred."

He glanced at the roll, saw that it was all hundreds and slipped off the outer skin, handed it to the youth and pressed the balance in the father's palm. Then laughing and wheedling he got the young man to the ladder and down it with a promise of a nip of something in the cellar.

Giluley decoyed young Carswell to the superintendent's temporary office and spread him a couch where he fell asleep like a babe.

And now old Carswell insisted on repaying Giluley with money, with all that his roll contained—or more.

But Giluley was more insolent than ever in his pride and he ended the wrangle by walking away, saying:

"You're delayin' me work."

To protect your skin, one cream—to cleanse it, an entirely different cream

Every normal skin needs these two: for Daytime use, a dry cream that cannot reappear in a shine—at Night, a cream made with the oil necessary to keep the skin soft and pliant

These two creams are totally different in character and the results they accomplish are separate and distinct. Your skin must have both if it is to keep its original loveliness.



For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

YOU must protect your skin from sun, wind and dust or it will protect itself by developing a tough florid surface.

Make a point of always applying Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears en-

tirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clear-



In the daytime use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against sun, wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.

ness and freshness. Only cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores, and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

GENERAL TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
230 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

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*Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream*

A Coal and Gas Range With Three Ovens



That Really Saves

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

There are two separate baking ovens—one for coal and one for gas. Both ovens may be used at one time—or either one singly. In addition to the two baking ovens, there is a gas broiling oven.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

Gold Medal

Glenwood

The illustration above shows the wonderful pearl grey porcelain enamel finish—so neat and attractive. No more soiled hands, no more dust and smut. By simply passing a damp cloth over the surface you are able to clean your range instantly.

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 105
that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Makers of the celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood
and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

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Famous FRENCH Depilatory
for removing hair

A delicately perfumed powder; removes hair leaves skin smooth, white; for arms, limbs, face. Price in U. S. and Canada 50c, and \$1 sizes containing complete mixing outfit. Elsewhere 75c and \$1.50. At drug and department stores.

Send 10c for trial sample and booklet

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106 Waverly Place
New York

Makers of Sozodot



CARSWELL frowned after him and turned to the superintendent in distress.

"That fellow keeps saving our lives and refusing our rewards. I've got to promote him or fire him."

Elkins protested, "Don't fire him. He's a good gang boss. He's a wonder for getting work out of the men and keeping them happy. But you can't promote him. He's gone as high as he can. He knows nothing of technical matters or materials."

Carswell shook his head.

"He knows men and handling men is as important as handling materials. Labor is getting uglier and there's danger of a strike. Giluley will be worth his weight in gold. I'll make him your assistant over the whole building."

Elkins roared: "But you can't—"

"Oh yes I can! You heard me! Tell him."

Elkins was in a rage, but he dared not buck old Carswell.

Giluley bought himself clothes of a more prosperous look and swaggered a bit. He was a glutton for information and ambition began to lure his dreams to those heights which Irishmen have won in every corner of the world. He dreamed even of wealth and began to find his wages small, which he had lately thought so large.

He did not know that money was being made for him by a silent anonymous partner.

Old Carswell thought in the Wall Street dialect. He suffered from his irredeemable obligation to Giluley until a congenial scheme occurred to him. He secretly took a hundred dollars out of Terence's pay, having arranged to add that hundred to it as a bonus. This he used as a margin for the buying of stocks. He bought them short and put the proceeds back into more margins. When the market paused in its downward career or started up for a few falsely cheerful hours, and he lost Terence's money, he did not count it.

By and by the sum had grown to a thousand, but Giluley had not the faintest inkling of the bank account in his name.

The prouder he grew the more he hated that dollar bill the pretty girl had fastened on him. But in all his strolls about the city he never caught a glimpse of her.

In what free hours and holidays he had he haunted Fifth Avenue and the richer zones, but Philema was not paying much heed to Fifth Avenue now. Its shop windows hurt her and she dreaded to meet the friends of her prosperous days.

The Morimers, like a fallen royal family, buried themselves in exile and hid from all traces of their lost opulence.

Giluley had been improving the quality of his sweethearts as well as of his clothes and his manners. From the many he had not selected the one. It was not so much that he was fickle of heart as that his first love was ambition.

And then one evening when he was sauntering the streets trying to decide what moving picture to watch, or what pool parlor to patronize, he made a dash and a leap to escape a motor whizzing round a corner and ran plump into the dollar-girl.

She did not know him from Adam, for he was very clean and almost flashily dressed, and she was used to being jostled in the jammed streets.

But Terence knew her from Eve, though

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he had yet to find out her name—as Adam had to learn Eve's.

While he gulped for words to say, she was swallowed by a crowd rushing across the street in a momentary gap between automobiles.

He turned to follow her, was cut off by tangles of stupid women, wormed his way through and hurried on, searching for his needle in a drifting haystack.

At length he caught sight of her again but only to see her turn into a doorway and vanish.

He followed, and found himself but not her in what a wall directory announced as Milton's Business College.

There were doors on all sides and two elevators, both of which were up. He was nonplussed, and while he wondered what to do next his eyes read the names of the different departments. He saw that there were classes in stenography, typewriting, book-keeping, accounting, business Spanish and French, salesmanship, automobile engineering, stationary engineering, draughtsmanship, building construction, and many other wonderful fields of culture.

Suddenly it occurred to him that what he had found himself so lacking in every day he might make up at night. He had read many thrilling advertisements of the magic advancements open to laboring men who would improve themselves by correspondence school courses and various other methods of rapid evolution from a hireling to a ruler.

He had been tempted to take some such step, but his pride had resented the implied confession of ignorance. But now, if that small girl could come here to study, why shouldn't he?

How much of his decision was due to an impulse to keep near her until he could lay hold of her long enough to return the money; how much of the impulse to return the money was due to an eagerness for an excuse to talk to her a little more; how much was due to a sudden explosion of resolution to prepare himself for the big life—who could determine?

The historical fact was that he made inquiries and was sent from one person to another until he found himself enrolled as a student at the Miltonian night school. He did not encounter the girl that night, nor the next nor many a next.

But he did encounter fascinating explanations of things he had used without understanding and had dumbly wondered at. He learned many things only now that most children are taught before they are ten; he began to become somebody.

And one evening as he left his classroom with a handful of books he found the girl at his elbow in a crowded elevator. His heart beat so hard he was afraid it would annoy her. But she did not know him and he could not improvise a proper introduction. The door opened, the crowd spilled out, and the girl was lost in the street throng again. And still he had not spoken to her.

He worked for days over the speech he would deliver when he cornered her at last. He had learned the time of her departure and he waited in the lobby with her dollar at the ready. By and by an elevator brought her down.

But she looked that sad and tired he had not the heart in him to be bothering her. Then one of her books dropped from her listless clasp. He was quick to pick it up

and restore it, lifting his hat in a royal Irish gesture whose grace surprised her. She nodded her thanks and smiled. But she walked on and left him dumb, choked with his unspoken oration.

The incident had meant nothing to Philena. She had been used to having things picked up for her. Latterly she had had to be her own maid, but she had not forgotten her lost estate.

At first she had found the excursions into night school a rather stupid lark, a kind of slumming expedition. She found herself more stupid too than many of her plebeian classmates. This whipped her pride into an angry determination to prove the virtue of her high breeding and she worked ferociously, studying both bookkeeping and banking, and vowing that she would master the secrets of this money that she had always received so lightly and squandered with such careless indifference. Most of the women in the classes amused her by their gross refinements. The men she despised. She called them mutts and muckers.

When Giluley swam into her ken he shone by that genial mirthful grace that characterizes so many of the Irish. Even the lowliest of them believe themselves descended from ancient kings and carry themselves like royalty in exile. If a bit of luck turns money their way they are likely to manage it with an instinctive elegance; they go unabashed in the most glittering companies, and there are few foreign courts that have not been illuminated by some Irish adventurer from nowhere.

Somewhat Terence contrived to meet her every lesson evening. But he only smiled infectiously and lifted his hat with the sure chivalry of a scion of King Brian Boroihme.

In the meanwhile she was uneasy at having to go about at night alone. The crime wave that raged everywhere had included many attacks upon women; they had been snatched into automobiles and carried off; attacked at their own doors; dragged into alleys.

Philena's mother worried incessantly about her and infected the girl with her terror.

All the while Giluley was growing desperate with the long deferred hope of her acquaintance; he called himself a coward until he bullied himself into a deed of courage.

One evening he lifted his hat and said, "Good evening to you." He did not know a name to add to this. Philena smiled as if to an old acquaintance. This finished his terrors.

He was capable now of the appalling heroism of saying:

"Might I see you home? I'm going your way. Which way is it?"

This gave him away so abruptly that she laughed aloud, whereupon he laughed louder.

She could not snub that smile, so she said: "You may show me to my car, if you will."

"Will I?" he cried and held open the swinging door for her.

Along the curb was a solid chain of autos. "Which is your car?" he said. "That one coming," she answered, pointing with her forehead to a streetcar booming toward the corner.

When he had first met her he had seen her get into a limousine. He only now realized that she must have had bad luck. His heart melted with pity for her. She



The Baby Cariole

A BOON FOR MOTHER AND CHILD

A play-place and a slumber-chamber for baby with plenty of room to romp, play, kick, stretch, and grow in perfect freedom, happiness, and safety. The strong, smooth-running, rubber-tired wheels make it easy to roll the Cariole outdoors to porch or lawn, where baby can spend most of his time in the health-giving fresh air.

The precious little tenant is protected all the time from flies, mosquitoes, and neighborhood animals by rust-proof, finely woven wire screening on all sides and by a smugly-fitting mosquito net over the top. In the early days of the baby's life the mattress and spring are raised to bassinet height, which is about as high as the seat of a chair. This saves the mother's strength, prevents stooping and lifting, and makes the care of the baby easier. When the creeping stage comes, mattress and spring are dropped to the lower rest. Baby cannot possibly fall out. Nor can he climb out until he is two years old.

After that, The Baby Cariole will serve as a roomy, comfortable bed. The Baby Cariole is a practical necessity, not a luxury. It saves money, because it makes unnecessary the purchase of basket, bassinet, and crib. It cares for the baby asleep and awake, and will serve as a crib, until he is old enough to sleep in bed. The framework is light, thoroughly seasoned wood (enamelled in white) which will not swell or warp. The mattress is luxuriously soft, thick, genuine silk floss. Spring and mattress can be raised to different heights. Outfit comes folded and is easily set up.

30 Days' Free Trial CONVENIENT PAYMENTS

The Baby Cariole is far superior to a crib; healthier and more comfortable than the cramped, stuffy confines of a perambulator. It is a boon to the mother because while in the Cariole the baby does not require constant watching. We want The Baby Cariole to prove its worth right in your own home and will send you at our risk a Baby Cariole (complete outfit), transportation prepaid by us. Use it every day and every night for a month. Then, if you don't like it, or Baby doesn't like it, or if for any reason you wish to return it, do so at our expense. Your first payment will be refunded. If you decide to keep The Baby Cariole, you can pay in convenient installments. Only perfectly new and unused Cariole outfits are sold. All mattresses bear the manufacturer's guarantee tag and are packed in sanitary bags.



Wind Shield Attached

Write Today for Our Cut-Price "Dollar Down" Offer

We want you to read the letters from mothers who own Carioles and are glad they do. We want to tell you about the many ways the Cariole will be good for you and good for baby. We want you to know about our Convenient "Dollar Down" way of paying. Our circular gives full particulars. Send for it today. Remember, a Month's Trial will not cost you a penny; you get all your money back, if you or baby don't like the Cariole. Write for terms on Canadian and Foreign orders.



Packed for Travel

FREE Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag

To those who respond promptly to this advertisement, we will send with the outfit, Absolutely Free, a Combination Wind-Shield and Sunshade and Travel Bag. This article is made to fit over all, or any part of the Cariole. It shields the child from rain, sun-glare or drafts, and thus makes it possible for him to spend more time in the open. It also serves as a Travel-Bag—see illustration—and makes it an easy matter for the Cariole to go with Baby on auto trips and vacations. Many Cariole owners have traveled around the world in this convenient way.

If you do not need the Baby Cariole now
send for literature anyway

THE BABY CARIOLE CO.
44 Pruy St., Albany, N. Y.

Correspondence 10-21
THE BABY CARIOLE COMPANY
44 Pruy St., Albany, N. Y.

Send me full particulars of The Baby Cariole and
your Free Trial, Cut-Price, "Dollar Down" Offer.
Sending for information does not obligate me to
buy anything.

Name.....
Address.....

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Gentlemen: Please send my copy of "Success in Music and How to Win It," and details of your free trial easy payment plan. (Mention instrument that interests you.)

Name.....
Street or Rural Route.....
City..... State.....
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tired feet

Feet that are tired and sore from long hours of standing soon become rested and refreshed by gently rubbing them with Absorbine, Jr.

A hot foot-bath containing a few drops of Absorbine, Jr., will have a delightfully soothing effect on weary feet at the close of a strenuous day.

\$1.25 a bottle at your druggist's or postpaid. A liberal trial bottle sent for 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
66 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.



Absorbine J'
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

became suddenly bravely beautiful, a tender thing that needed protection.

He walked with her to the car step, lifted her aboard, lifted his hat as she thanked him; then swung aboard and squeezed in after her.

He found her hanging to a strap. Seated in front of her was a burly fellow who studied her form at close quarters but showed no inclination to offer her any further gallantry.

There may have been a flash of jealousy, of a new-born sense of proprietorship in Terence's swift wrath. He glared at the man and then flung back his head in a signal that meant, "Get up!" The stranger rebuked his presumption with a wide-eyed sneer.

Whereupon Terence reached down, laid hold of the scruff of the man's collar, yanked him to his feet, thrust him down the aisle, and then lifting his hat, murmured, "Have my seat."

There was something in Terence's unctuous voice and that smile reeking with a very bliss of life that reached back into the obscurity of Philena's memory.

She sat silent, trying to recall when she had met this man and that smile. She could not figure it out all the way home. It tormented her so that when she got off the car, and he with her, she could not forbear to ask a rather distasteful question:

"I've met you before?"

He laughed again a bit sheepishly. "I'm the lad that gave you the harmonica when you asked me why I was contended—er, contented."

"Oh, I remember! You were in the excavation of my father's building—at least it was his building, though that Carswell brute has stolen his name from it."

Now Terence gasped, "You'd be Miss Mortimer then!"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

That made all the difference in the world. He knew that Mortimer had gone broke, and lost his skyscraper. And this meant that the insolent little lady in the limousine had gone broke too. That explained why she was studying stenography. Ah, the creature! The crook world it was to bring the colleen that low!

His sudden dejection puzzled her utterly. She had no clues to his thought. When they reached the door of the mediocre apartment house that was a palace to him she paused on a higher step to look down on him and put down her hand for a good night and a thank-you-so-much!

She was not tempted to invite him to call. To ask his name would have been a bit too ingenuous. So she let him go. But his bright smile haunted her still; and she was mystified by the look of gentle pity in his farewell stare.

Ordinarily she could not endure pity. But he put a caress in it.

VI

TERENCE went his ways in a new confusion. The girlie probably needed that dollar now and he ought to give it to her. But he was too haughty of soul himself not to understand how fiercely it hurts the proud poor to have gifts thrust on them from above.

He was debarred from his long cherished revenge, and a mainspring of his ambition went dead in him. But it had set his works in motion and habit carried him on.

Cosmopolitan for October, 1921

He dreamed now of growing very wealthy and riding up to her palace in a limousine like the one she had ridden in to his ditch. He bent himself to his task with new zeal.

But he saw Philena only a few times more. Carswell began to rush his building to completion, to work the men in night shifts. During Mortimer's régime there had been delay, and ordered materials were now tumbling upon the building plot in cascades. It was a problem to find room for their storage. Tenants who had contracted for floor space were threatening to take advantage of Carswell's inability to have the building ready on time, and to break their contracts.

He took Terence more and more into his confidence and showed his affection as a business man by loading him with extra tasks, goading him to fierce endeavors.

And when the building was all but finished; when the marble polishing machines were grinding the last floors to a gloss, Carswell informed Terence that he was richer than he thought he was. He handed the young man a check with the amazing legend:

"Pay to the order of Terence Giluley, two thousand dollars. Albert Carswell."

Terence stared at it gasping:

"What's all this? Is it your heir you're making me?"

Carswell smiled somberly, thinking of the only heir he had.

"That's the proceeds of the hundred dollars I borrowed from you."

"I'm after lending you a hundred dollars and not knowing it? Ah!" Terence growled.

"I took it out of your pay without telling you. You wouldn't take any of my money for saving my boy's life, so I have been playing with yours on the market. I've sold you short."

Terence was again assured that his early belief in fairies was scientifically correct. He mumbled:

"It looks to me like you sold me long."

But he shook his head and offered it back. Carswell refused it with Giluley's own phrase:

"Don't be offering me tips. I'm no sleeping car porter. It's yours. Take it and buy your girl a diamond ring."

"My girl! That's a thing I have none of," said Terence.

"Then use it as a shoestring and set yourself up in business. You'd do well as a contractor. Let me rent you one of my offices."

Carswell left him in a fog. He was thinking many things. He had said he had no girl, and yet, in a manner of speaking, he had one. And now he was a millionaire and he could go to her.

On inquiry he found that a fitting limousine, even in the dejected state of the market, was not to be had for two thousand dollars. He felt his poverty when he stared at the big, black hearses standing in flocks on the warroom floors.

Still the poor man's limousines were running on the trolley tracks and he took one of them to Miss Mortimer's corner. When he asked for her, a sour-faced hallboy said that the Mortimers had moved away, and a lot of tradespeople would like to know where.

The Mortimers had gone into the ground from which Terence had climbed. Mr. Mortimer, a builder and an optimist by nature, had made frenzied efforts to re-

over his fortunes. He took desperate chances, always constructively. Whenever the market failed to drop, he announced that the end of the fall had come and jumped in only to go down in the next crash to a lower depth. He fought like a man in a cave-in; all his struggles upward brought more ruin upon him.

The time had been, the time would come again when the optimist would seem to be justified, but this was the time for pessimists like Carswell, and so Mortimer was compelled at last to slink away from his creditors. Even in hiding he was inspired with a great scheme that might some day swing him to the heights again. But that was far and vague.

He had gone up high from nothing and come down again. Some day he would go up once more. And Terence, likewise, in good time, would go on up and come down again, and go up yet again. In the meanwhile the grateful Carswell promised him a modest contract to start with.

It pleased Terence's high-stepping fancy to choose an office on the top floor of the Carswell Building. And as he stood back and watched the sign writer put his name on the ground glass door it seemed to him that the noblest name on earth was "Terence Giluley"; the grandest title was "Contractor and Builder," and gold leaf was none too fine a stuff to paint them with.

His first contract involved a bit of excavation and nothing would satisfy Terence's architectural soul but to hunt up Baynes and Roper and the steam shovel. He had worked for all of them and he would have them working for him. If he could only hear Roper cursing out the capitalists, it would be music in his ears—better music than his long lost harmonica had ever made.

VII

In those days the Situations Wanted columns were long and eloquent; the Help Wanted columns short and sterile. It had been just the other way round a year or so before. But these were hard times.

None knew this better than Philena. The business training that she had taken up more or less as an indoor sport and a toy of ambitious whims had suddenly become a life preserver in deep rough waters.

She answered all the advertisements and rose early to seek the jobs, but there were always earlier and luckier ahead of her.

When she saw an advertisement for a stenographer signed, "T. Giluley, Carswell Building," she passed it by. Giluley's name meant nothing to her, but the name Carswell had a bitter sound. It would be a peculiar humiliation to work in that monument of her family's defeat.

But when she had trudged to all the other doors and found all the other jobs taken already she remembered this name, and thinking that the very irony of it might get her the place, she entered one of the express elevators of the Carswell and was sent aloft at skyrocket speed.

But the Giluley door was hidden by a cue of assorted stenographers offering every sort of face, character and costume and Giluley had not yet come. Philena was too tired to join the line. She turned back with a heart full of woe and took the first elevator down.

It was packed to an indecency by the time it had dropped with sickening pauses to the tenth floor, and she was crushed



Ten or fifteen years of life— Will you add or subtract them?

Science has discovered why thousands of men and women die needlessly while still young.

A FAMOUS doctor has kept tissue cells of animals alive outside the body for long periods of time. These cells were kept clean and properly nourished. It would seem as if their life could thus be maintained indefinitely.

If we could keep our human bodies clean of the poisons which accumulate in them daily and give them the full benefit of proper diet we also ought to live forever. That is an attractive theory.

But it is a known fact that we can add to our span of life or subtract from it.

Yearly thousands of men and women still under forty die from old-age diseases. Faulty eating has lowered their vitality so that they easily get infections which prove fatal—they get diseases normally coming only with old age. It is now known that lack of one food factor—vitamine—always causes this lowered vitality.

This new knowledge gives a profound importance to Fleischmann's Yeast, for yeast is the richest known source of this essential vitamine.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

Fleischmann's Yeast is assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it delivered at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. You will like its fresh, distinctive flavor and the clean, wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.

Place a standing order for Fleischmann's Yeast with your grocer and get it fresh daily.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many requests are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. GG-23, 701 Washington St., New York, N.Y.

Laxatives gradually replaced

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance, especially if it is associated with constipation . . ."

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. Remember that Fleischmann's Yeast is not a cathartic; it is a fresh food which gradually makes the use of laxatives unnecessary. Eat from 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

*The dread Pyorrhea
begins with bleeding gums*



**FOR
THE GUMS**

**BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT.**

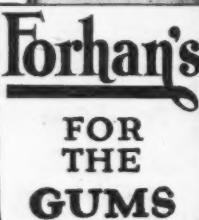
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**Woman Earns \$50
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"I am head nurse in a little private home hospital where I am earning \$50 a week," writes Miss Lillian Mortimer, who has just learned Nursing in her spare time at home through the famous Chicago system. Hundreds of other women have followed the same successful path to a congenial, respected vocation.

Anyone can learn at home. We train nurses, practical nurses, midwives, and mothers by our fascinating, home-study method. Established over 22 years. Earn while learning. Send \$2 sample Lesson paper and details of our Trial Study Plan with Money Back Guarantee and Free outfit.

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If you have an open fireplace, send for a box of this driftwood blaze today. Crystals sprinkled on burning logs give beautiful colors to the flame. Harmless. Box postpaid, 75c. Our catalog shows hundreds of novel things which make attractive gifts for every member of the family. Send for a copy and make your Christmas shopping a pleasure. Pohison Gifts are shown in stores and gift shops everywhere—100s for them.

POHLSON GIFT SHOP, Pawtucket, R.I.

against one of the sides, her face against the wire mesh.

An up-elevator came to a stop at that floor and by one of those coincidences which had lost chances enough of occurring, she saw in front of her, staring through the mesh of the other elevator—her harmonica man. Someone talking to him called him Mr. Giluley. So this man was that man?

At the sight of her Mr. Giluley's eyes popped, then his face fairly reeked with that smile of his. He made a plunge for the door of his car, and Philena made a plunge for the door of hers.

But his car shot up and hers down.

His stopped at the floor above and he wedged his way out and took the next car down. But unfortunately with equal ingenuity, Philena got out at the ninth floor and took the next car up.

While he was searching the crowds in the lobby and running up and down the street like a madman, she was twisting through the indignant stenographers at his door and forcing her way through to ask if he were in.

The office boy was sick of answering the question and snapped a No!

Once more Philena gave up hope and sought the down-car. It fell with such velocity that Philena almost swooned. She had had only a hasty bite of breakfast and her heart had sickened. When her car reached the ground floor she tottered only a few steps before she fainted dead away. A mob-battle raged about her between those who tried to see and those who tried to save her from being trampled.

Terence, returning from his vain quest in the street, was led into the thick of the press by curiosity and his heart threatened to split with the war of joy and sorrow over what he saw. The Mortimers had indeed come down in the world, when their daughter lay like a hungry waif on the floor of the ex-Mortimer building.

Terence dropped to his knees beside her and took her from the man who had lifted her head from the marble floor. A woman in the encircling pack snapped:

"She's only fainted. Get her head lower than her heels and she'll come out of it."

So Terence snatched her from the floor and held her to his breast and let her beautiful head hang. He used her feet as a battering ram to clear a way to the elevator, and he told the elevator man to let no one else in—and told it with an authority there was no resisting.

"Run this freight to the top and no stoppin' for anybody!"

As the car flew heavenward, he glanced down at his helpless prey. If he had looked a little quicker he would have seen that her eyes had opened and stared up at him and then closed again, either because she thought it all a dream or because she had learned from him the secret of contentment.

Terence caught her napping. The sight of the pitiful sweet throat of her and the amazing marble and velvet of her chin and her pale mouth and wan eyelids and brow and then the downstreaming beauty of her hair were an anguish in his heart, for he did not know what the future held for him who held his future for a moment.

'When the car had reached its peak, and the doors clanged back like prison bars, he ran with his armful of trouble to his office, clove a passage through the waiting and wondering stenographers, and astounded

the office boy by disappearing into the inner office with his captive maiden.

Here Terence found her feet handy in sweeping his desk of papers and other incumbrances. He stretched Philena out on the desk and put a filing case under her feet, letting her head hang over the edge.

This amazing situation brought her to her senses and her dignity, and she sat up at once.

Terence was so overjoyed that his brogue slipped back.

"That's more betterer," he chuckled. "Lave the—leave the—let the blood run back to your feet now."

When he had fetched her a glass of water and she had straightened her hat, he said:

"Have you come to see me on business?"

She nodded.

"Is it a building you'd be having built? You know I've just expanded into a contractor."

She showed him his advertisement for a stenographer.

"You?" he gasped. "I began by playin' on the harmonica for you, and you'd finish by playin' on the typewriter for me. Faith, but it's a musical pair we are!"

"Seein' you lookin' for work is like a page out of old histroy when queens went huntin' other jobs. I'd as soon have a queen for a stenographer as you at that. But while you're here, I might give you a bit of dictation—while I can."

He pointed to the new typewriter with pride and she sat down to it with humility. He paced the floor hunting for phrases, took out a cigar, bit the end off, remembered Philena, asked if she minded, was told she didn't, remembered the dollar that he had carried all this long while, took it from his wallet, had not the heart to offer it to her just now, reached for a match, lighted it, and stared at the back of Philena's head with such interest that he did not notice that the flame of the match had laid hold on the money.

Philena saw it and gave a quick cry.

Terence saw that his dollar was half gone. He saw that revenge is never worth while when it is plucked. He made a joke of the great denial, and lighted his cigar with the dollar that had lighted his ambition.

Philena said: "Great heavens, if you light your cigars with money, you must be either a millionaire or a—"

"Don't say it! I need a guardian. Will you—but—the dictation—let's dictate!"

And pursing his lips in thought he spoke through a smokescreen:

"Miss Philena Mortimer:

"My dear Miss:

"I hope you will be my dear Mrs."

Philena's fingers ran on thus far before her brain could quite take it in. When she understood his unparalleled impudence, her fingers tapped out a rattling:

"Thank you, no!"

His impudence was skyscraping. He dared to lean over, put his two arms across her shoulders and, with one finger of each hand to putter at the keyboard till he had reversed her neat last line to read:

"Thank you, nothing woudl xx giVE Me mo,e pleasurE"

She looked up into his downcast smile and felt that it was hopeless to resist. As he gathered her in he said:

"What am I after tellin' you? There's nothin' brings trouble like a lot o' money and a bit o' gerl. And now I've got the both of them. So let the trouble begin."

Jonteel



Beauty at Your Finger-Tips!

Try This Refreshing Beauty Treatment:

First: Wring a cloth out of hot water and hold to face a few moments, until pores are well relaxed.

Second: Apply Combination Cream Jonteel, patting it gently into the skin. Don't pull or rub violently—that brings on wrinkles. Dip finger-tips into warm water occasionally, finishing with a dip or two into cold.

Third: When the cream has entirely disappeared, apply Face Powder Jonteel lightly and evenly and add a touch of Rouge Jonteel—just enough to look natural.

What a fresh youthful face then looks out at you from the mirror! And how delightfully cool and refreshed it feels.

FREE!

Big 50c Jar of Wonderful Combination Cream Jonteel

With the purchase of one 50c box of Face Powder Jonteel and one 50c Compact of Rouge Jonteel.

Three Famous Beautifiers for the Price of Two

THIS is your opportunity to get acquainted with the most delightful face cream you ever used.

A cream for softening, healing, beautifying the complexion. A cream that's simply wonderful as a base for powder. You love to use it—it's so fragrant, cooling, refreshing on your face, stimulating the tissues and making you feel—as well as look—lots younger.

We make this exceptional offer so that you may get acquainted with this beauty builder.

Combination Cream Jonteel is quite different from other creams, being neither a greasy nor a greasette cream. It's a combination of the best qualities of both kinds, yet it disappears into the skin as you apply it, leaving

A Lovely Softness Everyone Will Admire

And just think—a full sized jar that always sells for 50c is now offered free to the readers of this page. The only way to get it is to purchase one 50c box of Face Powder Jonteel and one 50c compact of Rouge Jonteel at any Rexall Drug Store.

Face Powder Jonteel

is a soft, fine, invisible face powder that has a remarkable, clinging quality, due to its peculiar "body." You notice the difference the moment you use it. And it comes in beautiful shades that blend smoothly into the complexion.

Rouge Jonteel

So lifelike! Tints that match your own natural flush so perfectly that no one suspects your color is not real. A superior rouge compounded by a great French beauty specialist. Comes in convenient compact form to carry in purse or pocket.

This remarkable offer is for a short time only—this opportunity to secure Combination Cream Jonteel free. You can get these ONLY at the Rexall Stores, because the Jonteel Beauty Requisites are sold nowhere else. This same offer in Canada \$1.25

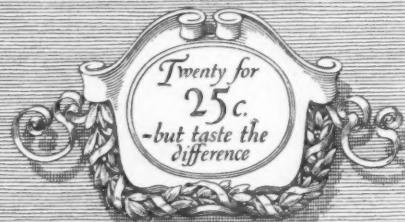
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are an organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain, united for a world-wide service.

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Wonderful New Odor
of 26 Flowers*



Of course it's a Fatima—Nothing else will do



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The Empty Sack

(Continued from page 82)

even possible that the law was not the most perfect law that could be passed. But these were considerations into which they could not enter. In merely approaching them, they would lose their way. The law as it stands is the voice of the People as it is; and the only questions before them were, first, whether or not the accused had broken that law, and second, if he had broken it, to what degree. In answering these questions, they must limit themselves to the bare facts of the charge. Had the prisoner at the bar broken the existing law, and if he had so broken it, to what degree?

When the court had adjourned and the jury retired to consider their verdict, one of the guards unlocked the cage, and Teddy was taken down by a corkscrew staircase to a room immediately below. It was a small room, lighted by one feeble bulb, and aired from an airshaft. A table and two chairs stood in the middle of the room; a shiny well-worn bench was fixed to one of the walls. The guards took the chairs; Teddy sat down on the bench. One of the guards cut off a piece of tobacco and put it in his mouth; the other lighted a cheap cigar. Taking another from an upper waistcoat pocket, he held it out toward Teddy.

"Have a smoke, young fella?"

Teddy shook his head.

To Teddy, it was not so much tedious as it was unreal. He sat with arms folded, his head sunk, and the foot of the leg which was thrown across the other leg kicking outward mechanically.

After nearly half an hour the door opened and Bob Collingham came in with a basket containing sandwiches and a thermos bottle of hot coffee. With a word of explanation to the guards, he was allowed to take his seat beside the prisoner.

"Hello, old sport! Must be relieved that it's so soon going to be over. Brought you something to eat."

With this introduction, they took up commonplace ground as if it was a commonplace occasion. For the most part they sat in silence—a silence as nearly cheerful as the circumstances permitted.

"Don't worry about me, Bob," Teddy murmured once. "I'm not going to care much whichever way it is. Honest to God! I don't say I wouldn't like it if they sent me back home; but if they don't—"

Allowing his companion to finish the sentence for himself he lapsed into silence again.

They discussed those happenings which might reasonably be held to be signs of divine good intention, after which silence fell again. The guards grunted or yawned. In spite of his efforts to make himself hard, Teddy felt the tension. Having accidentally touched Bob's hand, he grasped it with a clutch like a vise. He was still clutching it when a messenger came to the door to say that the jury was about to render their verdict and the prisoner must come back into court.

Bob climbed the corkscrew first. A guard followed him, then Teddy, then the other guard. It was after seven in the evening. The courtroom, relatively empty, had a sickly look under crude electric lighting. But half of the specta-

tors had come back, and only those officials and lawyers who were obliged to be in their places. All the reporters were there, watching for every shade in Teddy's face and seeing more than he expressed.

Bob managed to pass in front of the cage.

"Remember, Teddy—hardness is the big word."

"Sure thing!" Teddy whispered back.

The jury filed in. The judge took his place. Teddy was ordered to stand up. He stood very straight, his hands in the pockets of his jacket. In all that met the eye he was a sturdy, stocky young man, pleasing to look at, and with no suggestion of the criminal. His face was grave with a gravity beyond that of death, but he showed no sign of nervousness.

If anyone showed nervousness it was the foreman of the jury, a good natured fishdealer, with a drooping reddish mustache, who had never expected to be in this situation. When asked if the jury had arrived at a verdict his voice trembled as he answered:

"We have."

"What is your verdict?"

"We find the accused guilty of murder."

"Of murder in the first or the second degree?"

"In the first."

That was all. Bob wheeled round toward Teddy, who smiled courageously.

"It's all right, Bob," he whispered, as their hands met over the rail of the cage. "I've got the right line on it. It's my medicine, and I know how to take it. Keep ma and the girls from worrying, and I can go straight through with it."

It was all there was time for. They had not noticed that Stenhouse had said something about appeal, and the judge something about sentence. Everyone was leaving. Stenhouse came to shake hands with his client and tell him that the game wasn't up yet. The boy thanked him. The cage was unlocked, and once more Teddy, with a guard in front and a guard following after him, went down the corkscrew stair.

XXVIII

"WHAT I don't understand, Bob," Collingham said, with faint indignation in his tone, "is whether you're a married man or not."

"I'm a married man, father, all right."

"Then why don't you live like a married man? I suppose you know that people are saying all sorts of things."

Bob considered the simplest way in which to put his case. It was the afternoon of the day following the end of Teddy's trial, and his father was giving him a lift homeward from the bank.

"I've never said anything about this before," the father resumed, before Bob had found the right words, "because we'd all agreed—your mother, Edith, and myself—that we wouldn't hamper you with questions about it while you were busy with something else. But now that that's over—"

"Part of it is over, but only part of it. We've a long road to travel yet."

"If the appeal is denied, as I expect it

will be, you'll have to let me in on the application to the governor for clemency. I think I'd have some influence there."

"Thanks, dad. That'll be a help." He asked, after further thinking, "Should you like me to live as a married man—considering who it is I've married?"

Knowing that the question was a searching one Bob found the reply much what he expected.

"I want to see the best thing come out of a mixed-up situation. I don't deny that all these problems bother me; but we have them on our hands, and so there's no more to be said. We've got to find the wise thing to do, and do it. That's all I'm after."

"That's all I'm after myself, dad."

"I don't admit any responsibility for all this muss," Collingham declared, as if his son had accused him. "I don't care what anyone thinks; my conscience is clear."

"Of course, dad; of course!"

"But since things have happened as they have, I'd like to make them as easy as I can for everyone; and whatever money can do—"

"Or recognition?"

They came back to the original question.

"Yes; recognition, too—as soon as we've anyone to recognize. What I don't understand is all this backing and filling—"

"Have you asked mother?"

"In a way; and she's just as mysterious as you."

Bob tried another avenue.

"You saw Jennie yourself, didn't you?"

"Once; yes."

"What did you think of her?"

"What any man would think of her. She was very charming and—and appealing."

"Did you think anything else?"

The father turned sharply.

"What makes you ask?"

"Because it's possible you did."

"Well, I did. What of it?"

"Only this—that that's the thing I want to nail before I bring her to you as my wife."

"Then why don't you go to work and nail it?"

He found the words he was in search of.

"Partly because I've other things to do; partly because I feel that, by giving it its time, it will nail itself; and, most of all, for the reason that neither she nor I want to take the—the great happiness which we feel is coming to us in the end while—while all this other thing is in the air. I wonder if you understand me."

"More or less."

"It's as if we'd accidentally put the cart of marriage before the horse of engagement. Do you see? Nominally we're married; but really we're only engaged. We can't be married—we don't want to be married—till other things are off our minds."

With this bit of explanation, the Collinghams began to live once more as if nothing had occurred. It was not easy; but by dint of skimming on the surface, they were able to manage it.

If there was anyone noticeably different, it was Junia. Always quick to tack

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according to the wind, she seemed almost to have changed her course. In putting the best face on Edith's marriage and Bob's complications, she had adopted the new ideals that kept her in the movement.

"It's the war," she explained to her intimates. "We're all different. Life as we used to live it begins to seem so empty. We weren't real; we people who spent our time entertaining and being entertained. It's all very well to say that we're much the same since the war as we were before, but it isn't so. I know I'm not. I'm quite a revolutionist. I may not have made much progress, but I'm certainly more in touch with reality."

So Junia talked, and talked so much that she was in danger of talking herself round. The instinct to be in the front line of fashion had something to do with it, but self-persuasion had more. The thing of the hour being the throwing over of the old social code, Junia wouldn't have been Junia if she hadn't done it; but, even so, the creeping-in of compunction toward Bob took her by surprise. She had told herself hitherto that she loved him so much that she would work for his permanent happiness even at the cost of his temporary pain; but now she began to fear that what had seemed to her his temporary pain might prove the very life of his life.

She came to this perception through reading in the newspapers the accounts of the Follett boy's trial. By the tacit convention which the Collinghams had established, that they had nothing to do with it, she never spoke of it to Bradley or Edith, nor did they speak of it to her; but she kept herself informed, and knew the devotion with which Bob gave himself to Jennie and her family. The boy's condemnation hit her hard. When Bradley came home that night, she saw that it had also hit him.

"I'm worth about five million dollars at a guess," he confided to her, "and I'd cheerfully have given four of them if this thing hadn't happened."

"But, Bradley dear, you had nothing to do with it."

"I know I hadn't," he declared savagely; "and yet I'd—I'd do as I say."

Meanwhile Bob went with Teddy up the remaining steps by which he mounted his Calvary.

He stood near the cage on the morning when the boy was brought up for sentence, witnessing his coolness. On being asked if he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced he replied,

"Nothing, sir, except to thank you for giving me such a fair trial."

The words were spoken in a firmer voice than those which followed:

"The court, in consideration of your crime of murder in the first degree, sentences you to the punishment of death by the passage of a current of electricity through your body, within the week, beginning . . ."

When the appeal for a new trial was denied, it was Bob who informed Teddy. When all efforts to obtain executive clemency had failed, it was Bob again who broke the news. When the boy requested that his mother and sisters should omit their next visit to Bitterwell—should wait till he sent them word before coming again—it was Bob who conveyed the request.

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Of the request to wait before coming again, they didn't at first seize the significance. While frank with them about everything else, Bob had never given them the date of the week the judge had named, nor had they asked for it. If they did so ask, he meant to tell them; but they seemed to divine his intention.

Perhaps they divined the intention in this intimation from Teddy. At any rate, they didn't question it, or rebel against it. It followed on visits first of one pair and then of the other, both of which had been so normal as almost to pass as gay.

"My boy, I'm proud of you," had been Lizzie's farewell words to him. "Walk firmly, with your head erect, and never, never be sorry for anything you've done."

"Good old ma! The best ever! I sure am proud of you! What'll you bet that we don't have some good times together yet?"

A psychologist would have said that by suggestion and autosuggestion they strengthened each other and themselves; but whatever the process, the result was evident. Bob had given them the verb "to carry on," so that "carrying on" became at once an objective and a driving force. Gussie and Gladys went regularly to work; Jennie took care of the house and her mother. The latter task had become the more imperative, for the reason that after Teddy's request that they should suspend their visits, she began to fail. It was not that she was hurt by it, but rather that she took it as a signal.

In the efforts to be strong, they were helped by the fact that not long after Teddy's removal to Bitterwell, Edith Ayling had come to see them, all of her own initiative.

"I didn't say anything about it to you," Edith explained to Bob, after the occasion of her breaking the ice, "because I wanted to do it on my own. Quite apart from you and Jennie, I feel that our lots have become involved, and that we Collinghams have some responsibility. I don't say responsibility for what, because I don't know; and yet I feel—" Unable to say what she felt, she elided to the personal. "Jennie I don't get at. She's so silent—so shut away. The mother has never been well enough to see me. But the two younger girls I'm really getting to know very well and to be very fond of. They're intelligent down to the fingertips, and with a little guidance I'm sure they could do big things."

It was Edith also who unconsciously helped her mother out of the trap in which she had found herself caught.

"Oh, by the way, who do you think I met in the street the other day? No less a person than Hubert Wray, just back from California. And that reminds me. He told me you had bought his big picture that everyone was talking about last year. Where is it? Why did you never say anything about it?"

Edith was spending a day in May at Collingham Lodge, and was walking with her mother between rows of irises.

"Come in," Junia said. "I'll show you. Then you'll understand."

But not till "Life and Death" had been drawn from its hiding place and propped against the wall was Edith allowed to enter her mother's room. She advanced slowly, her eyes on the canvas. Junia waited for the shock.



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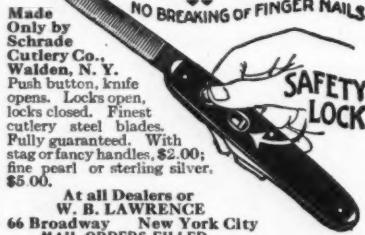
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"So that's it," Edith said, at last. "It isn't a thing I should want to live and die with—I never can understand that fancy people have for nudes—but I see it's very fine."

"And is that all you see?"

"All I see? I see it has a meaning, of course, but—"

Junia's throat felt dry.

"Don't you—don't you recognize anybody?"

"Who? The Brasshead woman? I shouldn't know her from Eve."

Junia crept nearer.

"The Brasshead woman? Who's she? What are you talking about?"

"Why, the model who sat for it. Hubert told me all about her. He said she wasn't his ideal for the part—rather a poor lot as a woman—but he couldn't get anyone better." She added, on examining the features, "I don't think she's bad, considering what he wanted."

"Doesn't she—doesn't she remind you of Bob's wife?"

"About as much as she does of you. Surely that's not the reason why you hid the thing away!"

"I—I did think—I was afraid—that people might see a resemblance—"

Edith made an inarticulate sound intended for derision.

"As a matter of fact Hubert said it was probably a good thing for him to be obliged to paint some one else than Jennie. He'd been painting her so much that he was in danger of painting her into everything, like Andrea del Sarto with his wife."

"Then you—you don't think that he's painted her in here?"

Edith looked again.

"Well, if you put it that way—and you were crazy to find a likeness—perhaps about the brows—and down here at the curve of the cheek and neck—but no! Not really! This is a carnal woman, and Jennie's a thing of the spirit." She dismissed the subject as of no further importance. "Do tell me. Is there anyone in New York who reglazes these English chintzes?"

So Junia made new plans, waiting for Bob to come home to dinner in order to meet him on the threshold, throw her arms about his neck, and give him the glad facts.

But Bob sent a telephone message that he would not be home to dinner, that he would not be home that night. No one was to worry, and he would turn up at breakfast in the morning.

It was all the information he gave because, by special permission from the warden, and under a solemn promise not to convey anything to the prisoner that would enable him to cheat the law, he was spending the night at Bitterwell.

He was spending it in a low one-story building some sixty feet long and not more than twenty in width. Its arrangements were simple. On entering, you came into a corridor some six feet wide, running the length of seven little rooms. The seven little rooms were each furnished with a cot, a fixed washbasin, a table, and a chair. They had, however, this peculiarity: that the end toward the corridor had no wall. Instead of a wall it had long, strong perpendicular white bars, some two or three inches apart, and running from ceiling to floor. The inmate was thus visible at all times, like an animal in a cage. In the

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corridor were half a dozen chairs of the kitchen variety, and at the end a little yellow door.

The little yellow door led into a room of which the chief piece of furniture was a chair vaguely suggestive of an armchair in a smoking room, though with some singular attachments. Around it in a semi-circle were some eight or ten other chairs similar to those in the corridor. In one corner was a walled-off space that might have housed a dynamo; in the other a stack of brooms and mops. As a passage-way gave access to this room, and the yellow door was carefully kept closed, Bob was not required to see within.

Of the seven little rooms four were empty, and three had occupants. At one end was a negro, at the other an Italian; Teddy was in the center. Outside, there was a guard for the Italian, another for the negro, while for Teddy there were two. They were big husky fellows, three Irishmen and a Swede, genial, good natured souls to whom their duties had become a matter of course.

There was something of the matter of course in the whole situation, even to Teddy and Bob. The human mind being ready to accept anything to which it is led by steps sufficiently graded, both young men were attuned to finding themselves as they were. "As they were" meant that Teddy clung to one of the bars from within, and Bob to the same bar from without.

"You don't think I'm afraid, do you, Bob? I should have been afraid if it hadn't been for you. You've bucked me up something—well, there are no words for it."

"Let it go without words, Teddy. Don't try to say it."

"I like to say it," he grinned. "Or, rather, I'd like to say it if I could. I like trying to say it, even when I can't."

That was all for the time; but after some minutes, Teddy's hand stole over Bob's big paw as it held to the bar, so that they held it together.

It was Bob who broke the silence next.

"I didn't tell you, Teddy—I've only just found it out—that dad's been taking care of Mrs. Flynn and her kiddies, and means to go on doing it."

"That's good," the boy sighed. "It takes about the last thing off my mind."

He had probably been following this train of thought for some minutes when he said, in a reasoning tone:

"I suppose you can't believe that you come to a place where you know you're through and are in a hurry to get on. Well, you do. I guess old people like ma reach there, anyhow; and young people, too, when they're—when they're like me. I've had my shot—and I've missed it. Now I'm all on edge to have another try. I'm so crazy about that that the thing that's to happen first doesn't seem anything—very much."

The hours wore on but it seemed to Bob a night to which there was no time. Though the support he brought to Teddy was merely that of companionship, he felt that the boy was outstripping him. In Teddy's own phrase, he was "moving on," but moving on very fast. Bob couldn't tell how he knew this; he only felt himself being left behind. Teddy was quite right, his old experiment was over, and some of the exaltation of the new one was already breaking through.

The Italian breathed heavily. The negro snored. The guards were bored and somnolent. Teddy might have been asleep except for the look and the smile that every now and then crept through the bars toward his companion.

Suddenly he pulled his fingers from Bob's clasp, jumped to his feet, and held out his arms.

"All right, ma! I'm ready!"

The cry was so loud and joyous that Bob sprang up. Brannigan lumbered forward.

"Been dreamin'," he explained. "Just as well if he has."

Teddy looked about him in bewilderment.

"No; I haven't been. I wasn't asleep. I was wide awake. I guess you'll think I'm dippy, Bob; but I did see ma. 'Pon my soul I did! She was right there." He pointed to the spot. "She looked lovely too—young, like—and yet it was ma all right. She wanted me to come. That's why I jumped. Oh, well! Perhaps I am dippy. But it's funny, isn't it?"

He was so preoccupied with this happening as not to notice sounds in the outer passage and beyond the yellow door. Even when he did, it was with no more than a partial cognizance.

"Listen!" he said once. "There they are. It'll be only a few minutes now. I'm not going to let you go in there, Bob. Funny about ma, isn't it?"

The sounds grew louder. The guards were moving about. Behind the yellow door people seemed to enter. There was the scraping of chairs as they sat down. The Italian woke and howled dismally. The negro shouted his hymn. Teddy was far away on the wings of speculation; but he came back to say:

"If ma had gone ahead of me, I know she'd like nothing better than to come and give me a lift over. But she hasn't gone ahead of me. She's over there in Indiana Avenue. That's the funny part of it. What do you suppose it means?"

Bob didn't know. Neither had he time to offer an opinion, because the main door opened and the warden appeared, accompanied by the chaplain, the doctor, the principal keeper, and three other men whom Teddy didn't know.

"You'd better go now, Bob. No use in your staying any longer. They'll handle me gently. I'm not afraid."

Their hands clasped; but the boy was only a boy, loving and in need of love. Before Bob knew what was happening, Teddy's arms were about his neck, in a long, desperate embrace.

A gulp that was almost a sob from each—and it was over.

"All right, boys. I'm ready. Go to it."

The words were spoken steadily. Bob limped toward the door. A guard unlocked it.

"Say, Bob!" It was Teddy's voice again. Bob turned. The lad had taken off his collar, no more conscious of the act than if he were going to bed. One of the strange men was kneeling on one knee, making a significant slit in a leg of Teddy's trousers. "Say, Bob! I wonder—if it doesn't take you too far out of your way—if you'd mind driving round by the house? You see, if anything has happened to ma, why, the girls'll be up in the air, poor things!"

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Bob nodded because he couldn't trust himself to words—and so it was the end.

Out in the air it seemed to him as if he had dreamed and waked up. The May night was so exquisite, so hallowing, that the walls of Bitterwell were mellow and enchanted against the dome of stars. Even in these grim courts the scent of growing things was sweet.

Driving in the deepest hours of night over the long flat road, he was too tired to think. His imagination didn't try to follow Teddy, because it had become an instinct to spring to the need to "carry on." Teddy was behind him. There were other things in front; and his mind was already with them.

Along the familiar road he drove mechanically. Even Teddy's last request, though it formed an intention, was hardly in his mind. At Bond's Corner, where the roads forked, to the right to Pemberton Heights, to the left to the bridge that would take him over toward Marillo, he was so nearly asleep that he might have gone straight on homeward had he not been startled by seeing a man and a woman standing in the middle of the road.

He jammed down the service and emergency brakes, swinging to the right. The fact that they stood facing him without getting out of his way both amazed him and rendered him indignant. Turning to look at so strange a pair of pedestrians, he saw—Teddy and his mother.

They were not quite on the road, but a little above it. Neither were they in the dark like other things around, but shining with a light of their own. Neither were they shadowy apparitions, but definite, vital, forcible. They were dressed as he had generally seen them, and yet they wore a kind of radiance. The mother's arm was over her boy's shoulder, but Teddy was waving his hand. Smiles were on both faces, on the lips, in the eyes, and somehow in the personality.

Bob was not frightened, but he was thrilled. It seemed to him that they stayed long enough to overcome all the doubts of his senses. Though he pressed on the brakes, the car went a number of yards before he could bring it to a standstill; and yet they never left his side. They didn't exactly move; they were only there—living, lovely, sending out love as if it had been light, wrapping him round and round. It was so vivid, so much a fact, that when the car stopped and he saw no one there, he was amazed once more to find himself alone.

He couldn't drive on at once. He lingered—staring at the spot where they had stood, looking over the wide, dim country, gazing up at the stars in their yearning infinitude. He tried to persuade himself that his own mind had projected something unreal in itself; but he couldn't throw off the extraordinary happiness the vision left behind it.

Before reaching Indiana Avenue, he had decided on a course. If there were no lights in the house, he would drive on homeward. If there were he would stop. At this hour in the very early morning, unless something unusual had happened, there would of course be none.

But there were lights. At sound of his approach, Pansy gave a little silvery yelp. Jennie opened the door before he had time to ring.

Cosmopolitan for October, 1921

"Come in, Bob. I saw your car from the window."

In the living room Gussie and Gladys, wearing their dressing gowns, cried out their relief at seeing him. It was the situation Teddy had foreseen, in which they were all "up in the air." As usual Gladys was the spokesman.

"Oh, Bob, we're so glad to have you. We didn't know what to do. Momma—" A sob stopped her, but Jennie was more calm.

"Momma's gone, Bob. Gussie went into her room about half past ten to take her the glass of milk we always put by her bed, and she was—asleep."

They gathered round him as if he formed their rallying-point. He took Jennie and Gussie each by the hand. Gladys held his coat by the lapel.

"You're not sorry, any of you, are you? She wanted to go; and she's gone in the sweetest of all ways."

"She won't have to hear about Teddy," Gussie wept. "That's a comfort, anyhow."

Gladys laid her head against Bob's breast.

"No; but Teddy'll have to hear about her."

Bob saw the opportunity. "No, Gladys; Teddy will not have to hear about her." He let this sink in. "Teddy—knows."

It was some seconds before Jennie and Gussie released his hands, and Gladys let go his lapel. When they did, they moved away silently. Gussie dropped on her knees at the arm of a big chair, bowing her head, and crying quietly. Jennie, a slim figure with hands behind her back, walked down the length of the room, staring at the curtained window toward Indiana Avenue. Gladys stood off, looking at Bob, nodding her head sagely, as she said:

"I thought that's what it meant when he didn't want us to come. He liked it better without saying good by. So we all do." She gave a big, sudden sob, controlling herself as suddenly. "We're going to carry on, Bob. We're not going to show the white feather"—there was another big sob, with another successful effort to keep it back—"we're not going to show the white feather—any of us—just to please you."

"Thank you, Gladys. It will please me. But there's something that pleases me more. I'd like to tell all three of you about it."

He told them about Teddy and his mother—about Teddy's vision and his own.

"I don't say I know what to make of it. I'm not at all sure that we're obliged to explain that sort of thing unless we're scientists or psychologists. It seems to me that when beauty and comfort flash on us at a time of great need, we're at liberty to take them for what they seem to be, even if we don't understand them."

As his hand lay on the arm of the chair, Jennie kissed it again and again. It was the first spontaneous affection she had ever shown him, and though it moved him with a stirring strange and fundamental, he felt that with the awesome things so fresh in their minds, the time had not yet come to respond to it. It was one more impulse to gather force by being restrained a little longer.

"It isn't as if this thing stood alone. A

great many people have had experiences like it. They may be no more than fancy, just as some people say; but I do know this: that by what he saw Teddy was helped to do what he had to do, and that for me—"

"Yes, Bob," Gladys pleaded. "What was it for you?"

"Something real—and assuring—and beautiful—and comforting—and glorious." He uttered the words slowly, as if selecting his terms. "More than that," he went on, "it was something that's given me a happiness I can't describe but which I should like to share with you—which perhaps I shall be able to share with you—as we get to know each other better—and time goes on."

XXIX

"How can we be your very own when you don't know anything about me?"

Gussie and Gladys had gone up to get some sleep. Jennie was crouched, not against the arm of the chair, as before, but against Bob's knee. Still pressing back the instincts of his passion, he did no more than let his hand rest lightly on her hair.

"I know this much about you, Jennie: that after all we've gone through, we're welded together. Nothing can separate us now—no past—nor anything you could tell me."

"Is that why you don't want to know?"

"I don't want to know *now*. That's all I'm saying. Things are settled for us. They're settled and sealed. It's what we get out of so much that's terrible, that we don't have to debate that point any more. We may have to adapt ourselves to conditions we don't know anything about as yet—but it will be a matter of adapting, not of cutting loose. What should I be if I were to cut loose from you and the girls now, Jennie? What should you be, if you were to cut loose from me?"

She pressed her cheek against his knee. "We'd die," she said, simply.

"So there you are! I know what you mean. I'd die, too. That is, we mightn't die outwardly; but something would be so killed in us that we'd never be really alive again. So why try to pull apart what life has soldered into one?"

She murmured:

"I don't know that I understand you, Bob—quite—but I do—I do love you. It's—it's different from love—it's—it's more. It's like—like melting into you—"

"That's love, Jennie. It isn't anything different. It's just—*love*."

"But you're so big—"

"And you're so little—so wee. Don't you see?—that's it! That's the compensating thing in nature. It's because we're different that we need each other and complete each other. I can't explain it as you'd explain a sum in arithmetic. I only know. You complete me, Jennie. As I've said so often, you're the other half of me—"

"And you're all of me—and more."

"Then since we know that why not do as I said—just rest a while? We've come up to our next ledge, as I was trying to explain to you a few months ago, I know we can camp here a bit; and if we've had some scratches in the climb, we can talk of them by and by. We've learned the one big thing we needed to know—that



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we belong together, that we can't be torn apart. Just for now, why can't that be enough for us?"

"It will be enough if you will let me tell you that—that what I've said about Hubert wasn't—wasn't as bad as perhaps you think. I don't say it mightn't have been; it was as bad as that in intention; but the magic cloak of your love which you used to write about, seemed to hang round me—that's the only way I can put it—"

"That'll do, Jennie. Don't try to say any more now. It's only what—in some way—I can't tell you how—I know already."

He knew she was crying, but he let her cry. He would have cried himself, only that, since the vision at Bond's Corner, he felt this extraordinary happiness. While his reason would have striven to accept the psychologist's explanation his inner self was convinced of Teddy's delight in beginning his next experiment. He himself was tired, but at peace—tired, but no longer with a need of sleep—only with the need of being quiet with a sense of fulfillment.

There were tears in her voice as she whispered, brokenly:

"Is it wrong, Bob, to feel so—so comforted—when momma is lying upstairs—and darling Teddy is—"

"We can't choose the way by which comfort comes to us, Jennie darling. Things happen which we don't want to have happen, and yet they can work together for good if we only give them half a chance—"

He was interrupted by the loud, sweet trilling of a thrush. Jennie raised her head in surprise, looking at the pallid shimmer through the curtained window.

"It's day!"
They were both on their feet.

Cosmopolitan for October, 1921

"Yes, Jennie; it's day—again. Let's go out."

They went as they were, bareheaded like children, into the purity of morning. Pansy, disturbed by the many strange auras in the house, scampered ahead of them, relieved by the escape. The street was still asleep, empty, clean, with every lawn-patch and garden bed drenched with dew. Only the birds and the flowers were wakening to the light.

Instinctively they clasped hands as they stood on the edge of the flowery precipice, watching the chrysoprase yellow into saffron, and the turquoise melt into sapphire, while the topaz became light.

Then silently, above the wraithlike towers and cubes and battlements, slipped the rim of gold.

"There it is, Bob!"

He drew her to him, holding her close.

"Yes; there it is again, Jennie—always coming back to us! The last time we were here, we had only the moonrise; and now it is the sun—the sun!"

Her head lay against his shoulder; and as the rim became an orb the cloud-built vision of Manhattan was touched with flecks of fire. Within its heart lay Broadway, Fifth Avenue, Wall Street, and the Bowery, shops, churches, brothels, and banks, all passions, hungers, yearnings, and ambitions, all national impulses worthy and detestable, all human instincts holy and unclean, all loveliness, all lust, all charity, all cupidity, all secret and suppressed desire, all shameless exposure on the housetops, all sorrow, all sin, all that the soul of man conceives of as evil and good—and yet, with no more than these few miles of perspective, and this easy play of light, translated into beauty, uplifting, unearthly, and ineffable.

THE END

The Girl in the Scandal

(Continued from page 88)

"He's pretty badly cut," he told her, his dexterous fingers never ceasing their play, "and he got a nasty blow on the chest—but we'll get him fixed up all right. I'm glad you've come—if you agree, I'll just rush him to town and the hospital in my car. I'm Doctor Gaynell, of the Lenox Memorial."

Of course Lutie agreed. Just as they were starting, she said, a shade hesitantly:

"I'd like to stop by the drug store a moment. I want to phone his wife to meet us at the Lenox." And then, as he shot another brief, keen glance, she explained hurriedly: "I've already phoned about the accident, but I promised to let her know at once where we'd take him."

The doctor made no comment, either then or when Lutie returned from the telephone booth, or when, later, the two women met in the general reception room of the hospital. The meeting was brief necessarily, because the doctor was waiting to take the wife to her husband. And Mrs. Crittenden gave a most creditable performance; by neither word nor act did she approximate a scene. But when Lutie would have recounted the bare outline of the accident she interrupted with a certain frigid restraint:

"All that can wait, Miss Dark. My

desire now is to be with my husband. We needn't detain you any longer."

It wasn't the subtly icy rebuke that contributed most to the stunned feeling with which Lutie went away. Indeed, at the time she was only partly conscious of the ignominy of her situation, hardly considering even what the keen-eyed doctor, standing there, must be thinking. Later, she was to be flamingly recalled to this aspect of her case, but, at that moment, what flooded over her numbingly was the realization that she must now go away—that the man she loved was suffering, and she couldn't minister to him. She had no right at his side—that right was the other woman's. And, she must keep her wound inside her, in some deep, secret place.

Mrs. Crittenden cannot be blamed overmuch if, though forgiving her husband, for the girl she could feel no forgiveness. Difficult to pin down precisely what Mrs. Crittenden said. Perhaps it was, just as much, what she did not say—some peculiar but damning quality in her silences; when a woman feels vitriolicly vengeful on the inside, she doesn't have to say much to gain an effect.

At any rate, outsiders, mutual acquaintances of the parties primarily concerned,

were before long wondering exactly what had happened. They knew that Crittenden had rushed the girl pretty hard; little gossipy reports sprung up of the pair's having been repeatedly seen in public places—the girl had been indiscreet, if nothing worse. And they knew that something had happened, though they could only surmise what it might be.

This hurtful gossipy surmise was a little while in reaching the office. Of course, the force down there noticed that an estrangement seemed to have developed between Crittenden and Lutie, and of course they made comments. But it wasn't until the star reporter chanced upon a morsel at some uptown gathering that any baneful construction was arrived at in the office. Nor did the office adopt a condemnatory pose toward Lutie even then. It liked her, and it knew Crittenden.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" declared old man Williams, "spreading slander about that nice little girl!"

He fretted all afternoon, contriving to muddle his files hopelessly. He fretted for two or three days longer, then he whipped up his courage and sought out Lutie in her back corner and persuaded her to have a bite with a lonely old fellow.

It wasn't easy to broach the topic he had in mind. He sat talking ramblingly and trying to detect those lurking thoughts which he had likened to shy little birds; he fancied that, for all her effort at spontaneous companionability, there was something strained and sad about her.

At last, feeling a meddlesome albeit anxious old fool, he made his attempt.

"You and Crittenden don't seem such great cronies as you used to be."

Then she suddenly straightened and looked at him with a brave, level look.

"I suppose people are talking about me," she said, in a clear, clipped voice. "I felt—knew—that they were. You needn't try to spare my feelings."

"Oh, my dear child, I'd do anything in the world to spare your feelings! That's the reason——"

"I've done nothing wrong," she interrupted proudly.

"My dear child," he protested again, "you don't have to tell me that!"

Then her voice suddenly lost its incisiveness, went half choked, as she said:

"Nothing except to be foolish—but foolishness itself is a crime, I suppose—we've got to pay for it."

"You don't deserve to suffer at all, my dear—that's why I'm trying to talk this out now." He whipped up his courage once more. "Has Crittenden's wife any reason to suspect it was—anything more than just foolishness? That's the real root of the trouble, I think. It seems to me your duty to yourself to make it clear to her——"

"Oh!" For a long time she stared at him with wide, comprehending, frightened eyes. Then, dully, "It's natural for her to hate me, of course." Then, after another pause, "Queer she should hate me, though—when I tried so hard—You'd think it'd be *me* hating *her*. But I can't hate her, not even when I try to. I suppose you really hate people only when you know you're harming them."

Old man Williams reached out and gave her hand a little pat.

"You're a little brick!" he said. "It'll

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accepted rules of fairness—exactly as countless other reputable "gentlemen" were playing it.

There was nobody to warn Lutie that she was unwise—nobody unless it was old man Williams, and it wasn't his business. She herself must have realized something of her unwisdom—but she was in the mood for recklessness. And the dangerous mood was strong in her the day that Fate threw Stephen Gaynell a second time across her path.

She had been doing a "playground" story that day, and the teeming, fetid slum districts which crowded in upon those arid little patches devoted to that organized, mechanical effort at "play" had weighed her down indescribably. Life, that day, seemed all a mockery. And, after she had hammered out her piece back in the office, as she pushed her way through the homeward-bound rush-hour subway jam, she was at the lowest possible ebb. She was tired, dog-tired, in body and mind and soul.

The world was still a hateful place when she emerged at her station into the hardly less stifling air outdoors. The street traffic was halted at the curb and she chanced to encounter a pair of handsome and vaguely familiar eyes looking at her from an automobile. She was hazily trying to place the man when he raised his hat, smiled, and addressed her by name.

That was the beginning. The end came on another sultry evening, this one in the last week of August.

Crittenden had been away on a six weeks' vacation and so wasn't aware of just what had been going on. It was nearly midnight when he left the office one night and chanced to get into the same elevator with Lutie. She seemed nervous and he, attributing it in part to his presence, began talking to old man Williams who was also in the car.

At the downstairs entrance, he purposely loitered, asking the old man for a light, so as to give her a chance to make off toward the subway. But she went in the opposite direction. Not only did this unusual course strike him—for down that way it was dark and unfrequent at this hour—but something peculiar in her manner arrested his attention. Was it just his fancy, or was there something hurried, almost furtive, in the way she slipped off down that deserted block? Once he imagined she glanced half apprehensively over her shoulder. Making an excuse to loiter a moment longer, he saw her halt beside an automobile drawn up by the curb, saw a second figure—a man—help her in. He couldn't help commenting to old man Williams:

"I see Miss Dark's being called for."

"Yes—it's Gaynell," said the old man shortly.

"Gaynell?"

"Stephen Gaynell—the surgeon."

"Why, I didn't know she knew him," said Crittenden, disturbed.

"Afraid she knows him too well. Been seen together a lot—she's getting herself talked about. She's a sweet child, and I'd gamble my last cent on her—but you know what Gaynell is."

Crittenden nodded and climbed into his own car without carrying out his original intention of inviting the old man to ride uptown with him. He hardly knew what it was that made him feel sud-

all clear up somehow—just keep on being brave."

He didn't carry a great amount of reassurance away from that talk. Her face haunted him—the defenseless, unprotected child! Perhaps it was because he was so disturbed, because he himself felt so helpless, that he betrayed a bit of her confidence in a rather odd quarter. It was assuredly just a further degree of meddling, and a breach of good taste as well, but he assumed an exaggeratedly off-hand demeanor as, the next time he was talking with Crittenden, he observed:

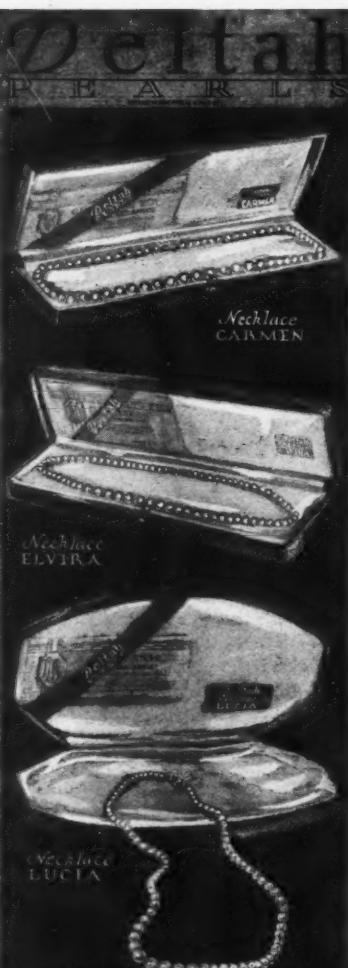
"By the way, that Dark youngster is something of a philosopher. We were discussing life the other day and—"

Crittenden made no comment as the old man rambled on. Old man Williams didn't expect him to—indeed, he hardly knew just what he did expect Crittenden to do. But certainly he didn't expect him to catch up Lutie's attempted little probing into the human heart's impulsions for the basis of a printed paragraph. For Crittenden did use it thus—born of such tragically intimate experience as it was. That was Phil Crittenden. However, it showed that he must have been tremendously, profoundly, moved by her attitude. And Lutie, knowing him as she did, read the paragraph in that light, and in her heart she couldn't help a thrill of gladness that he, at least, understood.

There was very little of gladness in her life these days. She missed his companionship terribly, but it would have been easier for her to miss him even more—to be completely shut off from the sight of him, from any surface association. That made her position so cruelly hard—to be forced to see him going and coming, and now and then, under a friendly but curious barrage of eyes, to have to exchange strained commonplace words with him.

But one feature about fighting down your true emotions is that, after a while, they're likely to leap up and have back at you. The period of reaction was bound to come to Lutie. The office noted a change in her—first she would be spiritless itself, then would rebound to an excess of spirits which, somehow, was not good to watch. The Sunday editor thought she might be getting dragged down with the heat—early June turned unseasonably hot and humid that year—and tried to give her easy assignments; but old man Williams, especially after he began hearing she was being seen about with Stephen Gaynell, in the gay young surgeon's low, swift gray car or at some midnight dancing-place, had apprehensions of another sort.

Gaynell was a skillful and conspicuously rising young surgeon, but intimate association with him would never help an attractive, solitary young girl—particularly if the girl was just emergent from the shadow of a near-scandal. He was quite well known in other ways than for being an able surgeon. He came of a good family and had considerable money. Though his was an exacting profession, and though he had inherited a certain social position along with his private fortune, he somehow found time to play it rather hard along side-lines of his own choosing. The Broadway night-world, into which this choice led him, would never have thought of calling him a cad; he was simply playing a game according to widely



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denly so sick with apprehension. True, Gaynell was no man for Lutie to associate familiarly with, and this appointment seemed girt with intrigue—somehow as if whispers had gone to the making of it; yet he too knew Lutie well enough to "gambol his last cent on her." He told himself it was unreasonable, nonsensical, this sudden acute surge of presentiment. And it was this intangible but dominant ominousness that made him glide stealthily forward in pursuit of that other car.

He was hardly conscious of what he was doing, much less of what he intended doing should that formless dread be crystallized into some horrible certainty. He just trailed that fleeing dim shape with the backward-leering red eye, knowing only that it was imperative never to lose sight of it, trailing it through the narrow thoroughfares of the lower city, falling back a little, cautious, in Broadway's glaring district, but keeping his gaze glued to that one red eye as though there were nothing else in the world—thinking he'd lost it, then breathing again when he'd found it, veering after it when it turned off into a shadowy side-street, holding back a space when it swung into the open stretch of the river drive, then stealing forward again under cover of the deeper darkness of the country beyond.

Meanwhile, in that other car, Lutie Dark raced through the night with mental processes hardly less stultified, but in a different way. Over her mind was laid a blanket of utter lethargy, a weight of lassitude which made her shirk inquiry into codes, conduct and consequences. And it was this inertia, this drugged trance of mind and soul, that Gaynell was ready to take advantage of.

The two didn't talk much as they drove through the streets of the city. Gaynell occupied himself with the business of driving, and Lutie lay back silent in her corner. They had left the last lamp post of the Drive behind them, and had penetrated the deeper gloom of the country beyond, when Gaynell slowed down to light a cigarette. Listlessly, she looked at his face, for a moment illumined by the flickering match. Gaynell was handsome, and handsome in a way that sent a sudden half-fearful but excited breathlessness through many women.

As he spurred the car forward again Gaynell glanced over his shoulder.

"Funny!" he remarked; "that car's still just the same distance behind—must have slowed when we did. It's been behind us for some time."

Lutie heard his words remotely. She was looking off into the purple-black reaches of the night. The road ran between a hedge of trees. The upper branches, stirred by a swift-born, fitful gust were forlornly moving specters, sighing dolorously as they swayed. There sounded a low, menacing rumble of thunder, and suddenly she was afraid of the place, afraid of the night, of the lowering storm, of everything.

As from afar, she heard Gaynell swear irritably as he glanced again over his shoulder. Then he brought the car to an abrupt halt.

"I'm going to make that car back there pass us for once and all," he muttered. "It's getting on my nerves. It won't stand dead still in this weather for long!"

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stand still at all; this time did not even slow down. Lutie half turned and watched the twin headlights advance. She watched them come nearer and nearer, strangely fascinated by the steady, swift approach. She had the oddest sense that something unforeseen and cataclysmic was going to happen and that these quite ordinary automobile lights were the outriders.

And then, when the unknown pursuer was all but upon them, suddenly a great sheet of white flame disrupted the firmament, vividly lighting the chaotic heavens and the shrinking earth and revealing, there hardly two yards away, the ghostly white face of Phil Crittenden.

What happened then Lutie ever after remembered as a sort of fevered dream. It was all too fantastic, too violent, for reality—that swift impassioned interplay of human forces, while the firmament began to flame and burn and twitch and quiver as if irresistibly driven to participate in the conflict of unleashed human passions.

She had a confused recollection of Phil's calling out her name—calling for her—saying he had come for her. Then of Gaynell's voice, low but furious, bidding the other man to clear out and mind his own business.

"You—beast!"

"Better move along there to wherever you're going," said Gaynell's voice, still restrained. "People don't call me names twice."

Lutie tried desperately for speech.

"Phil, please go! He's stronger than you—please go!"

"Not till you come with me!"

"I like that!" said Gaynell. "She may have been yours once—but she's mine now. I'd advise—"

"You dirty cur! I'll settle with you for that. But now I must get this poor child to safety."

Gaynell actually laughed at that—an easy laugh of triumph.

"I'll fight if you say so—but stop the preaching. Ask the 'poor child' if she's being abducted." And he laughed again.

Crittenden leaped out of the car.

"You sneaking hound—"

But Lutie jumped out and put forth a restraining hand.

"Don't fight him, Phil—I'm not worth it."

Crittenden paused and looked at her as if gazing to her very soul.

"Do you love this man?"

"No—oh, no!"

"Then climb into my car."

"Oh, I can't!"

"You must. Later you can explain it all—just get into my car."

But Gaynell had vaulted the wheel to the ground.

"See here—this has gone far enough!" he cried furiously. "All very fine to play the knight—but I know what's eating you. She's mine, and you know it—you're jealous."

Then, with an inarticulate yell, Crittenden sprang at him.

For a moment they clinched—a sheet of light illumined them, then was wiped out by a great hand of blackness. A roll of demoniac thunder drowned their low, animal-like cries.

Lutie tried to run between them.

"Oh, Phil—Phil—come away! Just come—and I'll go with you. I'll go with you, Phil!"

Then a strange thing happened. Gaynell loosed his hold and stood back. He gave another laugh—another kind and unpleasant to hear.

"Well, I suppose I was wrong—she's yours, after all. I'm not one to fight if the game's not worth it. You may take the lady with my blessing."

Crittenden would have sprung at him again, but Lutie clung to him.

"No, no, Phil! He doesn't understand—he can't! Come now—please."

Crittenden suffered her to draw him to his car while Gaynell stood smiling grimly. But Crittenden swung his roadster about and turned back toward the city. Lutie started to speak, but he interrupted her.

"Lutie," he said, "before you say a word, I've got to say something. I don't know what means that scoundrel used to get you here, but I do know one thing—and that's that the whole rotten business is at bottom my fault."

"Oh, no!" cried Lutie. "It wasn't your fault. I won't let you say it was your fault. It was just myself. I've been weak, despicable. Oh, I hate myself! I—"

"You mustn't say things like that, dear. You mustn't hate yourself. You're a dear, sweet, fine thing—the sweetest and finest I've ever known. But you're a hollyhock growing in a world of weeds. I was one of the weeds—but you managed to lift your head clear of me. Oh, Lutie, when I realize the sin toward you that's been mine—first the sin of commission, and then the sin of omission. I thought I loved you, but I see how selfish my conception of love was. If only, in the future, I may show the truer kind I now feel so acutely! I long so to be genuinely helpful—in all ways."

"Oh, you are helping me!" said Lutie brokenly. "Right now—somehow—though I felt so bruised and torn. I felt as if—oh, I can't explain!—sort of desperate—reckless—"

"You're a hollyhock, but you're human, too. And even a hollyhock, if it's a human hollyhock, has latent streaks in it that run counter to the finer side. Oh, Lutie, there will never be anything in my life that will be like you to me; but I'm not ashamed, or sorry. I think it will help me to live my own life better. But, even should I never see you again, I want you to know there is nothing that will make the difference to me that you will make, accordingly as you do well or ill with your life. I want you to understand that—always; because, if you do, I think it'll help you, sometimes, to value yourself as I value you—to refuse to let the weeds touch you. I suppose it's selfishness in a way, after all—sort of trying to ease my sense of responsibility in appealing to you this way. But underneath, Lutie, I'm so desperately sincere. I don't believe I ever knew genuine sincerity before. I do so crave to be a good influence. That sounds like cant, but I know you understand what I'm driving at. Tell me you do understand—that you forgive me—that you don't hate me."

"Oh, Phil—you know—" But she could not speak coherently. Sobs shook her, and tears began to stream down her cheeks. It was the first time she had cried for months, and upon that gushing tide all the pent bitterness and ache of months seemed to wash up and out of her heart.

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Crittenden with one hand reached for hers and squeezed it hard.

"We will both know," he said. "For always. Even though thousands of miles should separate us. Even though we should never see each other again." A forked streak of lightning tore viciously through the sky. "If I knew the next flash was going to strike me," he said solemnly, "I'd thank God for having shown me the heart of reality at last. And my last word for you would be a prayer: God bless and keep and help and shield you always."

The thing which most puzzled those mutual acquaintances who had been curious about the real "ins" of the Crittenden-Dark case was that, suddenly and mysteriously, there didn't appear to be any "ins"—if one could any longer call it a case even. For, without any public explanations whatsoever, Lutie Dark became almost a member of the Crittenden family; she was there frequently, and one couldn't help seeing that she was on as genuinely affectionate terms with the wife as with the husband. And, even odder, the Crittendens seemed not only reunited but more in sympathy with each other than ever before.

Perhaps old man Williams was the only outsider who ever had any approximate inkling of the true situation.

Old man Williams thought it didn't need much explaining. But even he, wise as he was, couldn't help wishing now and then that he might have clarified his surmises by being present when Crittenden explained that last wild ride with the girl. He could guess something of the drift of that explanation—he who comprehended that in the true "scandal" which threatened Lutie Dark, Crittenden had no part except as savior.

Nevertheless, he admitted to himself, the wife was an exceptional woman to have been able to see it in that light. As Lutie had said, she was a "big woman." At last she understood.

But when he came to Lutie Dark, he paused for a moment, brooding; many would say that the girl was the only one who had got the short end of the adjustment. True, she had been saved from certain shipwreck—but saved for what happier end? Could there be any fundamental happiness left for her, just having to sit and watch the man she loved bask in a contentment that excluded her?

Yes, there could be—this was what the old philosopher decided at last. Because Lutie's was a rare nature which could find happiness in self-abnegation so long as the self-abnegation helped serve those she loved. He recalled the words she had spoken to him long before.

Then, with an odd, half-smiling twist to his lips, he began to search through his files. At last he found what he was looking for. It was a clipping from Crittenden's column. This is what he peered at through his spectacles:

Our bitterest hate is not for those who wrong us but for those we wrong; and our tenderest love is not for those who serve us but for those we serve.

The old man continued to look at the printed words for a long time, still wearing that queer little smile which was at once half amused and infinitely soft and profoundly wise. He was a tremendously wise old man.

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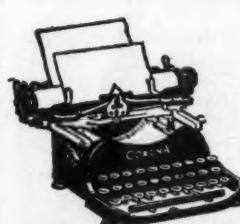
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Mrs. You

(Continued from page 31)

"It's different now," Dick pointed out. "We're married and—"

"Why does marriage interfere with ones enjoyment of a perfectly scrumptious spring day?"

"A married man with an expensive establishment like ours would be a hot sketch if he passed up a business deal to go maying in the woods with his wife, now wouldn't he?"

Of course, Dick was right. But Juanita's soul refused to acknowledge the dulling bonds of matrimony. Was she never to have another spring day simply because she was Mrs. Weyman?

She was still in the yard when a messenger arrived with a small box. It contained flowers, wood violets, and a little note.

"You probably have hundreds of blossoms more gorgeous than these, but I picked them while I was out walking early this morning and thinking of—well, thinking."

It was signed Willard Byrne, and Juanita had to pause for a moment to remember that that was Beanie's real name.

"The darling!" said she.

So Beanie went out walking in the morning and thought of her. And he was too shy and self-conscious to bring his devotion to her, so had hidden behind an impersonal messenger boy. Nita laughed. He might just as well have delivered the flowers himself. He had no job yet, wasn't even trying to get one until his eyes got thoroughly rested.

Perhaps he had sent the messenger from the district telegraph station just around the corner, and was even now watching her to see how she took it.

With Juanita, the conception of an idea called for immediate action. Without debate she hurried, hatless, in the direction in which the messenger boy had disappeared. It was only about a block and a half to the telegraph office, and sure enough, when she arrived, there was Beanie in converse with the boy who had just left the flowers—receiving a report, Juanita guessed.

She slipped up behind them unobserved and had linked her arm with Beanie's before he noticed her.

"Have you got enough money for carfare and a couple of sandwiches?"

Beanie characteristically didn't know, but fishing in his pockets, produced two dollars in change.

"It's wonderful to be rich," sighed Nita luxuriously. "Are you willing to spend all that on me?"

"Sure," answered Beanie, slightly articulate with embarrassment.

"Then come with me and we'll go and find out where the bumble bees got their idea for 'The Spring Song' they've been humming all the morning."

VI

JUANITA didn't get home until after Dick had returned from the office. The reason was, because just when she and Beanie had decided that it was time to start back an especially adorable bird had begun to make up a poem about sunshine and eggs and babies and wriggly worms and everything

that is beautiful. Juanita had stopped in the woody path and steadied herself by leaning against Beanie's shoulder.

"Did you hear that?" she whispered. "She's so happy because it's spring that she's almost breaking her heart over it."

The bird song hushed. Everything else was breathless too. Nature waited for the inevitable.

Beanie kissed her.

He had no more intention of it than of flying. Even Juanita hadn't exactly planned it. Before her marriage she would have known it was a certainty but now she was a trifle surprised—agreeably so. She had forgotten that there was so much savor to a kiss. Was there something about the art that Dick had forgotten? Assuredly this was different.

"I can't imagine why I did that," said Beanie, rather frightened and trembling.

Nita looked at him. His emotion was genuine.

"You couldn't have helped it," she informed him. "I'm a very wicked but powerful siren, and somewhere down inside of me I wanted you to although I didn't know it myself. I can't seem to feel sorry the way I should either. I don't suppose anyone would feel sorry to discover that they were alive when they had been thinking for a long time that they were dead."

He didn't understand, but she didn't either, completely. It took a long time to sort out the explanations.

Juanita went home very perplexed but thrilled and expectant.

Beanie ate his own dinner at the hotel, pleasurable depressed. He was hopelessly in love and had promised himself never to see Juanita again so long as he lived.

VII

JUANITA finally made up her mind to tell Dick all about it. It has been said that she was a good sport. Add to that the fact that she was honest, especially so for a woman. And Dick was the court to which she had brought all her problems and troubles. It was natural to drop this on his shoulders, too.

He was rather amiable that evening and it seemed an especially auspicious time for a confession. The reason for his unexpected good nature was because they had no engagement for after dinner, and he had already gotten into a pair of house slippers which hadn't had the labels worn off the soles yet since his marriage. For the first time in what seemed weeks it wasn't going to be necessary to fox-trot, toddle, waltz, one-step, play bridge, eat outlandish food at some recherché café, drink somebody's idea of a cocktail, sit through a rotten play or listen to a half baked lecture. Bed before midnight actually loomed ahead as a possibility.

So, when Nita perched on the arm of his comfy chair, rumpled his hair and began, "I want to tell what I did that was bad this afternoon"—he interrupted her by pinching the calf of her leg and demanding good naturedly:

"How bad?"

"Not so very bad really, but at that it's the worst I've ever been."

Dick pretended to be frightened and very stern.

"It was all my fault," she began. "It was after—"

The door bell rang. Nita got up to answer it.

"Let the maid do it," Dick said, pulling her back.

"Oh, but I'd rather!" She wriggled away from him. "It's almost sure to be someone interesting. Having the maid open the door is much like letting another person open your mail."

"But Nora can say that we're not at home."

It was too late. There was a sound of voices and laughter in the hall, and immediately thereafter, without waiting to be announced, in burst Mrs. Scanlon, sans Sean, the Morgans, another married couple, Jack Collins and a friend of his.

"I knew we'd find you home," gleed Mabel Scanlon, "and we're going on the loveliest party. It's a swell night out, and we're going to drive to Lincoln Corners and dance for a while."

"Not us, we're not," contradicted Dick firmly. "Tonight is our annual evening at home."

"Oh, Dickie dear, let's go," pleaded Nita. "It will be such fun. The moonlight is scrumptious and you and I haven't had a spring moonlight drive since we were married, ages and ages ago."

"Sure, Dick, come on," politely urged Collins, the man most cordially disliked by all the new husbands in Haynesville.

"No," replied Dick, more to Collins than his wife. "I'm going to bed early."

"If Dick won't come," pouted Mabel, "you can anyway, Nita. There's an extra man and if Dick is going to bed early you might as well be with us as sitting around all by yourself reading. You don't mind, do you, Dick?"

Dick did mind and anyone could have told that by the way he whitened around the gills, but he said stiffly, "Nita can do as she pleases."

"She would anyway," interpreted Collins, *sotto voce*.

Dick's heart was begging Nita to want to stay at home, to find her pleasure in quiet, unstimulated peace. But spring, the kind out of doors and also the kind inside of her, urged to her to be on the wing, going, going, anywhere, so long as she had an ounce of life and sparkle left.

"Won't you come along?" Nita asked wistfully, the very phrasing of the question indicating where her inclinations and intentions lay.

"No, thank you."

"Then I'll only go for a little while, folks. I'll have to take our own car so that I can come back whenever I like without breaking up the party. Who wants to ride with me?"

Everyone offered so she counted out. The lot fell on Jack Collins.

VIII

At one-thirty Dick got up from the bed where he had been trying to sleep and called up the road house at Lincoln Corners. The attendant finally found out that Mrs. Weyman was not there, but got Henry Morgan on the wire for him.

"Where's Nita?" asked Dick.

"Isn't she home?" countered his friend. "No. When did she leave there?"



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"She hasn't been here," Morgan informed him reluctantly. "We thought she had turned around and gone back."

IX

THE car glided silently into the garage. The house was dark and Nita heaved a sigh of relief. Dick was asleep apparently.

"Shall I come in for a moment?" Collins asked solicitously.

"No. It's so late."

"I thought you might want me to tell Dick what really happened."

"I don't think that will be necessary. He'll surely believe me when I tell him the truth. It was my own carelessness in the first place for not making sure there were loads of gasoline in the tank."

"But I was the one who suggested that we go the long way to Lincoln Corners."

"I wanted to do it too. And I really had a bulky time sitting there in the car while you walked back all those miles for gasoline. I never had such a good chance to get acquainted with nature at night before."

Nita let herself into the hall quietly and crossed to the living room to lay off her wraps. At the door she found the electric light switch, pressed it—and then stood there frozen by the nightmare vision the illumination revealed.

There was Dick across the room from her, fully dressed except for his coat, with his hair all rumpled, his face white and set, and his revolver in his hand pointed at her.

After ten seconds of nothing Nita clutched at the portières for support and began to laugh—uncontrolled hysteria.

"That's it—laugh," snarled Dick. "I suppose that you've been laughing at me all the evening, you two. Where's that sneaking cur you've been with?"

"Mr. Collins has gone," Nita managed to say between gasps.

"Where were you?" Dick demanded.

"What's that?" Nita knew what the question had been but she wanted time to think, to control herself. For the first time in her life she was frightened. She was not in command of the situation. Here was a man who had escaped from his cage. She was his master no longer. What should she do to coax him back to safety?

"I said, 'Where were you?'" Dick repeated with slow, chilling precision.

"Why—we—we—" What should she say? The truth would only enrage him more. He wouldn't believe it. "We were at Lincoln Corners, of course." It was any port in a storm. Tomorrow she would call up the others of the party and ask them to corroborate her statement. Her mind was thinking that while her lips continued, "We were dancing and did not notice how late it was getting and—".

Her voice faltered. Her eyes had seen the change of expression on Dick's face, the quick shift from cold anger to fiery hatred.

"You damned liar," he spat out. "I talked to Morgan over the telephone just as they were leaving the roadhouse. He said you had not been there." He paused and took a step toward her. "Now, where is Collins?"

Nita swayed, hanging on to the heavy curtain.

"Wait, Dickie," she implored. "I'll tell you the truth now."

Cosmopolitan for October, 1921

Dick sneered. "It's too late. I'll never believe you again."

He struck her detaining hand aside and strode past her. A few seconds later the outside door slammed.

The curtain fastening gave way and the heavy velvet covered her as she lay on the floor in the first faint of her life.

X

WHEN Nita opened her eyes again all memory of what had occurred was, for a merciful moment, erased from her mind.

Then it came back with a rush. Most vivid of all was the recollection of the expression on her husband's face as he pushed her aside. There was murder in his heart and he had gone forth to find the man he hated. Perhaps it was all over and Dick was fleeing for his life. Somehow the fate of Collins, except as it affected her husband and herself, did not much concern her.

If she could only warn Collins and keep him out of Dick's way. The telephone!

It took time to find Jack's number. But at last she could hear the whirr of the ringing mechanism. She hoped that Jack was not too sound asleep to be aroused.

But the answer was surprisingly prompt.

"Hello," said a masculine voice.

"Thank God!" Nita breathed. "Get out of the house at once, Jack. Dick is on his way over to kill you."

The only response was a laugh.

"Don't laugh! Nita implored. "This is serious."

"You bet it's serious," came the answer, "but not for me. I happen to be the turning worm, Richard Weyman, once your husband."

Nita's heart stopped beating.

"Is Jack dead?" she asked piteously.

Came that laugh again. "No, your darling survives so far as I know. He hasn't come in yet. His valet has kindly allowed me to wait for him. An excellent man, Collins's valet. Now I think you had better hang up and go to bed. This may be quite a long wait as I imagine your friend has gone to spend the rest of the night with one of his other women."

The sting of that lash across the face paralyzed the soul of her. Mechanically Nita replaced the receiver in the hook and touched her forehead with her fingers. Her flesh was cold and damp and her head seemed remote—as if it belonged to some other person.

Dick had said that to her.

XI

WHEN you have supposed for about twenty years that the most important things in life are the binomial theorem, the Greek pluperfect and the categorical imperative it is one whale of an upheaval to discover that there is some one inhabitant of your own terrestrial sphere whose existence is the subject of all your waking thoughts and the mainspring of your hurried snatched dreams.

In Beanie's case the problem was unusually complicated, in that he had fallen desperately in love with the wife of someone else and that someone else Richard Weyman, his very best friend. At the very first test he had failed miserably.

He had felt the impulse to kiss Juanita and had done it.

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THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

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Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonsfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in

thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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Through the
Ages with
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The First Watch Factory



FOR three centuries after the first "pocket clock," watchmaking remained a one-man industry. This made the cost prohibitive, except for the wealthy few.

But up in the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland a modern manufacturing idea was stirring—the principle of specialized labor. By 1840 this idea had assumed factory proportions. The first factory building was a mere assembling plant—the real factory was the mountaineer's home. Here all hands specialized in shaping or finishing some one watch part, under the guidance of the manufacturer.

As everything was hand work, aided only by the fiddlebow lathe, no two parts were precisely alike. A broken watch went back to the maker of the broken part for repair.

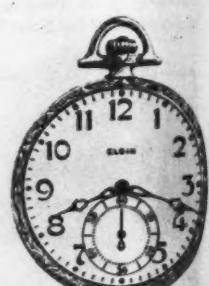
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And now he was in the damnedest quagmire of emotion that had ever beset mortal man. All of his training, his sense of right and wrong, his lifelong principles were telling him that he had done the unforgivable thing, while his memory was reminding him that the touch of Juanita's lips was the only compelling sensation he had ever experienced.

It was too big a problem for him. He could go away—he would—but that could not erase the fault. Neither could it make him regret.

He couldn't sleep. His tortured mind fought against the sorcery of spring, but spring was a more experienced campaigner than Beanie and knew the tricks of the terrain.

Finally he got up and dressed. It was better to walk out in the night, face to face with the enemy, than to lie in his tumbled bed and curse himself and every living thing—except Juanita. Perhaps if he hoofed it long enough he could tire himself out.

Every man who can remember his first love affair has already guessed where Beanie's footsteps took him eventually.

The living room of the Weyman house was lit up.

Beanie stood outside and looked at his watch. It was three o'clock.

What could be the matter? Was Juanita ill? He was half way up the steps to inquire when he paused to ask himself what excuse he had to offer for being in that neighborhood at that time of night. It didn't make any difference—he had to know. The bell sounded like a fire alarm in the stillness of the night.

XII

JACK COLLINS kicked open the door of his flat and walked in with his hands up.

"Good evening, Weyman," he observed. "Come out of the shadows. Sorry I kept you waiting."

"You coward," accused Dick.

"I can't agree with you," Collins argued. "I knew you were here. My man was waiting outside to tell me. I didn't have to come in at all. How did I know you wouldn't shoot even if I did give you the peace sign?"

"Why did you come in?" Dick asked curiously.

"Bravado partly. I wanted to test my own nerve. I've always wondered what I would do under similar circumstances. Besides that, I thought you might be amused by hearing from a disinterested party what a damn fool you are. I hope I'm not too late."

"Too late?"

"Yes. You haven't harmed Nita have you?"

"No—not yet."

"Good. You mustn't. I'm just about what you think I am, which is putting a pretty low estimate on my character, I imagine—but Nita isn't. I know because I've been hoping she was. I like 'em that way. But I found out tonight that my blandishments are wasted on her, so I return her to you with a bunch of good advice. The only trouble with her is that you don't know how to handle her."

"And I suppose you do?" Dick sneered.

"No, I'm not so conceited as that. I don't believe any man can do it. But a wiser husband than you would do what a

good doctor does with any case he can't cure with the medicine at his command."

"Which is what?"

"Sit tight, give the patient the best of loving care and let time do the work."

Dick hesitated a moment and then laid his revolver on the table and began to remove his coat.

"Good," commanded his host. "I'd much rather you took it out on me this way. I'm very nearly your size and the furniture can be repaired." He took off his own coat. "Let's go!"

The two men faced each other warily.

The telephone rang.

"You'll pardon me," apologized Collins, relaxing and stepping toward the instrument.

"I'll answer it," growled Dick. "Stay where you are."

He picked up the receiver. "Hello!"

"Is that you Dick?" Juanita was saying. Her voice sounded very distant.

"Yes," briefly.

"I just wanted to say good by, dear, that's all."

"What do you mean, good by? Nita, Nita, don't hang up. Explain! Nita, dear, tell me, dearest!"

It was no use. The receiver was dead.

"My God!" Dick groaned. "What is happening?"

Collins snapped his fingers with impatience.

"You fool. Nita is taking the only way she can think of to save you from the electric chair."

"Nita?"

"Do you love her in spite of everything?"

"Of course—she's mine."

"Then don't waste any more time on me. Get back to her where you belong." And then, as Dick started coatless for the door, "Remember that whatever you think about a woman you are probably wrong."

XIII

THERE was no answer to Beanie's second ring at the doorbell. This was scarcely reassuring. What was behind that door, lying, doubtless, on the floor of the brilliantly lighted drawing room?

Beanie's was a young, unhampered imagination.

He was wondering whether to call the police or to break in the door himself when the sound of a starting motor around the corner of the house startled him with its abrupt roar.

Perhaps the explanation lay there. Unmindful of the fact that the car might be manned by a crew of murderers or burglars who had just looted the house, Beanie ran down the steps and placed himself in the path of the headlights.

The car stopped.

"Beanie," ordered the driver petulantly and quaveringly, "get out of my way."

"Where are you going?" demanded Beanie masterfully.

"Away."

"Why? Where?"

"I can't tell you. But I'm never coming back. I don't care to live. Dick doesn't love me."

"Well, what of it?" asked Beanie with unexpected cynicism. "You don't love him, either, do you?"

"I do."

"But you kissed me this afternoon."

"Did I?" vaguely. "But that was just because it was spring. I belong to Dick."

Whooooooeee—bang! Cr-r-rash! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! went the masonry and glass of Beanie's castle in Spain. Of course, he could never have lived in it but, gosh darn, it was the first castle he had ever had and it made a heart-sick ruin.

"Well, if you're so nuts about him there doesn't seem to be any occasion for going away?"

"But I can't stay here any longer. Dickie thinks terrible things about me and I just called him up and said 'good by, forever.'"

"But you've no place to go?"

"Only one place and I'm going there."

"Where is it?"

She refused to tell. Beanie did the only thing that seemed left for a broken hearted lover to do—he joined the pilgrimage, forcing his society upon the original pilgrim.

After they were out of the garage on the street Juanita made Beanie get out and go back to shut the door of the garage.

"So Dick won't notice that I've taken the car until after I've got a decent start. He'll never be able to trace me in time on the road I'm going to take."

After Beanie had closed the garage doors he stopped a moment behind the car and made some marks in the dust with the toe of his shoe. Then he climbed in beside Juanita and with assumed cheerfulness urged, "On with the elopement."

XIV

THE house was dark when Dick arrived. He searched it from top to bottom before he thought to look in the garage. The absence of the automobile told him the story, or at least enough of it to set him telephoning the garage for a livery car. "The fastest bus you've got," he specified.

While waiting for it out in front of his house he lit matches to examine the wheel tracks in order to find out if Juanita had turned right or left.

He found something he had not expected. Engraved in the dust of the roadway were three huge Greek letters arranged thus:



It was the insignia of his college fraternity except that the letters were usually written in a straight line. By a curious coincidence the Delta, lying on its side, pointed in the same direction as that in which the car had turned upon leaving the garage, as evidenced by the tire tracks, not yet obliterated by any other traffic.

He was frankly puzzled. There did not seem to be much sense to it. It was more incomprehensible when his second inspection revealed the fact that the Greek letters had been drawn there after the car had passed.

The arrival of the livery car interrupted his speculations. He felt that he had no time for minor mysteries. Perhaps, nay probably, Nita, the package in which his heart and soul were wrapped, was speeding out of his life forever.

He mounted beside the driver. "Straight ahead," he ordered, "and drive like hell



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until you come to the first turning. Stop just this side of it."

The Weymans lived near the outskirts of town on the main highway. It was only half a mile to a fork in the road. According to instructions the driver ground down to a stop. Dick jumped out and ran ahead to look for tire tracks. Here it was more difficult to find them. He thought he recognized them running up the left hand branch but it was difficult to be sure. Then he found this:



So, it was a signal after all. Was Juanita leaving guide posts on her trail? Half suspicious that it was a trick to throw him off the real track he nevertheless took the left road himself, determined to turn back at the next crossing if there were no further signs.

At the four corners where they pulled up a mile along the highway he found his trail marked thus:



The main highway turned left but Dick ordered, "Straight ahead."

"That's a rotten road and only goes to the big reservoir," objected the driver.

"That's where we're headed, too," Dick snapped impatiently, "and never mind saving your springs—hurry."

XV

"FOR heaven's sake, Beanie, tie your hat on if you're going to ride with me any farther." Juanita was justly cross as she slowed down for the third or fourth time while her passenger retrieved his bonnet and, while he was out, managed to scratch a few cabalistic designs in the dust. "It's only a couple of miles more," she told him when he came back again.

But in spite of Nita's warning the hat did blow off once more, which was singular because they were in a leafy lane and quite sheltered from any wind at the time.

Beanie had surreptitiously purloined the pliers from the door pocket of the car and while he was out this time he stopped a second at the gasoline tank in the rear and carefully pinched together the copper pipe which supplied the vacuum feed from the main reservoir.

Perhaps it was the result of this that the motor coughed, sneezed and lay down on the job a few minutes later.

"Now, what's the matter?" wailed Juanita. "It seems as if everything was conspiring to delay me. Can you fix it?"

"Lord no," lied Beanie. "I don't know a carburetor from a wrist-pin."

"Then we'll walk."

"Can't we sit here and talk it over?" suggested Beanie.

"You can sit here and talk to yourself as long as you wish," Nita conceded coldly. "I'm going to walk."

Beanie followed, marking the course as he did so.

It was quite a way to the reservoir on foot, uphill too, and Nita got there first, perhaps thirty seconds ahead. She wasn't quite sure what her intentions were, but if she had any now was the time to put them into execution.

So she peeled off her jacket and threw herself from the masonry embankment.

Beanie, coming around a bend in the lane found her jacket.

Without hesitation he jumped in after her, with his glasses on and everything.

It was the only thing to do even if he did know that he couldn't swim a stroke.

When Dick arrived three or four minutes later there was nothing to indicate what had happened except the mute coat upon the bank. The trail ended.

The chauffeur of the livery car was bringing up a trouble-light. Dick seized it and cast its rays far out over the reservoir. The surface of the water was calm, unruled. There was nothing floating upon it.

"My God!" exclaimed Dick piteously. "Too late! Nita, Nita!" He had cast himself in an abandonment of anguish upon the embankment.

"Is that you, Dick?" inquired a tired voice, tired but rather matter of fact.

"Nita!" Dick was scrambling to his feet. "Where are you?"

"Here at the edge nearest you. Please lift Beanie out."

"Beanie? What's he doing in there? He can't swim." Dick was meanwhile lifting the waterlogged Delta Theta Pi over the rim of the reservoir.

As soon as Nita was relieved of the responsibility of supporting Beanie she started to swim away.

"Nita," commanded Dick sharply, "come back here this instant."

"Do I have to?" she asked wistfully.

"Of course you do," he answered decisively. "You've been playing in the water long enough. You'll be apt to catch your death of cold."

Nita described a wide circle and came near the embankment again, where her husband grabbed her by the slack of her garments and hauled her over the edge.

"Oh, why did I learn to swim so well?" mourned Nita while Dick was holding her at arm's length. "But I'm glad I did," she concluded when he had gathered her, dripping, into a grizzly bear embrace. "Oh, Dickie, dear, forgive me."

He did, all the way home.

Beanie had declined to go with them. Instead he volunteered to bring in Nita's own car.

They were half way home before Nita remembered and said: "Beanie will never get home. He doesn't know a thing about cars."

"Huh!" snorted Dick. "That's all he does know besides Latin, Greek and mathematics. He was born with a wrench in one hand and a pair of pliers in the other."

"But he said——"

Nita stopped. Perhaps it was just as well not to remember all the lies that had been told that evening. It was pleasanter just to relax in ones husband's arms and be kissed.

"Poor Beanie!" she whispered to herself.

Still, she wished that Dick's kisses had a little of the electric quality of that one of Beanie's. She closed her eyes, her mind and her heart. She mustn't remember such things any more.

XVI

BUT Beanie, heaven help him, can never forget.

Friends of the Greyhounds

(Continued from page 57)

poor end for a man." He paused. "I've earned the right to be sent out after the little one and her mother by a Frenchman's hand," he said beseachingly, and turned to Pierre again. "Your great guest there—he looks as though the Moslem Lion's scimitar was made for his own hands."

Pierre du Frenne was kind as he was huge, and wise as he was kind. He did not even question us with his eyes. Three choices for a brave brother Frenchman lay in his mighty hands—lunacy, self-destruction, a smiling man's death. Pierre du Frenne ran his thumb along the scimitar's edge.

When we turned our heads again, Pierre had flung his dinner jacket on the table, and was wrenching with all his strength to free the scimitar out of the floor. The blade jerked loose at last, and as it did, this mammoth, with a leap as light as a gazelle's, cleared suddenly the thing that lay so dreadfully at his feet, and charged toward the open door.

A dozen things happened at once. The door came slamming shut. A great burst of flame shot out from the direction of my coffee houses. The window at the right of the door fell, in a jingling shower, upon the floor. A shot echoed.

Pierre's great body, lowered in his charge, came suddenly erect, as though a giant's hand had taken hold of his shoulder and stopped his rush. Bull Jac dropped the great mace thudding to the floor and reached down a hand to the huge chair beside him, dragging it to him, as though to steady himself—as though he needed support. But I had heard only one shot, I was sure of that.

I took a tight grip on the jade handle in my palm and crouched for my spring toward the window. A pudgy arm, red streaked, with an evil looking automatic in the hand was reaching through the jagged glass, and over the smoking pistol leered the purple-blotted face of Grübl himself.

Bull Jac swayed backward, with his body bent in a hollow concave. Both hands now clutched the arm of the big chair, as though to support him from going over backward. I looked at him in puzzlement a fraction of a second, and then, just as I made my first leap toward the window, the curve of his great body snapped straight, as though some mighty bowstring had been freed and that tremendous chair came up off the floor, the whole four legs at once.

Jac whirled a dizzying full turn, while Grübl watched in dumb curiosity, and then, at the right tenth of a second, the Bull let go his grip. Grübl's pudgy arm jerked backward, and a missile from the pistol whizzed harmlessly past my ear as the greasy swine tried frantically to dodge. His gloating smirk died as the thick lips dropped open in terror. Then one of the legs of the great chair crashed full into his open mouth and the squealing ended in a horrid grunt. There was a jerk, a sharp crack of bone—and the window was empty.

And now came a scream from the red night outside, a horse's scream, yet so

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piercingly high, so agonizing, human, that Elephant Pierre du Frenne, who had been stopped and spun clear about when Grubl's bullet hit his shoulder, leaped at my door again.

The beautiful Bayard was still standing on his feet. A sooty goblin with a long cane knife had drawn back his arm to slash the blade along the belly of Rabican also, when the hammer of Charles Martel fell on him, and his head suddenly splashed to nothingness on his shoulders.

As for Elephant Pierre, the loose white sleeves and spotless bosom of his shirt caught the light from the flaming coffee sheds and gleamed ghostlike through the murk as the silken garment flitted about among the murderous cane knives. The broad blade of Abd-er-Rahman's scimitar caught the fire glow and flashed it in circles about him until it seemed a veritable flaming sword that he wielded there in the black press. Small wonder that a hundred drunken savages broke and fled before the onslaught of that one man.

I pulled up a handful of grass with which to clean off the stickiness that fouled the blade and handle of my misericorde, and turned to see how many carcasses lay scattered about Bull Jac St. Bouvier.

There was not one.

He stood at the side of his gashed Bayard, with his arm about his neck, and talked soft words to him; and tears that I had never dared hope to see on the cheek of this great man rolled from the passionate, reckless eyes, while the thick throat heaved and struggled to keep the first sob of his life from breaking through.

"Down, Bayard," sobbed Jac, when he saw us coming to him. Then to Pierre: "Strike—so that he doesn't see." And as he knelt at the beautiful head, and shielded the big, soft, trustful eyes under his arm's embrace, and talked love talk into the silken ear, the scimitar whistled down a narrow hand breadth back of him in its second mercy stroke that night.

Bull Jac arose, and a long blast of unrecordable profanity burst from his lips, ending at last in an exhausted anticlimax.

"Baboon-whelped litter of gibbering, stinking beasts!" he finished, "do you think that one of your piffling darts can put an end to Jac St. Bouvier before he has balanced the life of Bayard with a hundred of your filthy lives?"

If big Pierre had any reply we never heard it, for I laid a hand on a shoulder of each of these men and said, "Now we will go to Charlotte Braeme, who will have need of Frenchmen."

And so, without a word of question from these two, we were off on that wild night run—Bull Jac St. Bouvier astride his beloved Rabican, so to conserve his wounded strength for what might come; I with my left hand clutching his stirrup strap, bounding forward, my greyhound body feeling a stern delight in the thing it did the best; and Elephant Pierre du Frenne lumbering along on the opposite side of the steed, so that his sound right shoulder should take the strain of holding fast to the galloping horse.

I set our course along the high road, back of the coffee groves far up on the side of Sonoranganda's slope; and as we turned at last from the southward course at the end of the race, and swung to the west where the mountain ran out to the sea, we saw below us the whole flat fertile

Cosmopolitan for October, 1921

seacoast plain ablaze, acre upon acre upon acre.

And so at the end of three hours' running we came to the sea, all unmolested—Bull Jac staunch upon his horse with no sound from him but an occasional bubbling cough; Pierre the Elephant, breathing rhythmically to the heart breaking pace; and I, with the beseeching face of Charlotte Braeme before me, stretching my stride at the end of the run, so that a space gradually opened up between me and the panting horse.

And now, directly underneath me, closely huddled against the steep cliff, lay the white villa of Leon Braeme, all quiet and serene, but ominous. For beyond the first far-spreading cane brake a red blaze was even then flaring up, where sugar houses were already afire. So I waited in mad impatience until the other two came up, for I had to show them the end of this short cut to the home of Charlotte Braeme—the steep way down the cliff, known to but two on Fragrant Island, Martel the lover, and his servant Mbanu.

Old Leon Braeme opened the door at the back of his villa and took me into his arms.

"Charlotte?" I asked.

"She has kept telling me you would come," he said. Then, steadily, "She is above, disrobing for the sea."

I looked at him in questioning amazement. "The sea?" I said.

"I had set aside my most reliable rifle for her," he replied, "but she couldn't drive the fear of misfire out of her brain. And it would be hard to use steel on her. Besides she has a chance in a thousand to make the mainland before the tide changes."

But he called, "Charlotte!" anxiously, instead of answering me.

And, "Immediately, father," came her voice. How to describe its bravery and its sadness and its music I do not know—unless to say it was the voice of Charlotte Braeme.

The four of us stood with faces toward the north windows, watching the beach road, around the angle of which must burst at any moment a rout of voodoo maddened slaves. Back of us on a table lay the mace of Charles Martel and the sword of Abd-er-Rahman. These two had come through the night on Rabican's saddle bow, to the aid of Charlotte Braeme. But each of us held in his hands a modern rifle now, as we stood looking out that black beach road for the flare of torches.

As we watched, there came on the stairs behind us the soft tread of an unshod foot that halted in sudden surprise.

"Monsieur Pierre du Frenne and Monsieur Jacques St. Bouvier, Charlotte," said Leon Braeme, "friends of Francois, from the mainland, who have come to die for you. Messieurs St. Bouvier and du Frenne, my daughter Charlotte."

Knowing by her quick halt on the stair and by the task she had before her that she must be very scantily clad, we made our bows toward the window where we stood.

"It is a very wonderful thing," my woman's voice said quietly, "to have men die for you."

The queenly acceptance! The climax of existence! That mighty exaltation that has been reserved for woman alone in this

world of staggering emotions! Men were to die for her. And she stood back of us, heroics furthest from her words or actions, and graciously received this gift. Yet no other thing was possible, or even thinkable with her, for she had lived twenty odd years of life with Creole Frenchmen.

Then she said, "Au revoir," to me, and told me to make haste, because the channel was wide and the tide changed at six. At this a wonderful, brooding smile, such as comes sometimes to a lover's face, played for a moment about the mouth of Elephant Pierre du Frenne. Her hand touched me on the shoulder in farewell. I would have given the heart out of my body to have turned and looked at her.

Then the sound of the door closing after her and the crash of one of our rifles came simultaneously. Out at the angle of the beach road, a negro in the advancing rabble dropped his fagot, and crumpled down in a limp heap on top of it. And as the flame sputtered out in his flesh, a drab, sooty dawn struggled through the murk and showed us the black swarm scurrying back around the corner of the road into the shelter of the brake.

The villa of Leon Braeme stood at the inland corner of a triangle of cleared land on which he had made a garden, gorgeous with royal poincianas, and the whole fan-shaped space lay clear before our rifles. The cliff, a bulwark to our left, ran towering to a high promontory at the sea. A cane field flanked the clearing on the right, protecting us from the approach of the mob. The only swift approach to us was by the beach road, and any one entering the grounds from that came under our gun fire the moment he stepped beyond the angle of the brake where the road met the entrance driveway.

None of us bothered them about the immediate safety of Charlotte Braeme as she crossed the open ground, hugging the cliff in her swift run to the sea. Instead, forefinger of each one of us tremble, we watched the angle where the drive swung from northeast to north behind the cane brake. Our terrible responsibility was that no one should make a step of progress beyond that road angle until she reached the sea. Far to southwest the beetling cape of Antoransanga lifted its head, showing the mainland of Madagascar, more than ten kilometers of the Mossi Kambi Channel crossing its choppy waters between. A swim before her to try even this Fragrant Island mermaid—for it must be made at racing speed to beat the change of tide. Less than three hours. Impossible. Yet she would try, like the Creole that she was.

And so that she might have the greatest chance at success she was clad very daringly for the task, clothed in such dazzling raiment that none looked after her. There was another reason beside worship of so brave a woman—this: that let the eyes of that black rout once rest on her, and it would take marksmanship in accuracy and speed beyond the skill of any four men on earth to keep them back of that road angle. So we kept our eyes along our gun sights, out the entrance road.

The fire of a fighting chance flamed up so high within my heart that when the warmth and blood drained suddenly out of it at the sound of the scream we heard, I could not make myself believe that the voice was hers, nor picture the horror and

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that ancient scimitar a flaming deed of courage such as it could not match in a long life that had blazed with acts of dare-and-do. For he opened his hand and dropped the great blade into the turf. As it stood there swaying back and forth, he trumpeted out a wild wordless challenge and, being weaponless, charged.

I say to you that in that charge of his, Elephant Pierre du Frenne showed me such a burst of speed as I had never seen before, and never shall again; and I am called Lévrier, greyhound. The black beast lowered his head and counter-charged like a water-buffalo, ferocious with brute desire to crush and trample. Yet I swear that their point of meeting was twice as far from the traveler's tree as from the tangena.

There was no attempt at use of hands or arms. Such speed and mass made the strength of human limbs like the strength of reeds. Besides, as for Pierre du Frenne, all the calm pachyderm intelligence had been swept completely from his brain. Remained now only the lust for animal mastery.

They met. I heard the crack of splintering bones. Then, somersaulting over and over, the black body shot backward as though thrown from the sling of some ancient mangonel; slid sprawling ten times its length along the turf, face down, feet first, legs widely as spread—and stopped. It did not move again.

The tension snapped. The roar of musketry dinned into my ears as they registered sound again. I snatched up a piece and knelt beside Bull Jac. Old Leon Braeme was loading empty guns as rapidly as he could with the arm that was not crimson from the shoulder down.

Out at the corner of the beach road a pile of blacks five high testified as to what business had been under way while I stood palsied. Back of this bloody bulwark we could see them crouched, crowding for the rush that we could never stop; for only three loaded pieces stood by the window now, and the window ledge that had held our little supply of cartridges was bare. And too, they had caught their first glimpse of Elephant Pierre du Frenne staggering toward the sea, his arms burdened by unconscious freight to set the reckless fires of hell ablaze within them.

I laid my empty rifle down. The beautiful misericorde had never been out of my hand.

"If they will only try to take me living, I can hold them long enough," I said.

But Bull Jac laid a strong hand on my shoulder.

"Your business in this matter is to live for her. The other three of us will do sufficient dying for her."

He smote his chest a great resounding thump in sheer ecstasy of his mighty wounded vigor. Then he slipped his hand through the wrist thong of the mace and was out at once upon the entrance driveway, running toward that waving thicket of hungry, razor edged machetes like a bridegroom to his bride.

Just as the blacks started by scores to clamber over the bulwark of their dead, he stopped, and looking back toward the villa, waved high the tremendous hammer as though it were a baton. And his bull voice roared back at us.

"Look now, my old ones, while your good friend Jac collects his Bayard's

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hundred." He gave his head a toss, then settled his jaw on his chest, turned swiftly, and rushed down the road to meet them.

Whether it was on account of a desire to take him alive for nameless purposes or because of a kind of awe at the sight of one mad Frenchman charging the horde of them—this cannot be known. But there did not fly a single missile at him. He reached the mass unharmed, and his sweeping mace ate its way out of sight into the front ranks of them at the moment of impact.

For a while there must have been within that writhing tangle of black life a circle of death whose circumference was the huge spiked iron sphere that whirled at the end of the mace's handle. Easily we could see what happened whenever some doomed unfortunate was crowded inside that circle's whizzing boundary by the pressure of the shrieking outside masses that were struggling to get in to the kill. For now and then, to left or to right or toward us, some sprawling, broken thing would come driven through the staggering press, and whirl into the ocean, or plunge clear out of sight into the impenetrable entanglements of the brake, or roll over and over towards us on the open road. And always, above the shrill jackal chorus there came to our ears a wild and gleeful bellowing.

But soon the surrounding throng became so thick that the sweep of that death hammer was not mighty enough to drive its victims through to the open. Now we began at length to catch glimpses of the great mace, as it rose and fell in vertical strokes above the squirming mass. We of the Martels have kept that mace as a sacred thing, hanging upon our walls through the centuries since that day at Tours. But never, even on that field, where the Cross spread wide its arms and stemmed the Crescent's advance, did the great mace lift and fall in deadlier work than in the hands of Bull Jac, striking that day for his murdered horse and for the voice of Charlotte Braeme.

I know that this mighty Frenchman, alone there in the swarm of them, told off his Bayard's hundred in generous measure before his strength had poured itself so freely from the arrow wound that he could no longer keep clear a space about him in which to do his work. But the time came at last when the loathsome octopus slimed over him, and shaking many victorious black tentacles in the air, heaved and billowed its hideous triumph, then settled down hungrily over the noblest prey devilish ever hoped to feed upon.

Snowy old Leon Braeme cursed his very Savior, and forgetting to save a bullet for himself emptied the last loaded rifle into the squirming thing. I, myself, handing him Grübl's automatic so that he need not fall into their hands, was turning away for my run to the beach, half filled with soul sickness, half with a glad grim pride at the end of old Bull Jac, when I saw the thick, black swarm lift suddenly upward, man high, from the heave of something underneath.

I froze to stillness. God! How that slimy monster tried to hold him down! God! How its oozy tentacles sucked to the road and clung fast with prehensile ends to the brake's tough interlacing canes! How it spread and tightened flat, and swelled and bloated in its effort to engulf him there.

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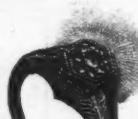
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But in spite of every winding of the writhing arms—the black abomination started to move off slowly toward the beach. I heard the voice of Leon Braeme change from blasphemies to pitiful prayers. And my own heart nearly burst within me as it throbbed its ache for that Bull's success. I strained my ears to catch a sound. But the black hyena pack had changed to devilfish even in its voice; the vicious screeching had died down into a sickening, squirming silence. I would have laughed aloud to have heard the bellow of that great bull voice break forth, for I knew how mighty the desire was in him to roar out one last ear-splitting battle-yell. But he must have put down that primal inclination and gathered into the muster of his remaining powers even the precious energy of a shout.

But though no sound from that thick throat came to my yearning heart, yet I could see him there in my exalted fancy. Huge arms embracing; mighty hands clutching the fiends close about and over him for protection, columnar legs stamping irresistibly; teeth bared; eyes blazing; head thrown back in transcendent pride in that last response of his mangled body to his will that in spite of all hell it should go down to its end into the big, salt, cleansing sea.

When the first lapping wave washed over it fear struck into the vitals of that devilish, and it slunk cravenly off its prey and crawled shoreward up the beach. A high comber came rolling down out of the northwest, fresh with the wind of a hundred leagues of ocean, capped with a flying spray of snow. And while my eyes were straining for a sight of him, the wave broke on the end of the last tentacle that was still trailing out in the sea. And the white, sweet-bitter foam, hiding Jac and his hammer out of my sight forever, frothed up the beach.

I found her waiting for me just beyond the breakers, floating quietly, with her face turned away from the blazing villa that had once nestled so cozily against the cliff. I kissed her, and the salt upon her lips was as sweet as the dew on Madagascar roses. Then we started to swim away from the reeking holocaust of Fragrant Island where paradise had been the day before.

"Pierre du Frenne?" I asked.

"He put me in the water," she answered. "I stood knee-deep beside him coiling my hair, while he gazed down the channel with a light beyond all telling on that great, calm face of his. 'You may look at me,' I said to him. 'I might not then be brave enough to die for you,' he answered. 'Not if I asked it of you? So he turned and looked at me."

So I know that Elephant Pierre had gone well repaid to his unutterably brave end.

"He looked after me until I had waded to plunging depth. Then he disrobed. He did not know I watched him. His huge body is very beautiful!"

The Creole! She would look at du Frenne just as frankly enraptured with the great beauty of him, and with heart as chaste as she had gazed starry-eyed at the mighty unclad loveliness of the Farne Hercules.

"You and I, Francois," she said, after swimming a little while in silence, "will find it nearly beyond our powers to live worthily of the men who have given us their lives today."

I let her have her own way and time to tell me of him. In fact I would have had but little breath to question her, for she had developed, since I had last swum with her, some new refinement of leg stroke that flung a round heel flashing to the surface at the moment when my legs would be taking the little relaxation that comes at the end of each scissors kick. This little extra impetus, that seemed to add nothing to her effort, added enough to her speed to tax me severely in a long swim. But after a while she changed to breast stroke, resting a little, so that she could talk to me more freely. And I was truly thankful, for my head had started to reel from overbreathing.

"He swam with an elephant's strength and ease and speed, southwest across the channel, heading toward the sea," she explained when her breathing slowed to the point where she could talk, and her soft eyes were wet with a more precious brine than ever Neptune splashed into her face.

"When he turned to look at me the time when I said he might, my hair was nearly coiled, but his eyes had in them a light so fine that my cheeks stayed as cool as though I had been alone. He took a big clasp knife out of his pocket as I turned to wade into the sea. 'God never made flesh like that to feed sea scavengers,' he said, smiling as wonderful a smile as ever sweetened my father's face. Then he started to loosen the linen at his throat, saying that I had better start at once, and that he thought, with the aid of the tide, before it changed, he might get far enough to east of us to keep the tigers amused a while until we got through the reefs at Antoransanga. He took the blade of the clasp knife out of his teeth to smile at me when he swam past."

I buried my face in the sea and changed my stroke again, trying to ease the ache in my heart with physical effort. But after a while, hearing my name faintly through the rush of water over my ears, I raised my head and found her many yards back of me.

"Francois," she said, as she came up with me, gasping, "I'm glad. I was terribly afraid that I really could swim as fast as the man I love." The Creole water witch! Changing her thoughts from death to love in a breath. I rolled to my left side and started to lift my right elbow out of the water; but before my face went under, "Francois," she said again. I stopped my arm recovery in mid-air. Her eyes were golden.

"Francois," and the long, dripping lashes covered the golden light, "neither the Elephant, nor any other living creature in the world, is as beautiful to look at as the Greyhound!"

When I remembered that I had waded into the surf for that long swim with no more clothing on me than was necessary to keep that sweet misericorde at my side, I kissed her till she begged for breath. But there are times with men when the heart is filled to brimming with the love of men. Bull Jac was gone. But off to the west somewhere an Elephant lived all alone in that waste of heaving blue; a bullet wound in his shoulder; the scent of blood about him. And at six the tide would change, bringing with it in the racing current, up through Nossi Kambi channel, the white man eaters out of the Mozambique.

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Brothers Under Their Skins

(Continued from page 48)

gone to pieces, and I've hung around the Club nights, and between times I strove to convince myself that I wasn't missing you. I didn't succeed, Dot, although in view of your reception it seems particularly awful of me to have been weak enough to—to—"

Craddock nodded. He understood. Tom was tempted to say something nasty, albeit truthful, but being what he was, he couldn't quite bring himself to do it.

"Indeed!" Dot sneered.

"Dorothy," Tom began, "you've been nagging me for years, and I think it's now time for a showdown. When I married you I loved you. I love you yet, but that doesn't mean necessarily that I hate myself. I took you for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until death us should part. I've played the game the best I know how, but I've got the worst of it. You've about bankrupted me and I think it would be better for us both if we didn't wait for death to part us. I do not think either of us cares to commit suicide. How would you like to get a divorce from me, Dot? You could go out to Reno and establish a residence there. I'll pay the freight—somehow, and I'll agree to pay you two hundred and fifty dollars a month until you remarry. If you should ever marry again, via any route, I stand ready to renew that allowance. Divorce would not end my sense of responsibility. It would only grant me the peace of mind I crave. I couldn't bear to see you distressed for lack of money, you know."

"A divorce?" Dorothy's voice was the quintessence of scorn; her light, silvery laugh fairly tinkled through the room, the most maddening thing Newton Craddock had ever listened to.

"The idea doesn't seem to appeal to you," said Thomas patiently.

"A divorce—and leave you free to marry that odious woman? Really, Tom, you're too transparent."

"Sure," Craddock reflected, "but you've got bum eyesight, lady bug."

"Well, how would separate maintenance suit you?" Tom continued. "I'm not anxious for the scandal of a divorce, but I'm going to have peace at any cost."

"I'm awfully sorry," Dorothy sneered, affecting a singularly sporty attitude, "but really, Tom, I shall not oblige you. I much prefer to reside in this apartment."

"Oh!" said Thomas, and was silent for a minute, while a curious little twisted smile—the smile of a defiant little boy caught in an embarrassing predicament, fringed his kindly mouth. Craddock, through his crack, watched him, fascinated.

"Well, I promised you a showdown, my dear," Tom resumed presently, "and here it comes—"

"Bully boy," thought Craddock and cheered silently.

"So brace yourself to meet it. As I remarked previously, I love you. I have loved you since the first day I met you, but—your love is not so essential to me as my own honor and self-respect.

"I've been your lackey, not your husband. I've humored your craziest whims. For your sake I've mingled with the rotters



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and nincompoops that inhabit your particular little world. I've fox-trotted with you and your women friends night after night when I ought to have been home in bed, conserving my strength for the mere struggle of keeping you in pin money. I've taken funds out of my business to aid your cheap, vaunting social aspirations until now I'm on the verge of bankruptcy. Were it not for my father's generous aid I would crumble tomorrow."

"Spare me this tirade," she cried with scorn ineffable. "Really, Tom, you're quite theatrical. You're making out quite a case for yourself, aren't you? Poor boy! What does she look like, Tom? I mean without her war paint."

"What does who look like?"

"Your friend Trixie La Rue?"

"My dear girl," said Mr. Kirtland patiently, "we've never even been introduced."

"I dare say. She looks like that kind of woman. I've been with you on a dozen occasions in various cafés when Trixie was at an adjoining table, and she flirted outrageously with you."

"Perhaps, Dot. I never noticed it if she did. By the way, who is Trixie La Rue?"

"Don't try to lie out of it, Tom. You know very well who she is, and mine isn't the first home she's desolated." In sheer self-pity Dorothy commenced to weep again.

"Oh, Tom—Tom," his wife protested, "how could you be so incredibly vulgar as to bring her to our home during my absence?"

Tom threw up both hands in a gesture of despair. Behind the screen Craddock did likewise.

"You do not answer," Dorothy fumed triumphantly—and laughed. There was an eerie, hysterical note in that cackination that made the cold shivers run up and down Craddock's back. "Deny it if you dare!" she challenged.

"What is this anyhow? The third degree? Of course I deny it," shouted Tom, a splendid specimen of outraged virtue. "You blamed little lobster, Dorothy!" he added. "Who's been giving you this crazy song and dance?"

"Have I not eyes to see with and a nose to smell with?"

"Yes, little Red Riding Hood. And oh, grandma, what a sharp tongue you have!"

"Who smoked that gold-tipped cigarette, there in your ash tray?"

"I don't know," he answered stupidly.

"Who did?"

"Trixie La Rue did."

"How do you know?"

"Her monogram is on the stub. Haven't I seen her smoking cigarettes in public a hundred times?"

Tom picked up the evidence and examined it. The cigarette stub bore, in blue letters, the monogram "T.L.R." He read it aloud and shook his head dubiously. Craddock trembled. After all—these rich geezers—one never could tell. Perhaps Dorothy was right. At any rate she had ample grounds for her suspicions.

"Very well, Mrs. Hawkshaw, the detective," Tom resumed easily, "bring on Exhibit B."

"Those two glasses," she said and pointed to them. "You had a little sociable drink together, didn't you?"

"I decline to testify, Dorothy, on the

Cosmopolitan for October, 1921

ground that I might incriminate myself. Are you ready with Exhibit C?"

"I am. Tom Kirtland, that woman was in this room not ten minutes before I came home."

"Well, I do declare. By the way, what are you sniffing about? One would almost suppose you smell the lady."

"I do—and so could you if you dared admit it. She uses cheap perfume, although it's no more than one would expect of the hussy. She must have doused herself from head to foot with the horrid stuff."

"Yes, I smell that. I detected it the moment I came into the room, and while I thought it a trifle strange, I didn't remark on it. Just concluded you had been using it—"

"You brute! How dare you insult me?" He started toward her, smiling, but she jerked back. So he sat down again.

"Now, about those monogrammed cigarettes—I can explain that," he said dully. "A chap down at the club gave them to me. I know him as Ted Ramsey, and that accounts for at least two of the letters of that monogram. He filled my case with cigarettes of his own special brand—said he wanted me to sample a blend of tobacco he'd mixed himself and tell him what I thought of it. He's a Johnny that wears his handkerchief up his sleeve, so it is probable he brands his cigarettes with his monogram. I wouldn't put it past him. I didn't notice the monogram when I smoked these."

"That's a very clever little story, Tom. Doubtless you could induce one of your dissolute friends to pose as Theodore L. Ramsey and establish an alibi for you. How do you explain these two glasses, sitting side by side so sociably?"

"I can't explain that at all," Tom answered truthfully. "There was only one glass there when I left this evening—and the bottle was almost full."

"Tom," breathed Mr. Craddock, "if there ever was a regular guy, you're him."

"Your story doesn't get over," challenged Dorothy, slantly.

"I don't care a hoot whether it does or not," roared Tom, with a sudden return to his belligerent attitude. "I'm not apologizing. I've offered you a divorce or separate maintenance, and you have replied that you intend to remain in this apartment. That's all wrong. You're not going to remain in this apartment."

"You and I are going to make a brand new start at this marriage business and we're going to start tonight. Please be quiet while I arrange your program for you. You've arranged mine for five years, but tonight we're due for a new deal all around. You've been the boss of the Kirtland family for five years and you've run it into a pretty mess. So I'm going to be boss henceforward and take it from me, lady, I'm going to be some boss. When it comes to handling you, old Simon Legree methods will prevail—that is, if you elect to dispute my right to rule."

She laughed derisively.

"The idea of your presuming to order my life," she taunted him.

"Suit yourself, my dear. It might interest you to know that there will be no further deposits made to the credit of your bank account and that tomorrow morning I shall notify every store where you have credit that no further credit is to be extended to you."

She paled. "Tom! You would not dare subject me to such humiliation."

"Why not? You subject me to the humiliation of asking your creditors for extensions of credit. Dorothy," he added wistfully, "do you love me just a little bit?"

"No," she replied.

"Sure of that, my dear?"

"I loathe you."

"Well, if that's the case," he replied huskily, "another minute of life with you in this apartment would be unbearable. I'll pack my duds and go, Dorothy."

He stepped across to her and patted her twice on the cheek—gently, paternally, as one caresses a child—then picked up his hat and turned to go. But the woman spoke again.

"I wonder what was so important in that note your light of love sent you by messenger just before I came in. Oh, don't try to deny it. The colored hall boy told me all about it just before I entered the elevator. The messenger called twice to deliver the note and stated particularly that it was to be delivered to no one but you. The vile minx. Of course she was fearful it would fall into my hands."

"You're a crazy woman!" Kirtland protested. "So crazy that I won't even take the trouble to deny your ridiculous accusation. Good by."

There was not the slightest doubt about it. Tom Kirtland was about to terminate hostilities forever. All jingled as he was, Mr. Craddock realized that this patient man had reached the breaking point, and he longed to step forth and congratulate Kirtland upon the salvation of his manhood. Indeed, so great was his interest that he concluded to stand erect and glean a better view of the dramatic climax.

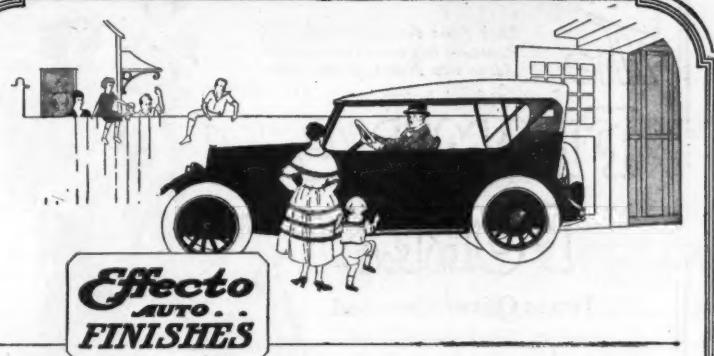
No sooner had he gained his feet, however, than the room commenced to whirl around him. He swayed gently backward and forward and, answering a subconscious desire for support, he reached blindly forth and clawed at the phonograph. His fingers touched a metal projection which yielded to his touch, the disc commenced to revolve and Tom Kirtland paused in his flight to listen to a pipe organ recital of an air that will never die, to wit, the Lohengrin Wedding March.

Mr. Craddock, in the act of peering over the top of the screen, froze where he stood, despite the alcoholic warmth in his vitals. He and Thomas Kirtland exchanged a long, searching glance.

Slowly Mr. Craddock's eyes commenced to take on the general contour and glaze of those of a dead fish; his face assumed the ripe color tones of an ancient Edam cheese. For fully ten seconds his face was visible. Then his knees commenced to sag and knock together. Slowly, like the sun sinking below the horizon, his terror-stricken countenance commenced to disappear behind the screen. And as he faded from view Mrs. Kirtland screamed:

"Oh, Tom! A burglar!"

To the best of Craddock's belief, two hundred and fifty years passed before Thomas Kirtland removed the screen and throttled the demon phonograph. Then a firm grip closed over Craddock's nape and stretched him to his full height. He was thrust violently forward and a large firm



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"May I so far presume on brief acquaintance," the latter continued, "as to inquire if you are a professional burglar?"

"Nix on that talk, Tom," retorted Mr. Craddock. "Me, I'm first assistant shipping clerk for the Consolidated Plumbing Supplies people."

"Then how do you explain your presence in my home?"

With the utmost gravity and comicality Mr. Craddock related the circumstances of his visit, the finding of the door unlocked and his overpowering curiosity to inspect a dwelling of the rich. "I never seen a dump like this before," he concluded, "so I just slides in to give it the once over." "A perfectly pardonable curiosity, Newton, my boy. I have never seen the home of an assistant shipping clerk, but I think I should love to slide into it and give it the once over. However, while your story sounds convincing, the proof of it will be the letter you speak of. You have it on your scented person, I dare say."

Craddock obliged instantly by handing over the missive, which Thomas proceeded to read aloud:

Lotus Club, 7 P. M.

My dear Kirtland:

Following an argument relative to the honesty of the average citizen, I have wagered a hundred with Collins and an equal sum with Somerset, at even money, that the average dweller in this graft-tainted village is not ordinarily honest. To decide the bet we are to give this note to the first passer-by willing to accept it, and to pay him five dollars for delivering it to your address.

I maintain that he will accept the five dollars and toss the letter into the first convenient garbage can. Collins and Somerset declare he will give value received and deliver the note. On your report tomorrow at luncheon the bet is to be decided.

Yours,
Ted L. Ramsey.

Kirtland silently handed the letter to his wife and resumed his cross-examination of Newton Craddock.

"Well, Newton my boy, this is a tough one, don't you know. You're honest, and you're not honest. I wish to the deuce you hadn't taken Mrs. Kirtland's slippers, because I don't care particularly for this top Ramsey, and it would tickle me to death to see him lose his two hundred dollars. You see, I'll have to make a report, and as the bet hinges on your honesty, I'll have to tell them you stole—"

"I didn't neither," protested Craddock piteously, "I—I—I only swiped a few things for Millie. There was a roll of frogskins an' a box of sparklers in the top burear drawer in Dorothy's room, but I didn't touch them. What ye t'ink I am? A porch climber?"

Again Thomas Kirtland gave evidence of that strange internal disturbance, but he managed with great difficulty to control himself, and said:

"Well, suppose you show me what you've swiped and let me be the judge."

"Fair enough," Mr. Craddock declared. He advanced to the table, waving gently from side to side, and commenced to shed his loot. A certain hesitation in his manner, however, caught the eye of the alert Tom, who diagnosed it immediately and turned to his wife.

"Dot, my dear," he said, "your presence

here is embarrassing to Mr. Craddock. He has something wrapped around his abdomen and he cannot very well disgorge it in the presence of a lady. You had better run along to bed, old girl. I'll not retire until I have seen Mr. Craddock safely home in the bosom of his family."

"Cut out the family," declared Craddock dolefully. "M'self, I'm strong for a couple kids, but Millie says—"

He glanced up as a sound of sobbing smote upon his ear. Tom and Dorothy were just disappearing through the door, so Craddock made his uncertain way to the entrance and gazed after them. Down the hall a little distance, Tom was standing with his back against the wall. He was holding Dorothy in his arms, patting her between the shoulder blades in a ridiculously masculine manner and kissing her on the left ear.

"There, there," he was saying. "I'll forget all about it, sweetheart. I'll never remind you of it, so don't feel badly. It was pretty strong circumstantial evidence, you know."

"Oh, Tom—dear old Tom," she wailed, "I'm a wicked, ungrateful woman, but if you'll only forgive me this once I'll never say a mean, unkind-word—to you again—as long as I—live. Oh—oh—I—I—deserve a—spanking!"

III

THEY had had a long talk together. Finding Kirtland a sympathetic listener, Craddock had, after repenting in tears his single slip from the straight and narrow path, poured out to him a meticulous recital of the agonies of five years of bitterness and strife. When he told of the destruction of his domestic establishment, due to his wife's inordinate desire for a pink kimono to wear to breakfast; of his inability to furnish it; of his temptation and fall in the presence of the Kirtland kimono, Tom patted him on the shoulder and told him he understood perfectly, and that further explanations were not necessary.

"Women is all alike," Craddock concluded dolefully. "If you was to take my Millie and Dorothy and shake them up in a box togidder, an' then marry one of them, sight unseen, there wouldn't be nothin' to choose between 'em. But what gets my goat is findin' out that a rich bird like you ain't no better off than me. You got your troubles like everybody else."

"I fear," said Thomas Kirtland, "that the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins after all. It's pretty late now, Craddock, and you'd better be running along. I'll send you home in a taxicab. Behave yourself in the future. If you can keep quiet about tonight's adventures, I can."

IV

It was almost a year before Thomas Kirtland met Newton Craddock again. They found themselves hanging to neighboring straps in the subway one evening. Recognition followed, and they greeted each other cordially. Since Craddock had never learned the polite art of dissembling, he quickly broached the subject nearest both their hearts.

"Well, Mister Kirtland," he said, "how's the little lady? Got her trained yet?"



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Kirtland smiled. Then he nodded.

"I guess it was a one-night cure," he said. "It isn't hard, you know, Craddock, once a man declares himself and his wife gets the idea he means it. A woman just naturally loves to be bossed and managed. The secret is in knowing how to boss her and how to manage her and still give her a square deal. The idea is to let her think she's boss, but don't let her think it too hard."

"Well," replied Craddock, ruminatively, I put over one of them one-night cures myself. W'en I gets home from your place that night, Millie's settin' up waitin' for me, and believe me, pal, there's blood on the moon. The minute she gets a smell of me, she lets out a yell and comes at me swingin' haymakers left an' right. 'I'll teach you to run around with other women,' she says. Before I can get my dukes up she hangs a shanty on my right eye an' cops me another on the cheek.

"Say, pal, that made me mad. You

should ha' seen the way I cleaned that girl up. Good an' plenty! Then I lays down the law to her, just as you lays it down to Mrs. K.

"I just talks to that girl like a father—and she seen I meant it. 'Millie,' I says, 'I love you an' I always will, but any time you try the old game on me from now on, I'm goin' to spank you an' spank you hard.' Say, pal, I win hands down. There ain't nothin' to it."

He broke off and gazed musingly out the black window for several seconds. Suddenly he leaned confidentially toward Thomas Kirtland.

"Say," he queried, "how about you and the Missus? Anythin' doin'?"

Thomas Kirtland half smiled.

"Not yet," he mumbled, and added, suddenly beaming, "but soon!"

Mr. Craddock thrust out a grimy paw. Mr. Kirtland shook it heartily.

They were brothers under their skins.

The First Night

(Continued from page 64)

"You see—she'd dropped it—it fell from her muff outside her dressing room. And I—what's the use of denying it—I love her, Cavasan. Of course, she don't know that. She never will. Anyhow I picked up the glove. I put it in my pocket. Then, last night, when I was fumbling with it, one of the detectives asked me what it was. I told him. He took it from me. And—he found grease on it."

"From her motor car?" asked Cavasan.

Mannheim shook his head. "They said it was the kind of grease you put on cartridges.

VII

THE Witherley is a somewhat dingy hostelry on one of the cross streets between Seventh Avenue and Broadway. Cavasan knew what an apartment in this hotel, in these days of inflated values, must cost. Probably seventy-five dollars a week. And Ffolliott Dare was dependent upon the success of a play. Failure meant loss of work and income. Doubtless the Witherley was the best she could afford.

Still, they were cheap quarters for a Broadway star. It would be an instructive lesson for those who jeered and jibed at the stage, denounced its immorality, to behold the dwelling place of the star of "Folly." If the nasty insinuations that Cavasan had heard at Simon's last night needed any answer whatsoever, the answer was to be found in the girl's residence.

He knew that Mannheim, grateful for his promise to help, had telephoned Folly Dare of his coming. Nevertheless he experienced a thrill when the clerk, upon announcement of his name, told him that he was expected and that he might go right up to Miss Dare's room. As he alighted from the elevator at the fourth floor he stopped a minute outside her door, delaying his ring until he had secured some mastery over himself.

It was silly, inane, annoying. He'd seen the girl only once; she was engaged to another man. He'd talk with her as prosaically as though she were ninety.

There is something in the first touch of snowflakes against the cheek that makes the blood leap in the veins. There is

something in the sight of the first leaflet opening in the spring that makes a man glad to be alive. Something akin to the emotions aroused in these things of nature was the emotion aroused in Cavasan by Ffolliott Dare's entrance into the little living room whither he had been ushered by a maid.

She was *alive*. Elementally alive, as animals are, as trees are. Yet behind that animal vigor of hers was something else—a spiritual quality, a mental alertness that was evident in her candid violet eyes, amazingly screened though they were by the long dark lashes, and in the sweet lines of her mouth.

He found himself clumsily and rather precariously seated upon a once-gilt chair, badly tarnished now, its upholstery shiny and worn. He had dropped his hat upon the floor when she had gripped his hands; he bent over now and retrieved it. When he straightened up, coloring at his own embarrassment, he thought he detected the faintest gleam of mirth in her eyes. He felt suddenly resentful. He'd come here to help her, not to become a victim of her charms.

He stared at her a moment. Could it be that she was callous, indifferent, unable to comprehend the tragic gravity of her position? Then he knew better; he recognized the calm cool courage of her that could inspire her to smiles when tears would have been the recourse of a lesser woman.

"You're a brave woman, Miss Dare," he said.

"Because I dare to smile at Stevie Cavasan?" She rose from the chair into which she had sunk. She pirouetted on one toe and dropped him a mock courtesy. Amazingly she seemed only twelve years old. She stopped; she sat down again, and pointed a finger at him.

"You, Stevie Cavasan! How dare you come in here and show so plainly that you've forgotten the girl who kissed you and cried because you wouldn't marry her right away."

He felt a great sensation of relief. Now, suddenly, he did recognize her. At least he supposed he did. For he remem-

bered the girl at the Franklin Seminary. It had been only a few rods from the Franklin Military Academy. He remembered the little tease who, one day when the two schools met at a dance, had evinced for him a sudden infatuation, had kissed him publicly and then with equal lack of privacy wept because he had scorned the suggestion of marriage.

Now, he knew her. And because he knew her his embarrassment fell away from him.

"Where," he demanded, "where do you get that stuff about a new friend, Miss Dare?"

She shrugged. "Aren't you? You weren't friendly on that day so long ago."

He grinned that flickering grin of his. "If it is possible, Miss Dare, I'd like to make amends for what, after all, was a youthful error."

She grimaced. He had no idea that a grimace could be so charming.

"I read your article in the *Moon* this morning, Mr. Cavasan. I assure you—I wanted to cry. You were so—well, you know, I think, how grateful I am. I'd seen your name before, of course, over other articles in the *Moon*. But I didn't remember the name. Not even when Mr. Mannheim 'phoned me a few minutes ago that you were coming. And you know that a spoken name often evokes more memories than a printed one."

He nodded. He wondered if that bit of knowledge was of her own experience or if she had heard someone say it. But what did it matter?

"But when you came in just now," she went on, "I knew you at once. And I remember how—shall I say cold?—you were."

"Trust a woman to remember, forever, the fool side of a man," said Cavasan. "Isn't there something sensible about me, something admirable, that you can recollect?"

She smiled again. Her red lips parted to reveal white teeth, small and perfect.

"Why, yes," she said, "there must have been something extraordinarily attractive about you. Haven't I remembered, for your benefit, that I tried to kiss you?"

"You have," agreed Cavasan. "And because of that, Miss Dare, the other is forgiven, if you will please understand that I have gained in sanity since my childhood."

It was the first time he had flirted in—well, in all his life, so far as he could recollect. Not that he hadn't enough women friends! It was simply that there had been nothing of sentiment in his experience with them, nothing that savored of romance. But this conversation with this lovely girl, that turned on old incidents—clearly, now, he remembered the long-legged girl of the Seminary. He'd never known her name; he wondered how she'd known his. For she hadn't been more than eight or so, and he'd been only twelve. It was flattering, bewitchingly so, to know that Ffolliott Dare had remembered him for more than a decade...

Oh, but she was engaged to another man! Suddenly he remembered that vitally unpleasant fact. And his manner changed; he colored, sat more upright in his chair.

"Mr. Grant wished me to help—to do what I can—"

"I understand," she said. "Mr. Mannheim has just told me that you were probably the greatest detective in New York, even though you didn't practice it."

"I hate it," he grunted. "Except this time."

She smiled her thanks. "And you think that you can find out—oh, Mr. Cavasan, I'm almost frantic!"

And suddenly, she was. Her violet eyes dilated; her breath seemed to come more quickly from between her parted lips; her bosom seemed to rise and fall more swiftly under its covering of dark blue cloth.

"You mustn't be," he told her.

"That's what Mr. Venable—my lawyer—told me this morning. But—the detectives came here—Mr. Cavasan, they—they—" she paused as though the incredible suggestion could not be formulated in speech—"suspect me."

"Absurd," he said.

But she shook her head. "Not at all, Mr. Cavasan. They know that I was angry with Mr. Blanding, that—that I'd slapped him. I—"

"Absurd," said Cavasan again. "Blanding loaded the gun himself. They can't get around that, can they?"

She seemed to shrink in the chair; seemed older, care-ridden.

"No—but they think—they seemed to think—that I might have substituted bullets for the blank cartridges—or another gun—"

"Did they say that?" he demanded quickly.

"They kept questioning me as to who had access to my dressing room. What else could they have meant?"

"And who did have access?" he asked.

"No one—except my maid. Oh, others could have gone in there—the members of the company, the stage-hands—but how could they have known that I would aim at Mr. Blanding? It's too far-fetched. Why, in rehearsal I always aimed at the floor—"

"Easy," counseled Cavasan, for her face was working and tears, hysteria, perhaps, lay close behind. "Tell me, do you ever tinker with your motor car?"

Her eyebrows raised. "My motor car? I haven't any, Mr. Cavasan. The lowly taxi is my nearest approach to a private car."

"But what were you in last night?" he asked.

"Went home in? Mr. Grant took me home in a taxi," she replied.

He shook his head. "I mean the car in which you went to the Regent Theater last night—at about three or four this morning, rather."

Her eyes were perfectly clear as she replied, "Why, I never left the hotel last night. At three or four in the morning? I was trying to sleep at that time, Mr. Cavasan."

VIII

SHE had lied. That was the salient fact that Cavasan brought away with him from the Witherley and from the presence of Ffolliott Dare. For he had not been mistaken last night; it had been she, no one else, who had slipped furtively from the limousine, dodged up the stage-door alley, to return, frightened of manner, terrified of feature.



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But why did she lie? A hundred possible reasons suggested themselves, but only one of them was sane: she had gone back to destroy some evidence that incriminated her. What other sensible explanation was there?

Only—it wasn't credible. This merry-eyed girl, for all the hot emotions she possessed, could not have killed Stewart Blanding. Ffolliott Dare might strike a man in warm blood, as she had slapped Blanding's face. But to plan so atrocious a killing—

He was an ass! All right, grant the fact. He wouldn't argue with himself about it. He admitted it. So then, reasoning as an ass might reason, refusing to believe that Folly Dare was a murdereress, what other reason than the one he had already advanced to himself could exist for her return to the Regent Theater last night?

To save someone else!

She had lied. Well, what of it? She was no murdereress. That he would stake his soul upon. Nothing else mattered. It only remained for him to find out why she had lied and protect her, perhaps, from the effects of the lie. For someone else might possibly have seen her; she might tell the same falsehood to that someone, and might thereby involve herself more deeply than already she was involved.

He reviewed all that she had told him. There was little in it. She had disliked Blanding. That was all. The rest of it, the scene upon the stage—she had added nothing to what he already knew. All right, then, he must work upon those meager foundations.

The glove that Mannheim had inadvertently exposed to the police! It didn't matter what the police said. The same sort of grease that is used upon cartridges is also used upon the springs of an automobile. That was why, thinking of an explanation that was simple, even though the police in their eagerness to find a victim had rejected it, Cavasan had asked Folly if she ever tinkered with her motor car. And she had replied that she had not, that she had no motor car. Then had followed her downright misstatement, to put it mildly.

But to analyze her utterance that the lowly taxi was her nearest approach to a private car. That was a flat statement, which, if not true, could, she must know, be easily disproved. If she possessed an automobile she would know she could not hide the fact of ownership.

Yet she had been in a private motor last night. Cavasan knew a taxi when he saw one. Whose motor car then? If he could answer that question he might find himself on the edge of important disclosures.

He had walked half a dozen blocks from the Witherley when he had progressed thus far in his thoughts. He stopped. If Folly had been out of the hotel at three or four o'clock last night—he began to believe that it must have been nearer four than three—the night clerk of the Witherley or some other employee must have noted her late departure or entrance. He turned back up Seventh Avenue.

Into his stride now came an alertness that had been absent. Heretofore the problem had presented itself as a whole; it had been difficult to get a grip on details.

The man behind the desk now looked

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up at Cavasan's entrance, recognized him as the recent caller upon Miss Dare and reached for the telephone as though to announce him again.

Cavasan shook his head. "I came to make certain inquiries—I'm from the Moon," he said.

The clerk nodded. He was shabbily dressed, harassed-seeming, as though a thousand creditors hounded him, a common enough type in New York. Cavasan's hand slipped into his trousers' pocket; it came out with a bill snuggled in the palm. He placed his hand, palm up, on the desk behind which the clerk stood.

The clerk's eyes glistened.

"Where's the night clerk?" asked Cavasan.

"I'm him," was the answer.

Cavasan laid the bill upon the counter. The clerk picked it up and swiftly put it away in his clothing. The reporter took another bill from his pocket.

"On duty last night?" he asked.

The clerk nodded, his eager eyes upon Cavasan's hand.

"Been to see Miss Dare," said Cavasan. "Got a good story—good enough—but I want something a little snappy—you know."

The clerk nodded wisely but a little regretfully.

"There's been other newspapermen here today, but she wouldn't see any of them—except you," he said. "And I could tell 'em nothing. Don't know anything."

"Not about the killing at the Regent—certainly not," agreed Cavasan. "But you know what the public likes—private stuff. For instance, what an actress eats and wears; the men she goes out with—that kind of thing. Night life stuff too. For instance, what time did Miss Dare come in last night? How did she act? Get me?"

"Sure I do," said the clerk. "But there ain't much to tell you. She come in with a young man, talked with him a minute in the lobby here, then went upstairs. That was around one o'clock, I think."

Cavasan nodded sagely. "But later on? Did she go out again?"

The clerk shook his head. "No."

"Sure?" insisted Cavasan.

"Dunno how she could have. I was behind the desk all night. I'd have heard the elevator—always do look up when it comes down."

"She might have walked down the stairs," said Cavasan. He had noted that the stairs were well hidden from the clerk's desk.

The man frowned in bewilderment. He had not thought of that before. "Sure, she might have," he admitted. "But I'm sure I'd have seen her cross the lobby."

"Of course," said Cavasan.

He asked a few aimless questions and then again left the Witherley. One thing he had learned. Folly Dare could have left the hotel without the knowledge of the clerk. She might also have returned without his being aware of the fact, provided that in both cases she had used the stairway instead of the elevator and had been fortunate enough not to attract his attention as she crossed the lobby. That latter was quite possible.

It only remained for him to locate the car in which she had ridden. He grinned wryly as he walked again down Seventh Avenue.

He was acting as though he wished to prove Folly Dare guilty of murder. Well, he couldn't help it. To disprove absolutely any possible charge against her he must know things that she feared to tell.

He should have told her what the police really suspected. But when she had so calmly lied to him he had been—well, flabbergasted was the way he put it to himself. Still, he'd better telephone. He did so.

He trembled as he heard her, in response to her maid's summons, say:

"Hello, Mr. Cavasan. You haven't found out anything already, have you?"

How vibrant her voice was.

"Not a thing, I'm sorry to say. But it's rather soon, Miss Dare. You remember that I asked you if you'd ever tinkered with a motor car?"

"Yes?" Her voice was suddenly cold.

"The reason I asked was—one of your gloves—"

"Benny Mannheim 'phoned me and told me—before you came, Mr. Cavasan. And I told him that I'd dropped my handkerchief under my taxi. I bent for it and my hand touched the springs." She laughed. "Mountains out of mole hills, Mr. Cavasan. Benny was frantically worried. If you'd asked me when you were here—but I didn't get the meaning of your question. You should be franker, Mr. Cavasan. But you didn't want me to think that you'd suspected me—even for a minute, did you?"

He murmured something indistinguishable, and a moment later hung up. How pat her explanation was! And why hadn't she mentioned to him, when they were talking in her apartment, of Mannheim's having told her of his break? He wondered if it was because she had been so alarmed at his question about her having been at the theater that she had deliberately got away from any further discussion of motor cars.

She was—well, she wasn't ingenuous, to put it mildly. And hadn't there, now that he thought it over, been, despite her calmness, something of strain in her voice as she'd asked him if he'd found out anything?

Oh, he was seeing things! He was imagining things. Let him stick to facts. Quavers of the voice might mean things on the stage, or in fiction, but in real life they meant nothing. They weren't evidence, and they weren't proof. He wanted some evidence, something to show that Stewart Blanding had died by accident, or had been killed by someone whose name was not Ffolliott Dare.

Idly he turned through the cross street on which the Regent Theater was situated. He saw a long line of people formed in front of the box office window, stretching out into the street. Curious, he climbed the short flight of stairs to Mannheim's office. The little manager received him. All fear seemed to have left him.

"We're going to play tonight, Stevie," he cried.

Cavasan sat down. "Miss Dare willing?"

"She's the real thing," said Mannheim exultantly. "The police made me promise not to mention my break to her, but I got thinking it over. Who the hell are the police, I asked myself. They want to put something over on Ffolliott Dare. I'll see them in hell first. So after you left I telephoned her. And she explained it."



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Cavasan nodded. "Yes, she explained it to me."

"Simplest thing in the world," said the manager. "And then I asked her if she'd play tonight—and she said sure she would. Why should a misfortune, great as it was, rob me of my chance to make money?"

Suddenly Cavasan felt cynical. "I don't suppose her own name in electric lights had anything to do with it, eh, Benny?"

"You've met her," said the little Jew simply. "You know that she'd do more for a friend than for herself."

And Cavasan did know it. He felt ashamed, in the presence of Mannheim's faith in the girl, of his own petty thoughts.

"You're right," he said curtly. "Police have any more questions to ask?"

Mannheim shook his head. "I guess maybe they aren't so wise as they think. I guess maybe they've decided it was an accident after all. For a little grease on a glove ain't going to put anyone in the chair."

"I should hope not," agreed Cavasan heartily.

He suddenly felt useless. The police had discovered a mare's nest, had sent detectives to visit Folly and her fiancé and then—thought better of it. They hadn't even mentioned the circumstance that had aroused their suspicion to the newly made star.

He left Mannheim's office feeling down

Why did Folly Dare need to know how to police? Did she need to flee? Or was she trying to protect someone else? These are questions which Stephen Cavasan has to solve. What he finds out—and how he finds it—is revealed in the next instalment of this swift-moving story, in

NOVEMBER COSMOPOLITAN.

Speeding-Up Your Senses

(Continued from page 41)

cashier to tell that she was probably the person she claimed to be. When a stranger comes to a bank seeking to cash a draft on another bank in a distant city, the case is simple enough. Banks in large cities are constantly dealing with one another, and a glance at the records will determine whether the number of the draft that is presented is what it should be if issued in regular order. That is, if the number is close to the number of another draft on the same bank received only a day or two previous, it is presumably all right. The only question then is the identity of the person presenting it, and many a stranger has been identified by the simple expedient of having him show the tailor's mark on his clothes. If his coat is well fitting and the wrinkles in it show that it has been worn by him for some time, the chances are that the name on the tailor's mark is his own.

After all, most detective work consists simply in finding out things. It doesn't matter whether you're a professional sleuth pursuing a criminal, a business investigator after facts, or an amateur trying to find out what you can as a mere matter of amusement; what you're really seeking is information. And you do this every day of your life. If you wish to know the whereabouts of a man, or of an elusive fact, the method is much the same; you must figure out, first of all, where the man or the fact you're seeking is most likely to be. Then you go there by the shortest possible route.

Every criminal investigator knows that

Cosmopolitan for October, 1921

in the mouth. Of course, he was glad that the accident theory was probably accepted, but—he would have liked to have done something for Ffolliott Dare, earned her gratitude.

He found himself, cast down of spirit, feeling a bit absurd, in the vicinity of Bryant Park. He'd phone Perry from his rooms instead of from some public booth. So he crossed the square behind the Public Library and mounted the short steps to the door of the converted private house where he dwelt. His landlady met him in the hall. Her face was disapproving.

"There's a young woman waiting in your apartment, Mr. Cavasan. She wouldn't wait downstairs—"

Cavasan didn't wait for her to finish. Somehow he knew who was upstairs, even though he couldn't imagine why she was there. And intuition had not lied to him. As he opened the door of his living room Ffolliott Dare rose from the sofa on which she was seated. She advanced to him, and her eyes and voice were frightened, pleading.

"Mr. Cavasan, tell me—tell me—how does one get out of town—without the police knowing, I mean?"

He stared at her. Her question, with its ghastly implications, didn't shock him. She was in trouble—and she had gone, not to Allan Grant, but to Stephen Cavasan.

leave town without the knowledge of the police? Did she need to flee? Or was she trying to protect someone else? These are questions which Stephen Cavasan has to solve. What he finds out—and how he finds it—is revealed in the next instalment of this swift-moving story, in

NOVEMBER COSMOPOLITAN.

there are a few places where a man being hunted is almost certain to go. If he has left home under a cloud, he is certain to be keenly interested in learning the latest developments in the situation from which he is escaping. Consequently he will call for mail.

A newspaper man I knew wished to meet a stranger who was expected to receive mail at the general delivery window. The reporter had never seen the man and had no description of him, yet he recognized the fellow readily enough when he applied for his mail, because he had taken the precaution to mail him a letter in a red envelope. When he saw a tall, well dressed chap receive that envelope at the window, he promptly stepped up and introduced himself.

Much more difficult was the problem of a young man in New York who wished to find a girl who had been his boyhood sweetheart. He did not know where she lived and did not even know the address of any of her family to whom he might write, but he was certain that she was in New York, because he had caught a glimpse of her as his train was pulling away from the platform of an "L" station. She evidently had not been in New York long, for her name did not appear in the city directory or telephone book. As she had never been employed, there was no chance for using her occupation as a clew. So far as he knew, she had never been married, and he proceeded on the assumption that she was living under her maiden

name. It happened that he told me his troubles one evening, and I tried to help. We called up about fifteen of the hotels most likely to appeal to a young woman in her comfortable circumstances, but this hunt proved fruitless. Then the young man chanced to drop one more little clue. He said that she had long had an admirer in New York, a rather prominent man, named, let us say, D. LeRoy Abbington. It occurred to me that if Abbington, a wealthy bachelor, were fond of this girl he would doubtless send her flowers and candy.

A search in the telephone book disclosed the he was living in a fashionable apartment house near Fifth Avenue. About a block and a half distant from the apartment, we found, was a Fifth Avenue florist shop. This store, it seemed to us, would be the one most likely to attract the man if he bought flowers. My young friend then agreed to go to the shop the next morning, posing as an employee of Abbington, and complain that the flowers ordered by Abbington, to be delivered to Miss Scott, had not been received. The florist pawed through his order book for some moments and inquired, "Do you mean Miss Minerva Scott, on Central Park West?"

"Yes, that's the name," the young man replied; "but are you sure you had the number right?"

"I have the number he gave me—370 Central Park West," declared the florist.

"That sounds like the number," the young man said; "I'll make sure and let you know later." And then he jubilantly departed. A few moments later he was in a taxicab bound for 370 Central Park West.

During the war, the spy-hunting branch of the Department of Justice greatly desired to know what Germans living in the United States were keenly interested in the subjects of explosives or wireless outfits. It was, of course, impossible to watch every individual suspect and furthermore, many of those who might be most dangerous were not suspects. Yet their secret interest in wireless or explosives was quickly found out. How? By arranging with the public libraries all over the country to keep records of all persons who took out books on these subjects. Numerous German agents were caught by following clues obtained in this way.

Many persons have an absurdly scant knowledge of where to find out even the simplest facts. A man remarked to me one day that he was anxious to send a telegram to a friend in St. Louis but had lost his address. He could have gone to a large hotel within two blocks of where we were and found the address in a St. Louis telephone directory. I heard a woman wondering whether a famous author was born in this country or Canada, and where he lived at the present time. She said she had an important reason for wishing to know. "Oh, where do you suppose I could find out about him?" she asked. It never occurred to her to go to the nearest library and look him up in "Who's Who in America."

I once heard President Wilson remark that he learned the true facts about a situation by talking to liars. "If I talk to enough of them," he said, "there will be certain details on which they all agree. Then I know that those details are probably true."

The way a man sets his feet down is an



Accuracy

From the simplest test of memory to the most elaborate specifications, whenever an order is to be given it is the custom of the vast majority of people to put it in writing.

This constant writing of orders is for the purpose of insuring accuracy. People are afraid to trust the ability of the one receiving the order to get it correctly, unless that order is put on paper.

What a tribute to exceptional skill and training, then, is the record of the Bell telephone system. Last year more than eleven billion telephone conversations were held over the lines of this system.

Each of these billions of con-

versations required the giving of an order to a telephone employee. Not one of these orders could be put in writing.

Some of them were given in loud voices, some spoken in murmurs, some clearly stated, some rapidly shot out. Yet so remarkable a standard of accuracy exists in the service of the Bell System that more than ninety-nine per cent. of all such orders were correctly received and executed.

No other business is subjected to such a test as this. The record of the average of service of the Bell System for the last few months is proof that the telephone has returned to its pre-war standard of practice.



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item not to be overlooked if you would make deductions about his character.

"Beware of the man," a wonderful student of human nature once told me, "who walks, with arrogant stride, on his heels. He will get you under his heels if he gets a chance."

Likewise a faltering character has a faltering way of putting down his feet. He doesn't fully straighten out his leg when he takes a step. It is easy enough to see by looking at him that he isn't sure of himself, and therefore might be influenced without difficulty by others.

A man's walk reveals not only his character but his identity. You can grow a set of whiskers and misrepresent your face, but to change your characteristic walk is far more difficult. Detectives "shadowing" a man study his gait, rather than his face, in order to be sure of recognizing him again. The best "shadow" operatives often find that they can pick their man more easily from his back than from a front view.

A stranger called on me one morning, some years ago, and remarked that my boy was a year old that day.

"I'm not interested in life insurance," I told him, and he seemed surprised that I knew his business. And yet how simple it was. Who but an insurance agent would keep a record of the birthday of a child he didn't know and use it as a means of opening a selling talk on the subject of protecting ones dependents?

It is not necessary to talk long to the average person before finding out what is his chief pride or vanity. I know a man

Cosmopolitan for October, 1921

who is considerably puffed up over his money-making ability. And yet he never exactly boasts of this. But his talk is invariably full of such expressions as, "Well I must get to the bank and make a deposit before it closes," "I was talking to my banker about it," "I can't do it tomorrow—I'll be busy working on my income tax"—always bringing in something to show that he has money.

One occasionally meets a woman whose talk is characterized by such phrases as:

"I was just taking my bath at the time—"

"I couldn't go to the door because I was right in the midst of my bath—"

"I hadn't even bathed yet."

Why so much bath talk? Because she feels that bathing is an everyday occurrence in the lives of "nice people" and a well fitted bathroom would have been a novelty in her girlhood home. Hence she wishes to make it perfectly clear that she is often in her bathroom now. She doesn't know that she is making the bathroom a sort of symbol of her recently acquired, more cultured mode of life, but it is, nevertheless, a fact.

We see, then, that every man, by his voice, action, language, clothes and behavior in a thousand ways tells all about himself that we need to know—if only we are keen enough to observe. And as we apply scientific detective methods of observation to learning more about the people with whom we deal, we sharpen our wits and learn more about ourselves. This kind of amateur detective work is the most fascinating hobby in the world!

A Message to His Master

(Continued from page 75)

In spite of his swelling heart Peter let out a little yip. It was a great satisfaction, just at a moment when his nerves were getting unsteady, to discover that a monster like this one in the moonlight was anxious to run away from him. And Peter went on, a bit of pride and jauntiness in his step, his bony tail a little higher.

A mile farther on, in another yellow pool of the moon, lay the partly devoured carcass of a fawn. A wolf had killed it, and had fed, and now two giant owls were rending and tearing in the flesh and bowels of what the wolf had left. Their talons warm in blood, their beaks red, their slow brains drunk with a ravenous greed, they rose on their great wings in sullen rage when Peter came suddenly upon them. He had ceased to be afraid of owls. So their presence in a black spruce top directly over the dead fawn did not hold him back now. He sniffed at the fresh, sweet meat, and hunger all at once possessed him. Where the wolf had stripped open a tender flank he began to eat, and as he ate he growled, so that warning of his possession reached the spruce top.

In answer to it came a stir of wings, and the male owl launched himself out into the moonglow. The female followed. For a few moments they floated like gray ghosts over Peter, silent as the night shadows. Then, with the suddenness and speed of a bolt from a catapult, the giant male shot out of a silvery mist of gloom and struck Peter. The two rolled over the carcass of the fawn, and for a space Peter

was dazed by the thundering beat of powerful wings, and the hammering of the owl's beak at the back of his neck. The male had missed his claw hold, and driven by rage and ferocity, fought to impale his victim from the ground, without launching himself into the air again. Swiftly he struck, again and again, while his wings beat like clubs. Suddenly his talons sank into the cloth wrapped about Peter's neck. Terror and shock gave way to a fighting madness inside Peter now. He struck up, and buried his fangs in a mass of feathers, so thick he could not feel the flesh. He tore at the padded breast, snarling and beating with his feet, and then, as the stiletto points of the owl's talons sank through the cloth into his neck, his jaws closed on one of the huge bird's legs. His teeth sank deep, there was a snapping and grinding of tendon and bone, and a hissing squawk of pain and fear came from above him as the owl made a mighty effort to launch himself free. At last something gave way. There was a ghastly cry that was like the cry of neither bird nor beast, a weak flutter of wings, and Gargantua of the air staggered up into the treetops and fell with a crash among the thick boughs of the spruce.

Peter raised himself weakly, the severed leg of the owl dropping from his jaws. He was half blinded. Every muscle in his body seemed to be torn and bleeding, yet in his discomfort the thrilling conviction came to him that he had won. He tensed himself for another attack, hugging the

ground closely as he watched and waited, but no attack came. He could hear the flutter and wheeze of his maimed adversary, and slowly he drew himself back—still facing the scene of battle—until in a farther patch of gloom he turned once more to his business of following the trail of Jolly Roger McKay.

There was no mark of bravado in his advance now.

He was badly hurt. There were ragged tears in his flank and back, and a last stroke of Gargantua's talons had stabbed his shoulder to the bone. Blood dripped from him, and one of his eyes was closing, so that shapes and shadows were grotesquely dim in the night. Instinct and caution, and the burning pains in his body, urged him to lie down in a thicket and wait for the day. But stronger than these were memory of the girl's urging voice, the vague thrill of the cloth still about his neck, and the freshness of Jolly Roger's trail as it kept straight on through the forest's moonlit corridors and caverns of gloom.

It was in the first graying light of July dawn that Peter dragged himself up the rough side of a ridge and looked down into a narrow strip of plain on the other side. Just as Nada had given up in weakness and despair, so now he was almost ready to quit. He had traveled miles since the owl fight, and his wounds had stiffened, and with every step gave him excruciating pain. His injured eye was entirely closed, and there was a strange, dull ache in the back of his head, where Gargantua had pounded him with his beak. The strip of valley, half hidden in its silvery mist of dawn, seemed a long distance away to Peter, and he dropped on his belly and began to lick his raw shoulder with a feverish tongue. He was sick and tired, and the futility of going farther oppressed him. He looked again down into the strip of plain, and whined.

Then, suddenly, he smelled something that was not the musty fog-mist that hung between the ridges. It was smoke. Peter's heart beat faster, and he pulled himself to his feet, and went in its direction.

Hidden in a little grassy cup between two great boulders that thrust themselves out from the face of the ridge, he found Jolly Roger. First he saw the smouldering embers of a fire that was almost out—and then his master. Jolly Roger was asleep. Storm-beaten and strangely haggard and gray his face was turned to the sky. Peter did not awaken him. There was something in his master's face that quieted the low whimper in his throat. Very gently he crept to him and laid down. The movement, slight as it was, made the man stir. His hand rose, and then fell limply across Peter's body. But the fingers moved.

Unconsciously, as if guided by the spirit and prayer of the girl waiting far back in the forest, they twined about the cloth around Peter's neck—his message to his master.

And for a long time after that, as the sun rose over a wonderful world, Peter and his master slept.

In the next story of this remarkable series, *The Country Beyond*, the net of the law draws more and more closely about Jolly Roger McKay. Watch for it in NOVEMBER COSMOPOLITAN.

A. EARL KAUFFMAN, Secretary to the Mayor of York, Penna., whose photoplay, "The One Man Woman," won Second Prize of \$1,500. Mr. Kaufman writes:

"I didn't win the \$1,500 prize. The Palmer Prize won it. But I'm going to spend it."



ANNA B. MEZQUIDA, of San Francisco, short story writer and poet, whose photoplay, "The Charm Trader," won Third Prize of \$1,000. Mrs. Mezquida writes:

"I should not have known how to go about preparing an acceptable scenario without the Palmer Prize to point the way. Screen technique is a different from that of the short story that they must be learned separately."



FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH, Chicago War Worker, whose photoplay, "The One Man Woman," won First Prize of \$2,500. Mrs. Elijah writes:

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Stalking Three Tons of Death

(Continued from page 69)

of the game, Magudogudo, led and perhaps influenced by Maoia, plunged into the impassable bush directly toward the sound. There was no possible passage and no excuse, as the spoor we had been following for hours still led directly into the wind. Pushing forward, we prodded their disappearing buttocks with the barrels of our rifles and by signs (the interpreter having been left behind), forced them back to the path the elephant had plowed. Presently there came another squeal and they tried the same trick again, but this time we were frozen in our tracks by an earthquake of sound which, once heard, is never forgotten.

The shock of the discovery that our lone spoor had led us straight into a large herd of elephants left us completely befuddled, so that it was some moments before Cass and myself crawled out from the bush and around until our eyes fell on a miserable anticlimax to our expectations in the form of a cow framed by a funnel of foliage and so small that she looked like a toy—a German toy! I have yet to meet the man who has any use for a female elephant except as a strictly breeding proposition. To kill one means a fine of \$300, and as though the news had been whispered around, they stand ever ready to attack on the slightest provocation. As a consequence, we took just one look and withdrew, Cass murmuring to himself and to me and to the world at large, "Is that an elephant!"

Fortunately, even in Africa, every fresh dawn brings its new mood and two days later a thoroughly chaste company with fully restored morale left camp promptly upon receipt of news of a fine big bull which had returned during the night to the great bush near Chipaleca. Before ten o'clock we were on the spoor and followed it until noon when two events coincided to lower our high spirits. A flurry of rain fell from the overcast sky, and the trail of the lone tusker which we were following merged into that of a large herd.

To meet the emergency, everybody except Cass and myself turned tracker. We were not in elephant-bush proper at the time but under enormous trees towering above a thick undergrowth of vines and shrubs broken up by innumerable elephant runs. Through this terrain, our entire retinue opened fanwise, wider and wider, gradually turning back on the extremities.

The sight of a tree six inches in diameter and snapped off four feet from the ground, which, in turn, was thoroughly plowed up in the elephant's best destructive style, offered the first broadly written indication of his recent passage. Madada spent some time in studying broken branches and the disturbed soil, and I took advantage of the lull to ask him whether the time had come for us to take over the big guns.

He did not know. Ordinarily the progress of elephant is as clearly marked as the ascending keyboard of a piano. Had the day been stinging hot instead of cool and overcast, the quarry at this hour would be surely snoozing in the shade, and before picking the spot for his nap he would just as surely have milled around one

or two big trees and discarded them when he found he was not yet quite sleepy enough.

From the broken tree, the spoor made straight for genuine elephant-bush, and as we approached its apparently solid gray wall I urged Cass to take his heavy gun. He was reluctant to do so, but he was to learn on a subsequent occasion the agony of discovering an elephant at thirty paces and being absolutely without means of giving the news to a companion only two yards away when to whisper, break a twig or whistle might have precipitated on us a five-ton avalanche of raging flesh.

He took the gun, but half an hour of fast spooing along a tunnel blazed through the jungle elapsed without any sign that we were gaining on the quarry. Invigorated by the cool day, the elephant was feeding beyond his usual time and even left the thickness of the gray bush to wander in a region which was half forest, half jungle. We had just broken out into this relative freedom when the crack of a branch cut the silence like a pistol shot. Every member of the party became petrified for an instant. The sound had come from a point on our left, at right angles to the direction we had been following. Our hearts sank; the wind was wrong.

Madada and his father, old Maoia, were the first to recover. They stretched to their full height and darted their eyes hither and thither, making a swift survey of all possible openings in the bush; then, by a common instinct, they signaled and started on the same detour, Cass at their heels and I close behind him.

Madada crouched and moved swiftly, as though making for a determined point. Maoia, never so calm as when at close quarters with dangerous game, walked erect, eyes and ears alert. Before we had covered the quarter of an arc they both stopped. Maoia half turned, raised his assegai and pointed. Our eyes followed his direction. On the instant the great bulk of the tusker swung into view at fifty-eight paces, an exceptionally long range for elephant.

Determined to get his first elephant whatever happened to himself, Cass pulled both triggers of his double-barreled .470 cordite gun simultaneously and my shot followed so closely that the three reports were telescoped into one terrific percusion. The bull went down with a mighty crash.

We rushed forward and found him lying on his side, rolling ponderously and thrashing wildly with his trunk. In spite of nine more bullets from the .470's and several from the supporting guns, also of powerful caliber, he lived for forty-five minutes. It may be argued that our knowledge of elephant anatomy was at fault and that none of the shots directed point-blank at the great beast's brain and heart went home, but I wish to put forward here a remarkable theory first suggested to me by Dr. L. Bostock, of South African mosquito fame and an experienced hunter of big game.

Crudely stated, this theory divides the vitality of an animal into organic and nervous resistance. A perfect shot is one

which, finding a vital spot, combines maximum shock with maximum destruction and produces instantaneous death. Now here is the conclusion offered for pundits to wrangle over; though the first shot delivering its total energy by staying in the body of the target, fails to hit a vital organ, it nevertheless completely destroys nervous resistance. If that is a fact, we have this revolutionary conclusion; of a series of high-powered bullets to hit a live mark, only the first shot carries any shock. The rest simply plow through flesh, *ipso* flesh, producing no general reaction whatever—only an intrinsic destruction.

Without intent to steal the limelight from Professor Einstein, I advance the possibility of establishing nervous resistance as the fluid factor in life, the container of organic unity, whose destruction by an initial shock occasionally separates vital organs from their vitality so that, for a short space, heart, brain, spine and lungs live independently and can actually be killed one at a time!

The elephant fell at three o'clock in the afternoon after five hours of difficult spooing, with no intermission for lunch. At four we made a bee-line for camp where we arrived just at sundown, tired, hungry, happy and sad. The acquisition of this major trophy marked the beginning of the end. Our bag was complete. We had "gone in" for five weeks and stayed seven. For a fortnight we had been living almost completely on the country—mandioc instead of potatoes, native beans for rice, wild honey for sugar, pawpaws for prunes. The rains had sounded their warning, more final by far than the arbitrary close of the shooting season.

On the following day a hundred and forty men, women and children stripped the elephant's carcass of hide, meat and trophies and brought them in. We packed; we were off. Many vicissitudes were to attend our trek by horse, ox-cart and flivver overland to Xinaiane, but none stands out more clearly than an encounter, while still deep in the wilds, with a great safari. Porter after porter burdened with everything from a theodolite to a monster tin bathtub met and passed us; then came an interval and after it, on a bay gelding, a lone white man, helmeted, coatless, an open notebook spread on his left hand and a poised pencil in his right. Only when he and I were abreast did he look up. We nodded formally, started to pass, checked our horses, stared at each other, smiled and then grinned.

"I know you."

"And I you."

"Bridge. You owe me five pounds at bridge."

"Take it off the fifty-five you owe me at stud."

"Captain R—! 1913."

"That's right. And you're Chamberlain. There's a special train waiting at rail-head—been there two days. They didn't tell me it was for you, though."

It was like a blast from outside, a "stepmother's breath," a call back to home and duty, labor and self. He was going in and we were coming out, but each of us in his appointed way was headed for chains and the Day's Work.

Vest Pocket Autographic KODAK, Special with Kodak Anastigmat f.7.7 lens **\$15.00**

The Little Vest Pocket Kodak is to other cameras what a watch is to a clock. It has all the accuracy but avoids the bulk. And the Special Vest Pocket Kodak, with its fine Anastigmat lens, is comparable to the watch that is "full jeweled."

The Pictures, in their original size, are $1\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but the Kodak Anastigmat f.7.7 lens produces negatives of such sharpness that enlargements can be made to almost any size. Thus with a camera so small that it can be carried in the vest pocket or in a lady's hand-bag, you may have large pictures from your Kodak finisher.

The Simplicity of operation gives this Vest Pocket a special appeal. The front pulls out —snap—into position for picture-making without further focusing. And by the use of a

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A Complete Kodak, is this little Special, even to the autographic feature, whereby you can date and title every negative—and every child picture should have a date—at the time of exposure. It is rich in finish and well made to the last detail.

The Price of the Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak Special, equipped with the Kodak Anastigmat f.7.7 lens, is \$15.00, including the excise war tax. Film cartridges of eight exposures are but 25 cents (also including the tax). It is, therefore, a very economical camera to operate, especially as one may have enlargements from favorite negatives, up to post-card size, at fifteen cents.

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KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRE

Prize Contest Announcement



"It's great to have friends for an emergency like this."
 "It's better to have Kelly-Springfields—then you never have the emergency."
 Submitted by Miss Claire Newman.

AFTER weeks of consideration of the conversations submitted by the 120,000 or more persons who sent in entries to the Kelly-Springfield Prize Contest advertised in the March issue of this magazine, the judges rendered a decision in favor of the dialogue sent in by Miss Claire Newman of 703 Mt. Prospect Ave., Newark, N. J.

THE judges had a difficult task. There were a large number of exceedingly clever entries, but many of them had to be discarded either because they did not quite fit the picture or because they were so similar to captions suggested by two or three hundred other contestants that it was impossible to decide which had phrased the idea best.

Every letter submitted was read as it came in and was immediately either laid aside for further consideration or eliminated for one reason or another. When the closing date came the judges had over a thousand entries for final consideration. This number was gradually sifted down to fifteen. Each of the three judges then wrote down his first, second and third choice of the fifteen. When the lists were compared, it was found that Miss Newman's contribution was the only one which had been chosen by all three judges, and a check for \$250.00 was therefore mailed to her.

A contribution from far-off Peru got two votes and so did one from a Pennsylvania farm, but the winning caption was the only one that got all three votes.

The entries came in from all over the world—from Canada, Mexico, Cuba, South America, Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, China, France, England, Alaska and every state in the Union.

Only four contestants failed to recognize the picture as a Kelly-Springfield advertisement.

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First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. *Then* apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. *Now* a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Presto! The face is beautified and youthified in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.) They come in shades to match your coloring.

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM—light, dark, medium. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.



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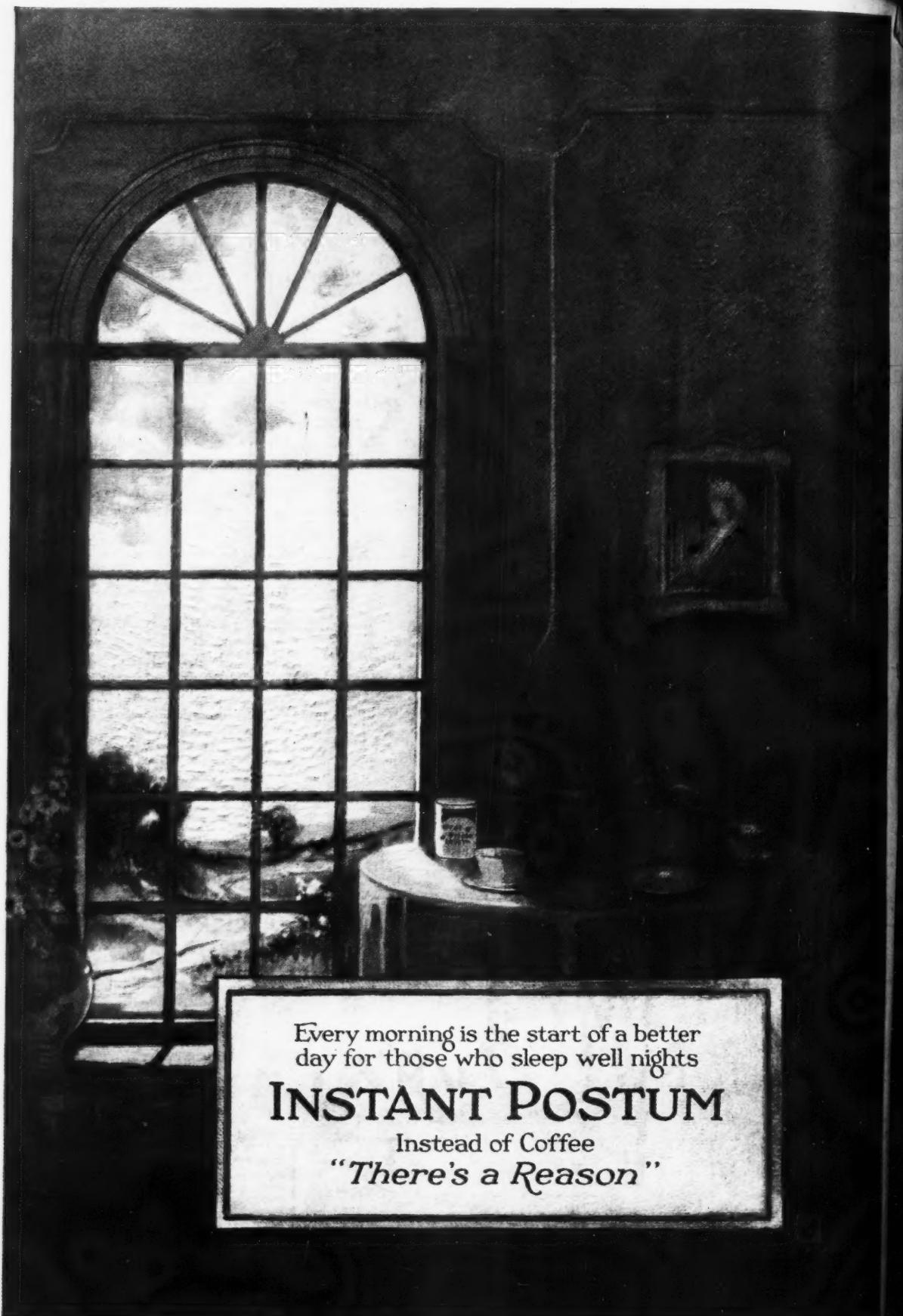
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